

Class No.....

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PUNCH

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PREFACE.



SCENE—*The top of the Tour Eiffel.* TIME—*The Eve of the New Year.*
Present, MR. PUNCH and TOBY.

Mr. Punch (*quoting from his friend the Poet Laureate*).

"I stood on a tower in the wet.
When the New and the Old Year met."

Humph! ALFRED, you were unfortunate in your weather.
(You are not in your new poem, however—nor is the world.)
Wonder what tower it was? Not the Tour Eiffel, anyhow.
(*Improvises.*)

PUNCH stands on a Tower in the night,
As the Old Year takes its flight;
And the star-rays shower like rain
O'er the City by the Seine;
O'er the site of the mighty Show
That in shadow stretches below,
Silent, where lately beat
The tramp of a million feet;
Still, where a while ago
Such a tide of life did flow;
Dark, where Lutetia's air
Was gay with her summer glare;
Ghostly, where—

TOBIAS, what are you looking at? Do you see a ghost?

Tobias. Whack-wow-wow! [*Crouches and quivers.*]

Mr. Punch. TOBY, TOBY, be not alarmed!

Come, bear thee like a Sage's dog,
And do not droop thy tail!

By SHAKESPEARE and the Psychical Society, he *does* see a ghost, though. Who is this, slowly "materialising," like a Mahatma, before my very eyes? Spirit of BEAUMARCHAIS, Shades of MOZART and ROSSINI, I should know that short Spanish jacket, that jaunty cap, that jimp figure, that *espiègle* physiognomy. It is, it must be, *mon ami* FIGARO himself. *Largo al factotum!* Ah! *bravo, FIGARO! bravo, bravissimo!!!*

Figaro. None other indeed! Well met, in good season and suitable place! The Sage of Fleet Street and the Barber of Seville encountering on the top of Paris's Babel Tower, just before the dawn of the *Jour de l'An*, is a sight for gods and men,—could they see it.

Mr. Punch. "Two on a Tower," as my friend THOMAS HARDY might say. Would the witty watchmaker were here to make a third. PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON, surnamed of Beaumarchais, has never yet perhaps been quite fully appreciated.

Figaro. Sir, I salute you! The compliment to my spiritual progenitor sounds pleasantly in my ears.

Mr. Punch. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent?* But wits well met surely never foregathered so singularly. LUCIAN and CHARLES LAMB talking a-top of CHEOPS' Pyramid, what time Memnon awaited the music-stirring sun, might perhaps be "in it" with this encounter.

Figaro. You were here before, when the Great Show was at its height, *n'est-ce pas?*

Mr. Punch. Is it not written in the book of the chronicles of the Visit of the Punch Staff to Paris? Which of course you have read?

Figaro. Upon the advice of M. EMILE BERR—yes. But here we are, higher than even the "Pavillon du Figaro," "à 115 mètres 73 centimètres de hauteur." And what a panorama is spread before us—to the mind's eye! Wider even than the Panorama of the Year in your Christmas Number, Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch. I perceive that you keep *au courant* with the best literature and art of the time, friend FIGARO.

Figaro. Else would the Shades be somniferous indeed. Notre Dame still towers *là-bas*, notwithstanding PAUL BERT and Company. And there stands the simulacrum of that Bastille, the destruction of which BEAUMARCHAIS lived long enough to witness. "*Tout Paris*" is therein expressed. They say I "did no little towards preparing the way for the Revolution," that the *Mariage de Figaro* effected even more than the *Memoires* towards bringing contempt upon the "institutions of the old régime." Fittingly then was the Pavillon du Figaro perched high on the Tower whose erection was part of the celebration of the Centenary of the Year of Revolution. And yet—

Mr. Punch. "BEAUMARCHAIS, in spite of all his wit and energy, was not naturally a revolutionist." Neither am I.

'Tis the "flies on the cart-wheels" who prate most of Revolution. Like you, I am "*partout supérieur aux événements, loué par ceux-ci, blâmé par ceux-là, aidant au bon temps, supportant le mauvais, se moquant des sots, bravant les méchants.*" Yes, "*aidant au bon temps,*" but not turning the world upside down in search of an Utopian Paradise of Fools.

Figaro. Mr. PUNCH, I also spake of myself as "*faisant la barbe à tout le monde.*" But even I could not "shave" you!
Mr. Punch (singing).

"My comb and my razor,
 My lancet they praise, or
 My scissors for trimming stray locks into grace."

My dear FIGARO, your razor, or lancet, and my *bâton*, should be co-operative, not antagonistic. "*Se moquant des sots, bravant les méchants!*" There lies our joint function!

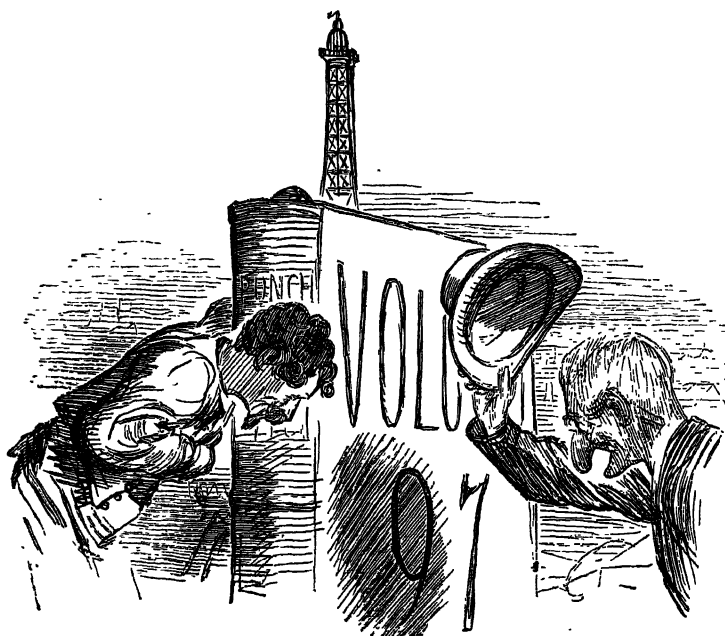
Figaro. And how do you fulfil it, Mr. PUNCH?

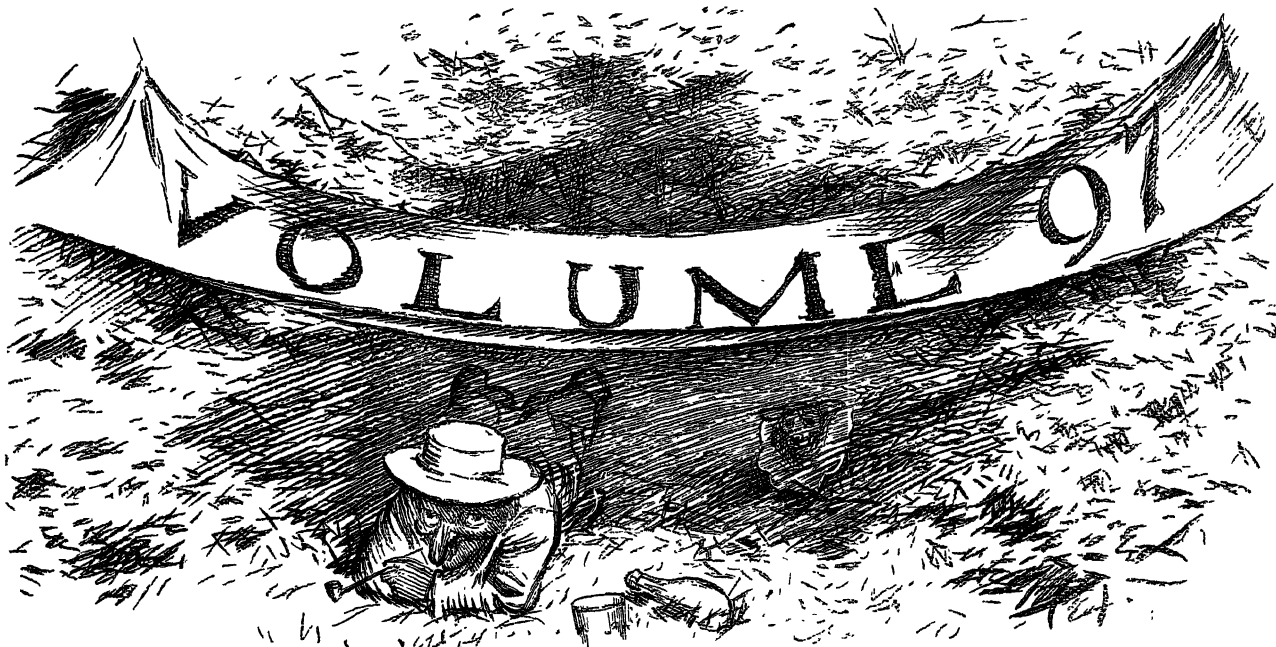
Mr. Punch. I, the FIGARO of Fleet Street?

Figaro. That, and much more!

Mr. Punch. Graciously said, but truly withal. My instruments are pan-pipes and drum, yours is the guitar. But I am Moralist as well as Musician, Sage as well as Shaver, Bard as well as Barber, Warder as well as Wit,—have in fact a whole world of varied functions that even the Factotum himself never aimed at fulfilling. As you say, yon scene, stretching far and wide from the foot of this Tower, suggests my Panorama of the Past Year! A scene of Changes and Chances, of Catastrophes and Centenaries, of Revolutions and Royal Flights, of Wandering Princes and Flying Pretenders, of Mighty Reforms and Brave Rescues, of Social Upsurgings and Great Strikes, of Big Commissions and Colossal Shows! As my pointer indicates, so my *bâton* should direct. It is a sort of universal wizard-wand, or cosmopolitan sign-post, conspicuous as this Titan Tower, sensitive as the fabled Divining-Rod, unerring as the gnomon on the sun-dial of Old Time himself. Sages, Heroes, and Wits gladly accept its guidance, as Fools, Knaves, and Quacks shrinkingly fear its force. BISMARCK, EIFFEL, STANLEY, as well as McDUGALL, BOULANGER, and BARNUM, recognise, each in his own way, its influence. True as the Magnetic Needle, straight as the tail of TOBIAS, it "rides the whirlwind and directs the storm" of contemporary events. And you, my brave *Barbier*, would fain know "how it's done," as Dr. LYNN would say. Take, then, what will enlighten you on that, and on most other points, as well as move you to honest laughter that is not merely a mask for menacing tears. You hastened to laugh lest you should be constrained to weep. I laugh that the world may not weep, but be merry and wise. Take, my dear FIGARO, what will tell you all about it, and make your New Year happy! Take, in short, my

Ninety-Seventh Volume!





OUR BILL FOR LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

HAVE we not weather in London nearly equal to that in Paris? Haven't we nearly as many days of heat without rain during the Summer? We advisedly qualify our question with "nearly" because we are only about to suggest what could be done with "nearly" as many open-air refreshment-places.

1. Restaurants in the gardens on the Thames Embankment. Lower the iron railings, so as to give a good view of the Thames, and let there be central entrances, in addition to those now existing. These Restaurants to be open till 12'30. Virginia and other fast growing creepers to be trained over all the structures belonging to the District Railway.

2. The entire length of the Embankment to be lighted by electricity.

3. In future, wherever a new Restaurant is to be built in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, and so forth, the frontage shall not abut the pavement, but be so far back as to leave plenty of space for taking refreshment out-of-doors.

4. That trees be at once planted all along Regent Street, Portland Place, and Oxford Street, and their number be increased in the new Avenues.

5. That there be a good Restaurant in Kensington Gardens, with abundance of small tables and chairs, and ample attendance. Private rooms for dinners, &c., and a terrace under cover for meals *al fresco*, at all times of the day. Open on Sundays. Band to play at certain hours.

6. Another Restaurant, on

a similar scale, to be in Hyde Park, in central situation. Both these to be lighted by the electric light.

And, having disposed of these dinner and luncheon provisions, we return once more to provisions for the comfort and *safety* of the neglected equestrian in London. And we would have it enacted,—

1. That Rotten Row, now the most monotonous ride in Europe, be extended into Kensington Gardens, with an entrance in Bayswater, and that a new ride be made from some starting point near the Powder Magazine right away to the Marble Arch.

2. That gravel be laid down thickly at least four times every day on the stones at the different Park Gates, which are now generally slippery and dangerous for equestrians.

3. That the Police guarding the Oxford Street thoroughfare by the Marble Arch, always more or less slippery, should have strict orders to be on the watch for equestrians entering or leaving the Park, and to at once stop all vehicles, especially carts, buses and careless hansoms, which cause great peril to the life and limb of horse and rider.

Will the First Commissioners of Works, GEORGE RANGER, and MR. MUNRO see to this? Or will they wait until some fatal accident compels their attention? (Signed) **PUNCH**,
Guardian of the Public.



KENSINGTON GARDENS, AS THEY MIGHT AND OUGHT TO BE. MR. PUNCH TAKES OUT TOBY, M.P., TO ENJOY HIMSELF DURING THE GAY DOG DAYS.

VALUABLE THEATRICAL WORK.—Ancient Testimony to the Antiquity of the Benefit System. Read one of the most recent additions to Bohn's Standard Library, a work translated by A. STEWART, M.A., entitled *Seneca on Benefits*.



"A NASTY ONE!"—Ancient Hereditary Legislator (to Old Family Solicitor, his Second). "I GAVE HIM A GOOD KNOCK THAT TIME, DIDN'T I?"

Henry Saunders. Aug. 23. 89

"A NASTY ONE!"

OR, "OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!"

A Sensational Scene in the Modern Corinthian Ring.

A CURIOUS incident occurred a few days ago, during an evening gathering of Corinthian patrons of the Fancy, at a celebrated and highly "select" Sporting Pub. in the neighbourhood of Westminster, kept at present, as those "in the know" are well aware, by that hospitable and high-bred host, BOB SALISBURY, better known in fistic circles as SWELL SOLLY.

For some time past SOLLY has taken huge interest in a very promising young Pug, in whose pretensions to first-class "form" mine host of the "St. Stephen's Arms" has unshaken belief. The youngster was "introduced" in the first place by old "HARDSHELL GIFFARD," commonly called "The Chancellor," but it was well known that young "BILL LAND" had the invaluable backing of that Modern MENDOZA, crossed with Gentleman JACKSON, favourably known to all prominent Sports of the period as "ould" BOB SALISBURY. BILL was, indeed, commonly spoken of as "SOLLY's Novice," and great things were expected of the pet *protégé* of so experienced a judge of fistic promise.

BILL had, indeed, at the St. Stephen's Meetings on two occasions, been "taken on" and put through his facings, in a quiet sort of way, with undoubted success, and great satisfaction to his chief backer. BILL seemed a well-set-up, young fellow, as capable of taking gruel as of administering it, and was thought to be highly popular all round in Corinthian circles.

As the Transatlantic lute-thrummer puts it, however, "things are not what they seem" always, and a secret simmering sort of hostility to SOLLY's Novice had unquestionably been observable (by the acute) among the sportive top-sawyers in the habit of assembling at the "St. Stephen's Arms." Young BILL, was thought by some of the tradition-tied old-stagers to be a bit bumpkins in his bearing, and disposed rather to ignore some of the ancient "rules of the ring," and go in for what they considered "flashy" innovations in fistic "style," which, though taking enough to the groundlings, did not meet with the approval of the elder Corinthians. BILL, they maintained, was hardly "respectful" enough to his elders and betters, was inclined to slight the claims of seniority and birth, and to go in for a "cheap" style of milling, which, in the eyes of these blueblooded oldsters, was also open to the suspicion of being "nasty."

When SOLLY and "the Chancellor" first became fly to this prejudice against the young pug they patronised, they were naturally equally surprised and disgusted. "The Chancellor" complained of "belated and unreasonable opposition" to the claims of their Novice, whilst SOLLY pointed out the "odium" which might be incurred in the lower fistic world against the Corinthians, if the expectations excited by published accounts of the Novice's promise were disappointed by the action of the said Corinthians in snubbing and metaphorically "knocking out" the lad who was by many looked upon as the coming Champion.

It was all in vain. The Corinthians had got their old backs up, and were by no means disposed to "back down," even in face of the plaintive appeals of "The Chancellor," or the proud expostulations of SOLLY himself.

Mine host of "St. Stephen's" thereupon got rather raspy, and standing forward, offered to back his Novice against the best man amongst those who thus unexpectedly and tardily denounced him. Young BILL LAND bore himself manfully, and assumed an attitude of proud but modest defiance. Murmurs of approval were heard even amongst those whom BOB SALISBURY could not generally reckon upon as his supporters; "The Chancellor" chuckled, and SOLLY smiled confidently, when suddenly—Oh! what a surprise! An aged Corinthian, who had, in his day, been a good 'un with the mawleys, but was now decidedly *passé*, and went commonly by the name of "The Dodderer," was suddenly seen to "put up his dukes" in a somewhat senile, but still decidedly energetic fashion, and lo! before SOLLY's Novice knew where he was, he received "one in the wind" from "The Dodderer's" shrivelled but knuckly "right," which fairly doubled him up, and sent him staggering to his second's knee.



WHAT THE DANCING MAN HAS COME TO.

"NOT DANCING ANY MORE TO-NIGHT, FRED?"

"NO; AND, WHAT'S MORE, I'LL NEVER PUT MY FOOT IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN! WHY, I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED THREE TIMES!"

Of course the fat was in the fire at once, and the shindy that ensued was startling. "Unfair!" "Foul blow!" "Took him unawares!!!" shouted the friends of the Novice. "Go it, 'Dodderer'!" "Call him a Champion!!!" "Take him away!!!" counter-yelled the delighted Corinthians. A highly respectable old Family Solicitor who was present, so far lost his usual sense of deference due to "the quality," in the excitement and delight of the moment, as to smack the "Dodderer" soundly on the back, shrieking exultantly, "Go it, Old Strawberry! Double the young duffer up, dear boy!! We'll show 'em how to pooh, pooh seniority, and violate the good old Conservative Rules of the Corinthian Ring!!!"

And "The Dodderer," though somewhat staggered by the Solicitor's slap on the back, rubbed his ancient hands together triumphantly, and crowed out complacently:—"Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he! I gave him a good knock, didn't I, dear boys?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Now that the country is luring people from Town, *Rural Rambles*, and *Our Lanes and Meadow-paths*, both by Mr. H. J. FOLEY, will have considerable attraction for that more civil than military personage, the General Reader. These little works are usefully embellished with Maps, showing the road to pastures new from Piccadilly. Should the Tourist require mental refreshment, he might take with him on his journey Mr. ARTHUR A'BECKETT's *Stone Broke*, his latest "story of startling interest." In *Stone Broke*, Captain Mahoy (who is supposed to write his own history) defers shooting himself through the head, in order to complete his shillingsworth of autobiography. As the narrative is full of sensational incidents, the abandonment of the contemplated suicide may not only be pardoned, but applauded. Nay, the reader will be quite sorry when Captain Mahoy dies, but will appreciate the absolute necessity for his death when he finds that Mr. A'BECKETT, in *Stone Broke*, has got to the last sentence of the final chapter. *A Babe in Bohemia*, by FRANK DANBY, must be reckoned among the books that had better have been left unwritten, or, if written, better left unread. It has no story to speak of, and so I won't speak of it.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PLAYFUL PROCEEDINGS.

MACBETH, late of the Lyceum, has gone away for rest and change of air, perhaps to the Moors, though this is unlikely, as the Moor has come up to the Lyceum. *Otello* is no *Macbeth*, and *Macbeth* is no Moor for the present. Mr. IRVING is preparing for *The Dead Heart*,—in this weather I had nearly written *The Dead Heat*, which promises to be a splendid revival. It will be, indeed, a triumph to revive a *Dead Heart*, and make it go again with all its former vigour. But HENRY IRVING has felt the pulse of the public, and knows what to prescribe.

Of course, our ELLEN will be very much in it—a noble and pathetic part, if I remember it rightly. Then Mr. BANCROFT is also to be revived, not only to show us that he cannot say “My art is dead,” but to re-start him; and if he is to be once more the “busy B. improving his shining hour,” will it be too much to hope that we shall see the Queen B. at work again? The “Reminiscences” of the B.’s are all in favour of such a movement. “On and off the Stage.” *Exeunt both; then re-enter.* ““On” we goes again!”

SARA B., whom I saw looking so well and handsome in a *faneuil* rulant at the Exposition, having grown stouter, is now going to play *Lena*, alternating her performances with those of Professor BLACKIE, *dit* the Moor of Venice.

CHARLES WYNDHAM is going through his *répertoire* previous to his departure for America. He airs *David Garrick*; he produces a comedy by a young hand who shall be nameless, entitled, I believe, *The Headless Man*, and, on the last night of the season, the *pabulum* he will provide for the public will be *Wild Oats*,—sown long ago. When he goes to America it is to play in a theatre not yet built, under the management of Mr. ABBEY. This combination ought to delight “the Church and Stage Guild” (if it still exists), as how could the Theatrical-Ecclesiastical union be better typified than by a theatre under an ABBEY? Yours truly,
PRIVATE BOX (1st Royal Supers and Minors).

REVERENDUS REDIVIVUS.

In the list of distinguished guests invited to attend the State Concert, stood out all alone in his glory the title of “THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET.” No other name: that was quite enough. Now, considering the Fleet has ceased to exist for many a year, in fact, since the last prisoners of distinction (*Mr. Pickwick* and *Sam Weller*) were confined within its walls, the office of the Chaplain of the Fleet must be literally a sinecure,—for he is a clergyman *sine cure*,—and therefore a fitting subject for certain Parliamentary inquirers. One thing is certain, that this announcement of the presence of so historic a personage at the State Concert will be regarded by Mr. WALTER BESANT and his publishers as a first-rate advertisement for his well-known novel.

HOW TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING.—This was done when they made a Sheriff of KNILL.

“THE WOOING O’T!”

New and Royal Version. Dedicated respectfully to the Happy Pair.



DEE-SIDE DUFF came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o’ t!
Our dear LOUISE (whom love calls Loo)
Ha, ha, the wooing o’ t!
Princesses hold their heads fu’ high,
But sly McCupid, dancing by, *try!*
Whispers to FIFE, “Take heart, and
Ha, ha, the wooing o’ t!
DUFF declared, and DUFF so pray’d,
Ha, ha, the wooing o’ t!
As quite to melt the Royal Maid,
Ha, ha, the wooing o’ t!

FIFE, gude faith, hath lands and “tin,”
Yet was fortunate to win
Fair LOUISE, of Royal kin.
Ha, ha, the wooing o’ t!
May fair time and chance betide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o’ t!
FIFE and his sweet Royal Bride.
Ha, ha, the wooing o’ t!
See McCupid, fu’ of glee,
Pipes before them merrily. [times three!
Punch drinks their health with three
Ha, ha, the wooing o’ t!

MEMS. FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

It is extremely kind that the English should honour me by conveying me from Gravesend to Westminster in a state vessel, called a “Pen Y. Steam-Boat.”

H.R.H. the Prince of WALES too on board! How shall I show my gratitude for his courtesy? He has already received an assortment of Persian orders. Ah, a pleasant thought! I will present him with Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF as a slave for life!

Last time I was in England I was only curious, now I am solely anxious to improve my country, and develop its resources. To carry out this idea, I will order the Empire Theatre to be removed with its entire contents from Leicester Square to Teheran.

I see that the Rev. HAWES, says I am no longer a barbarian. This is kind of the Rev. HAWES. He must be a good, a compassionate man. I will appoint him appropriately my Chief Executioner with the usual remuneration—twenty bags of diamonds a-year and a residence in Persia.

I like Windsor. When I was there, there seemed to be a large number of bullocks. If I had not known that Her MAJESTY would have ordered every beast in the Royal Agricultural Show to be slaughtered, so that I might have the tenderest possible morsel, I should have asked for a beef-steak for luncheon.

The turtle at the Mansion House is excellent—so is the LORD MAYOR. I hear that Mr. WHITEHEAD ceases to be Lord Mayor of London in November.

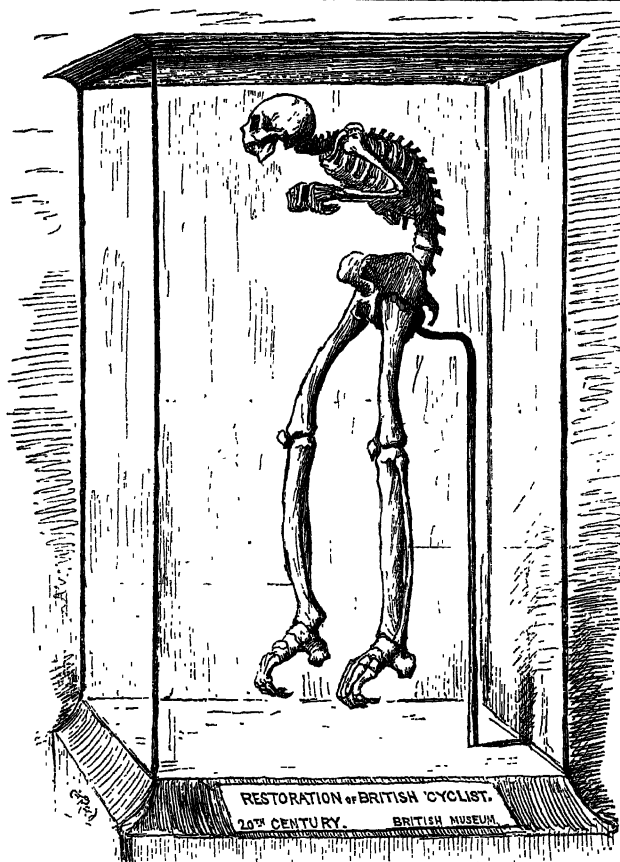
After that date I shall appoint him Lord Mayor of Teheran, with a residence in my capital, for life.

WHISPERS FROM WINDSOR.

THERE was some complaint made about the catering at this Exhibition of British Agriculture. But why? The Royal Menu, which set the example, was thoroughly English:—“*Tortue Claire*,” “*Saumon à la Norvégienne*,” “*Anguilles en aspic aux truffes*,” &c.; “*Suprême de Volaille*,” “*Pâté de foies gras*,” &c.; “*Pouding glacé à la Parisienne*.” Where was the *Rosbif de Vieille Angleterre*, and “*Le Pouding d’Yorkshire*,” where the “*Le Stout et Bitter*,” et “*Le Plum-pouding*,” et “*Le Fromage de Cheshire*”? “*Punch*” was there with the “*Tortue Claire*”; and “*Punch*” was drunk. Of course this is not Mr. *Punch*, but the delicious beverage named in his honour. It was real good weather for anything iced. The little Eating Boys were on in this scene, having obtained leave of absence in the time of WARRE, in order to study the Arts of Peace.

Among the best bred exhibits at the Great Agricultural Show the Shool-bred Towel horses were remarkable for their light build and great strength.

Perhaps the best bred thing of all, was the Pommery ‘80, furnished for H.R.H.’s special refreshment at lunch (“which, well he deserves it”) which was quite up to the excellent taste already displayed by decoration of the Royal Pavilion. On *dit*, that Mr. WALTER SHOOLBRED is to be made a Marquee.



A WARNING TO ENTHUSIASTS.

"SUMMAT LIKE A SELL."

SUGGESTIONS for utilising the top of Snowdon, which, with the "hotel" and various appurtenances were last week put up to auction, and knocked down—fancy knocking the top of Snowdon down!—of course to the highest bidder.

1. (*By a Philistine Correspondent.*)—Build a really nice hotel there, something like the Rigi, Kulm, or Kaltbad, with mountain railway up from Llanberris. Then one would have a chance of seeing the view in something like comfort.

2. (*By Another—only more so.*)—Turn it into slate quarries. Hang the scenery!

3. (*From a Patriotic Astronomer.*)—Build an Observatory that will lick Lick!

4. (*From our own Æsthete.*)—Abolish the cairn, and all other disgusting traces of man's presence. Let any person leaving a ginger-beer bottle, or carving his initials anywhere about, be flung from the Menai Bridge. Begin Welsh Disestablishment by disestablishing the vendors of tea and Bass's ale in those elevated hovels. Let Nature reign supreme (she generally does rain on Snowdon)!

5. Erect an Eiffel Tower on the top. Let us try to give Ben Nevis a back seat.

6. Buy it up as a Public Park for the Nation.

7. Reserve it as the meeting-place of the Welsh Parliament—when Wales gets one. The event will probably take place when the (Druids') Circle is squared; or perhaps, by squaring the Druids themselves, they might consent to do without Home Rule.

A PAR ABOUT THE BAR.—Our Mr. BRIEFLESS JUNIOR writes to say, that a mistake was made in his description in our columns last week. In spite of the eminence he has attained at the Bar, he has not yet become a Q.C., and still is satisfied with chambers in Pump-handle Court. We can only account for his address being given in that eminently respectable and high-priced locality, "Grub Court," by the suggestion that it is common knowledge in the profession that he has frequently refused "silk" on account of his well-known preference for "stuff" and that an association of ideas would naturally connect "Grub" with food, and "stuff" with eating.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

Covent Garden.—Nothing very startling this week. *Friday.*—Good old Trovatory Government night. Mlle. TONI-SCHLÄGER, with fine Toni'd organ, is, in every sense, a powerful *Leonora*. Signor LESTELLIER, half a head shorter than Mlle. TONI, is an undersized *Manrico*: but, like GARRICK, he is six feet high when he is in a passion. To-night he only gets up to five feet ten. Mr. CROTTY, as our dear old melodramatic *Il Conte di Luna*, looks the "two-pence coloured" part to the life; and, when he gets mixed up with the bed-curtained four-post-tented field, he stirs up many a touching memory, and there is scarcely a dry eye (though many a dry throat) in the House among those who, in boyhood's happy days, delighted in "SKELT's scenes and characters," sixpenny paint-boxes, and penn'orths of tinsel. Should the chance be again offered of witnessing the performance of Mr. CROTTY as the *Count di Lunatico Inquirendo*, let no true lover of art miss it. "Please remember the Crotty." Conductor RANDEGGER looks round amiably on the house, to see how it takes the announcement in the programme, that the management of the R.I.O. has broken off with MITCHELL of Bond Street. Up to now, "MITCHELL's" has been a powerful Operatic tradition. No MITCHELL, no Opera. But AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS COUNTICOUNCILARIUS PROTECTOR LEGIS BRITANNICÆ is autocratic. On Friday and Saturday both parties were in Court before Mr. Justice STIRLING.

[*Happy Thought.*—A legal paradox,—the Judge always comes first into Court, and yet everyone comes before him!—] and in reply to the attempt to get his head into Chancery, DRURIOLANUS, Defendant and Defiant, exclaimed, "Remember Mitchellstown!" The Judge observed that Mr. MITCHELL seemed to have benefited by his visit to HASTINGS (Q.C.), and that he would leave the matter pretty much where it was before there was any row at all.

Her Majesty's Opposition.—Mlle. GARGANO was an effective *Lucia*. Pleasant voice, but forces upper notes. SINDONA EDGARDO and GALASSI ASHTON more emphatic than elegant, but can't have everything. "Minor parts"—which sounds sad as a universal expression in an Opera—satisfactorily filled. Acting might be better; stage-management a trifle antediluvian.

Tuesday.—First appearance in this country of Miss MINNIE EWAN. Quite a New 'un. Voice clear and melodious. Rather nervous at first. Very well received. Hot night. The *Warmuth* of the weather apparent on stage as *Il Duca*.

Covent Garden.—Ere this appears, the SHAH, in such a state as never was, will have visited the Opera, have heard the Melodious Medley, our National Anthem, and the Persian one as well. He's SHAH to be pleased.



A (Covent) "Garden Party."

RIVAL STARS.



It S as soon as he arrives, or nearly, that the Shah is able to behold the whole Empire at one Private View.

Otello (at the Lyceum). Why doesn't he come to see Ma? Am I not a man and a brother?



FELINE AMENITIES.

Fair Hostess (who is proud of her popularity). "YES; I FLATTER MYSELF THERE'S NOT A DOOR-BELL IN THE WHOLE STREET THAT'S SO OFTEN RUNG AS MINE!" *Fair Visitor.* "WELL, DEAR, I HAD TO RING IT FIVE TIMES!"

AN AFFECTING MEETING.

NABED-DIN soliloquises:—

AH! this is the land where men hustle and hurtle,
And e'en at their feeds seem to race against Time;
But 'tis also the place where the Love of the Turtle
Makes crowding endurable, hurry sublime.
I know the spot, I have tasted the wine.
To see the Madeira once more richly shine
In the slender-stemmed glasses, and sniff its perfume,
More sweet than big gardens of Gül in full bloom,
Is worth travelling far, though the Briton's a brute,
And the voice of diplomacy never is mute;
And the tints of the towns, and the hues of the sky,
With mud-lakes and bitumen-filled valleys might vie.
Still the virgins are fresh, and the dishes are fine,
And as for their thick Turtle-soup, 'tis divine!
'Tis the land of the West, uncared for by the Sun,
But no doubt, as before, I shall have some good fun.
Ah! 'tis sixteen long years since I bade it farewell,
And strange tales to this day of my doings they tell.

Yes, once more I am here; so's that sly Western WOLFF!
'Twixt the present and past there's a tidy wide gulf.
If a Diary once more the SHAH deigns to pen,
Some contrasts will show twixt the Now and the Then.
Yet at bottom the whole situation's the same;
There's small change in my fix, or the Giaour's sly game.
A cordial reception? A warm welcome? Bah!
Do they think they see green in the eyes of the SHAH!

At Gravesend—detestable name!—I was met
By Princes and Dukes—the old mutton-faced set,
Rather grizzled perhaps, some gone shiny-topped. Ah!
Time will not even spare a sublime Shahinshah!
But no matter! Whilst bowstrings and hair-dyes abound
I shall well hold my own—on my own Persian ground.

Here? Well, we shall see. WALES grows portly of port,
But an affable Prince, and not half a bad sort;
And were he rotund as a Royal rum-puncheon,
At least he knows how to preside at a luncheon.
Every step made me think of my previous stay;
At Westminster Stairs I felt well on my way,
For the old showy round, troops, feeds, female fal-lals, lace,
Grand dames, guards of honour, and Buckingham Palace.
Garden parties will follow, and races, and bores
That the Giaours call Concerts; a Shahinshah snores
Through those horrid inflictions the best way he can.
Crystal Palace, of course; and I think they've a plan
To take me to Hatfield; the prospect much irks;
Then Birmingham shows and those big Forth Bridge works,
Which the Infidels make such a brag of, no doubt,
Will "astonish the SHAH"—or, at least, tire him out!

However, to-day to the City I turn;
To the Mansion House Banquet my bosom doth yearn.
The great Civic Turtle and I are old friends.
Ah! "doth not a meeting like this make amends"
For the infinite boredom and insolent fuss?
Dear Turtle! I knew you would welcome me thus!
What! affected to tears, Turtle? Come to my arms!
My long long lost friend, how sublime are your charms!
Come! keep up your pecker, and tip us your fin,
For I love you, old boy—and I long to begin!

[Left embracing.

MRS. R'S WORTHY SUCCESSOR.—A City Magnate, Mr. Deputy MUDDLEWICK (brother-in-law of our dear old Mrs. R.), in an after-dinner speech on the occasion of the opening of some large building, complimented the architect on "the zeal and acidity he had shown during the progress of the work." The Reporters present, however, generously translated it into "assiduity," which probably was what the Deputy meant. We shall keep our eye on Deputy MUDDLEWICK.



AN AFFECTING MEETING.

THE SHAH. "WHAT! MISTER TURTLE!—MY DEAR OLD FRIEND OF SIXTEEN YEARS AGO! CHARMED TO RENEW THE ACQUAINTANCE!!"



SCENE—ROTTEN ROW. TIME—3 P.M.

FORRIGNER OF DISTINCTION, ON HORSEBACK, COME TO VIEW OUR BEAUTY AND FASHION.

AT THE ALBERT HALL.

"A means of putting the stall-holders and their associates and assistants *en évidence*, and gratifying the fashionable passion for notoriety."—*The World*.

"HERE we are all keeping shop;
Come and spend the nimble shilling.
You can lounge, and flirt, and stop,
For, like *Barkis*, we are willing.
If with wonderment you see
Ladies in this strange position;
Like the goods we're selling, we
Are of course on exhibition.

"We stand here the livelong day,
'ARRY comes with queer grimaces,
And, in his familiar way,
Criticises limbs and faces.
Then the papers, too, report
All the details of our dresses;
Whether frocks were long or short,
And the colour of our tresses.

"Standing here like dolls on view,
We of course do hear the oddest
Things, and, to be strictly true,
Much that's neither nice nor modest.
But, what matter? Let the prude
Frown disdain upon our capers;
Though the pushing crowd be rude,
We've our names in all the papers."

Lo! the cads may gape and stare,
Leering at you o'er the shoulder,
Maids and Matrons, we declare
That it sickens each beholder.
Never, in the far-off days,
Could we see this shameful minute;
Notoriety's your craze,
And these wanton antics win it.

AN EGYPTIAN FIND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I FEAR this is rather an ambiguous title, and might cast unjust reflections on the Egyptians. "Find" means a discovery—not that a son of KHEM has been amerced by the Magistrate. However, this is what I have discovered in a copper cylinder in a hidden chamber in a forgotten pyramid in a sanded-up desert. It is a fragment of a dialogue, and runs as follows:—

"Isis, Sir?"
"Yes; and Osiris, if you have any."
"Very sorry, Sir; Osiris is off."
"Waiter, a papyrus roll."
"Yes, Sir."
"And butter."
"D'rec'ly, Sir."
"And a Lybian dessert to follow."

Here, unfortunately, the fragment ends, though I can just decipher something which looks like *Cigarecoffagus*. The fragment is apparently from a familiar work, either of the great MUR-RÄ, or of the TA-BEL DOTARDUS, of the so-called Three-and-sixpenny Dynasty. I found it myself in the Kaf-feh Restaur—On Chamber of the Pyramid of Chops, near Cowey Steaks, on the Pelasgic branch of the Nile. It has given me six months' work, and the translation of it has nearly killed me; but it will, like Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S *Cleopatra* MS., drive every Egyptologist in Europe mad with envy.

Yours, severely,

The Ven. THOMAS, Q.T., I.O.U., &c.
Knippin Court, St. Neots.

MISS-GUIDED FOLKS IN PARIS.—Evidently those who are personally conducted by "Lady Guides."

TO A RISING STAR.

As you twinkle, SHAHINSEAH!
And the mob asks who you are,
Won't some keen folks wonder why
We thus set you up on high,
Bring you up the river way,
Make a pageant of your stay?
Won't they ask, when you appear,
Why the crowd begins to cheer?
Why the troops have lined the street?
Why the guns your presence greet?
Why the Prince sits by your side?
Why you down to Windsor ride?
Why fine people round you press
"By request" in Courtier's dress?
Why great nobles of the land
Welcome you with outstretched hand?
Why all this? What have you done?
Is it, with a sense of fun,
That e'en yet the story lingers
Of your eating with your fingers?
Throwing bones beneath the table?
Making of your room a stable?
Stopping your imperial train?
By your coming, do we gain?
Can you give a *quid pro quo*?
Reason glibly answers "No."
Then why all this flood of *fête*
Garnished up with show and state?
Is it, that we think O SHAH!
You'll to Russia prove a bar,
And that your barbaric *nous*,
Praps may serve the British House?
Well! we only know you're here!
But what makes us shout and cheer—
That's a thing, without a doubt,
That no fellow can make out!

LA TOUR EIFFEL (1st Landing).—"Encore un Bock." Scotch translation, "Bock agen!"

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 72.



HENLEY AQUATIC CARNIVAL.

A FALSE NOTE FROM HENLEY.

Regatta Week, 1889.—It is satisfactory to be able to state that the arrangements of the Thames Conservancy this year are admirable; but it must be well understood that I make this statement on my own personal responsibility. I may add, that nothing could have been more delightful than the original idea of the Authorities, to ballot for stations on the river. If this had been carried out, no doubt many persons who let out house-boats would have reaped a golden harvest, to the anger of those old owners who year after year have taken an infinity of trouble to secure a "coin of 'vantage'" beside the river's bank. Well, it would have been a fair exchange, hire for ire! However, the Conservators at the last moment reverted to the old custom of first come first served. And is everybody satisfied? Well, I will not go as far as that; but I can, at any rate, say that I am!

For Henley is certainly delightful. No trouble about the steam-launches, which, of course, are *not* allowed to come so near the "river residences" that illumination is an impossibility—oh, no, nothing of that sort allowed *this* year. And I make the satisfactory announcement on my own personal authority!

And are the people on the banks satisfied? Well, I say so. It is an open secret that the landowners are only too pleased to have as many house-boats as possible in front of their grounds. They revel in the view of awnings and kitchen funnels. Who says so? Why, I do.

And you may ask me for my signature. You may wish to learn who is so satisfied with Henley and its surroundings. You may like to find out the name of the enthusiast who considers the Thames Conservators the best possible Conservators, the owners of the Thames house-boats the best possible persons, the riparian landholders the most unselfish of proprietors? This curiosity is easily satisfied. So I append my signature. In guarantee of my satisfaction, content, and delight, I sign my name. Who then is satisfied with this year's arrangements at Henley? Why, **NOBODY!**

The Sells, Long-bow Reach, near Henley.

HENLEY REGATTA.—Here Rowing-men have a rowlocking time of it. And we hope that the weather will be what the French call "*Boat temps.*"



"COUNSEL'S OPINION."

Judge (testily, to persistent Junior). "SIR, IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE AS A GENTLEMAN IN COURT, I CAN'T TEACH YOU!"

Junior (pointedly). "QUITE SO, MY LUD, QUITE SO!"

[*Proceeds.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 24.—Business still hopping along by leaps and bounds. Board of Agriculture Bill on for Committee as first Order for to-day. Paper bristling with Amendments. HENEGAGE drawn up whole pages, chiefly designed to do away with proposed Board, leaving only the Minister.

"We hear," he said, "from time to time, a good deal about boarding-out principle in connection with pauper children. Let us apply it by putting this Board out."

OLD MORALITY, who has personal charge of Bill, came to front; carried everything before him with usual irresistible skill and force. Explained to HENEGAGE that whilst Board must be retained, it should have no power or authority; practically no existence; sort of phantom appanage.

"Neither the Minister, nor the House, nor the country," he added, "will ever be bored by it. Nothing," he continued, in his winning manner, "would give me more sincere pleasure than to meet the views of my Right Hon. friend, whose acquaintance with all that relates to Agriculture is extensive and peculiar. But though we do not propose to invest the Board with any power, or, indeed, with any reality, we feel it necessary to ask the House to pass the Bill as it stands. What I would suggest to my Right Hon. friend is, that, having been at the trouble to draft these numerous, important, and singularly interesting Amendments, he should imagine the House has accepted them, and that they have been incorporated in the Bill. That done, we will pass the Bill as it stands, and ever one will be satisfied. I venture with some diffidence, though I may say with great confidence, to recommend this suggestion to my Right Hon. friend."

HENEGAGE jumped at idea; imagined his Amend-

ments were accepted and incorporated in the Bill, and so it passed through Committee. All over in less than half an hour.

"That's what I call genius," said PULESTON, admiringly. "Talk about your PALMERSTONS, your DIZZIES, and your GLADSTONES leading the House of Commons; was ever anything done like this? By sheer urbanity, combined with perfect knowledge of human nature, OLD MORALITY gets through a critical stage of a Bill which certainly would, in other hands, have occupied the House through a long sitting."

Way thus marvellously cleared, BALFOUR got on early with Bann Drainage Bills. Position of Irish Members embarrassing. Bill and kindred measures proposed to endow Ireland with large sums of money at expense

of British tax-payer. The money desirable; but absolutely necessary to oppose any measure brought in by BALFOUR. At same time, while opposing Bill, must be careful it was not lost. Accordingly, Irish Members refrained from moving hostile Amendment. STOREY obliged with one, and JOSEPH GILLIS stipulated that he should fight Bill tooth and nail.

"I'm only a little one," he pleaded, "and no harm will be done." As for the general view of Irish Members, it was eloquently expressed by The O'HANLAN.

"We Irishmen," said he, scowling black brows on BALFOUR, who lay languorous on Treasury Bench, much enjoying comical situation, "will take all the money you offer us; but, Sir, we will take it under protest!"

Business done.—Board of Agriculture Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—"I don't know which is the more grateful and comforting," said OLD MORALITY, reflectively, as he listened to Debate on Swiss Labour Conference. Was thinking about BAUMANN and DARLING (CHARLIE the particular Darling he had in mind, not MOIR TOD STOR-



Pleasant Puleston.

MOUTH, of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's University). These two eminent young men, whilst not moulting a feather of personal friendship, had differed in opinion as to conduct of MARKISS. MARKISS, replying to invitation to send Delegate to Berne Conference, had made certain stipulations limiting range of discussion. BAUMANN disapproved this course; regarded it with grave displeasure; even seconded hostile Amendment which CUNINGHAME-GRAHAM moved. DARLING (C. J., not yet L. C. J.), on contrary, was able to regard policy of MARKISS with almost unqualified approval. Not absolutely unqualified; that too much to expect; but enough to sustain MARKISS, and prevent complications certain to arise from resignation at present crisis.

BAUMANN declared for largest, fullest, illimitable range of discussion. "If," he said, fixing significant glance on COURTNEY, "there are any reasonable number of people in this country who doubt the rotundity of the earth, I will discuss the matter with them." Nothing could be handsomer. House felt this; uncompromising supporters of the Government, though outraged at this revolt in Peckham, murmured applause.

DARLING, on contrary, insisted that the worst the MARKISS had done, was to exclude from consideration two matters not mentioned in the programme. Perhaps if the MARKISS had consulted some of his supporters, the phrasing of his objection might have been happier. But that was nothing. DARLING (C. J.) stood by Her Majesty's Government, and OLD MORALITY heaved sigh of relief. "Wonderful young men!" he said. "Happy the Government that numbers in its ranks two such brilliant coruscations—if I may say so—of humanity."

Business done.—Government saved from Vote of Censure.

Wednesday.—In Committee on Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill. Tough fight over ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Amendment to omit from Bill words prohibiting employment of Children under ten in theatres. MUNDELLA, in charge of Bill, accepts Amendment. DICK TEMPLE, SAM SMITH, and other superlatively good people, object. Amendment defeated by 120 votes to 80.

"No Fairies for me," said TEMPLE—"I'll have none of 'em."

Thursday.—HOME SECRETARY sits on Treasury Bench pleased, watchful and alert. Ministerial life for him has been almost unbroken series of reproaches. When anything has gone wrong in London, the cry has always gone up, "*Cherchez le HOME SECRETARY!*" When found he has been made a note of in most disturbing style. Now STUART, with ill-advised enthusiasm, gives him opportunity to appear in the right at least for once. Seems that yesterday it occurred to directors of "Salvation Army" that it would be excellent advertisement to march with flags flying, drums beating and thousands shouting, along Strand to Exeter Hall. Announced intention to Commissioner of Police; Commissioner pointed out public inconvenience; politely suggested that "Army" should proceed along Embankment; "Army" declined, for very good reason. Never saw a stream of sandwich-board men parading

Embankment. Strand, Regent Street, and, above all, Bond Street, as being particularly inconvenient, owing to narrowness of thoroughfare, their happy hunting-grounds. So "Salvation Army" attempted to stream along Strand. Police resisted; scrimmage; flags torn; drums staved in; several "Captains" and "Colonels"

put *hors de combat*. STUART wants to know, how's this? CUNINGHAME-GRAHAM adds indignant inquiry; HOWELL and ROWLANDS, jealous for their own preserves, drop in a few words. Then

MATTHEWS rises to explain; ventures to hint that Strand not made exclusively for "Salvation Army," that there are a few million people in London who have right to expect that public thoroughfares be kept open for them to go about their business. Added that every courtesy was shown to the directors of the troupe, and it was only when they insisted upon storming the Strand that the police closed up their ranks. HOME SECRETARY defending police on charge of interference with liberty of subject hailed with unwonted cheering from both sides.

Business done.—Scotch University Bill in Committee.

Friday.—Armenia in Lords; Scotch University in Commons; dulness everywhere. Met in corridor PEMBROKE, that Eiffel Tower of House of Lords. "See this controversy about who's 'W. H.?' " he said—"SHAKESPEARE'S Mr. W. H., 'the Onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets'?" Some people thought it was settled long ago; fixed on my forebear WILLIAM HERBERT, first Earl of Pembroke. Now OSCAR WILDE says it's Mr. WILLIAM HEWS. All nonsense, TOBY. You and I know better

than that. SHAKESPEARE a man not for an age but for all time; saw everything and everybody centuries ahead. 'Who's Mr. W. H.?' Why it's SMITH!" And PEMBROKE lifted his tall head and laughed. *Business done.*—Very little.

PLAY-TIME.

At the Opéra Comique.—"Place aux Dames!" Two new pieces by Lady-Dramatists. Better to be a Lady-Authoress than an Alderwoman or Countess-Councillor. *To the Rescue*, by Mrs. GREET, was, as our friend WAGSTAFF observed, "warmly greeted." *Our Flat*, by Mrs. MUSGRAVE is a capital farcical comedy, excellently well played.



Sharp Practice in *Our Flat*. A fall in stage props.

There is not a weak point in the entire bill. MI FANNY BROUGH, as a young lady who meets poverty with a bold front, and turns domestic distress into food for laughter, would have been the life and soul of the piece, were it not that her colleagues, Misses MAY WHITTY, ANNIE GOWARD, LAURA SEDGWICK, and ENID LESLIE, are lives and souls also. Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN provokes tears of laughter at every turn. And as Miss BROUGH is supported by the ladies, so is Mr. EDOUIN by the gentlemen, for one and all give completeness to the *tout ensemble*. Mr. NAINBY is good, Mr. CHAS. S. FAWCETT is better, and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD is best. The scene in which admirable substitutes for drawing-room furniture are found in tubs, barrels, and egg-boxes, covered with shawls, fairly brought down the house. Bravo, Mr. EDOUIN! You're sharp to produce *Our Flat*.

MUCH TO BE PITIED IN THIS WEATHER.—"The Standing Committees." Won't anybody provide them with seats? The name of Chairman is a misnomer if he has also to stand. If he is seated, he had better stand them chairs all round,—and cool drinks as well.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



"HAVE I SEEN THE SHAH? YES, I HAVE. DON'T I LOOK LIKE IT?"
[He had been in the ugly rush just before the Shah's landing at Westminster, July 1.]

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

July 2, 1889.—Once more in the Guildhall ante-room, where our attention is distracted by the preparations for the reception of the SHAH that are going on hard by. Possibly "Mister" ROSEBERRY is reminded by the hammerings and red-clothings that "His Imperial Majesty" (save the mark!) is a nuisance. But he puts it nicely. Says "Mister" ROSEBERRY says he, "A great potentate came to this country, and he was welcomed in the City. A route was selected which was naturally the best for him to traverse, but the guardians of the route were not merely not consulted as to whether the route was convenient for them, but they had not a man, except the door-keepers in their office, whom they could appoint to protect their property."

It is fortunate that the attention of these rather venerable officials are engaged in telling members of the Press the way to the seats reserved for them, and keeping an eye upon the hats, coats, and umbrellas, while the Mister of ROSEBERRY says this. I fancy that were the door-keepers to learn that there was a prospect of their being called upon to keep the ground for the SHAH, that resignation would be the order of the day. By the way that bright and intelligent Knight of the Italian Crown, HOWARD VINCENT, is strangely silent. Surely after his success at the Fire Brigade Parade he might have claimed as a right to look after the trees and the people at the head (more or less), of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. If he is not to be trusted on an occasion such as this, what possible good can it be to him to be the author of so erudite a volume as *Elementary Military Geography*? By the way I have not read the deeply interesting work myself, but from what I know of the writer am convinced that the title he has given his book must be fully justified by the contents. No doubt the Knight of the Crown of Italy's military geography is very elementary.

But this is only preliminary to the real work of the meeting. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK brings up the report of the Standing Committee, recommending that Sir P. EDLIN, Q.C., (who, during the Jubilee Year, was Deputy and Treasurer to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES,

and in that capacity once returned thanks for his Illustrious Chief and the Rest of the Royal Family), shall only have £1500 for the present. Mr. DAVIES promptly, as an "amendment," moves that £1500 a year is ample. "Mister" ROSEBERRY suggested that "the Pride of Mill Hill and Rickmansworth" (as I think we may fairly call Mr. DAVIES, as he was educated in those sparkling localities) has not moved an amendment, but only used an adjective. Then Mr. HORSLEY, to set things right as a civil, a very civil, engineer, proposes that the salary of the *ci-devant* representative of the Prince of WALES and the Rest of the Royal Family shall have £2000 a-year.

Upon this we have a real treat. The Patriot BURNS—whose sweet, gentle voice, and nice ear for the use of the aspirate is a joy for ever—interposes in his customary winning manner. It is pleasant to see him as he stands addressing the Mister, with his bright aristocratic face, his commanding stature, his well-fitting clothes, and his spotless linen. Of course, he objects to Sir PETER receiving more than £1500 a-year, for the Patriot is an economist, and in his opinion, the learned gentleman indicated is already receiving a salary out of proportion with the services rendered. Moreover, the kindly BURNS mildly intimates that he considers that some of the sentences lately passed by Sir PETER are "simply disreputable." Called upon to withdraw the expression as inappropriate, the Patriot, with the fine feeling for which he is justly celebrated, substitutes "disgraceful" for "disreputable." Then the storm continues, until "Mister" ROSEBERRY feels it incumbent to inform "the Pride of Mill Hill and Rickmansworth" that something or other he has said is immaterial, and to tell Mr. DAVIES that he cannot withdraw his Amendment without the consent of the Council. Then we have the Closure, and a Division of 73 votes to 7.

But our troubles are not yet finished. We are treated to a long wrangle over a report of the Corporate Property Committee, which keeps the Council hard at work until eight o'clock. When the Chairman at length vacates his seat, I cannot help thinking that he must regret his acceptance of office. For when all is said and done, the Earl of ROSEBERRY is a gentleman and a scholar, and holds Cabinet rank as a Statesman. Surely someone else of less distinction would do equally well to preside over such worthies as the Patriot BURNS, "the Pride of Mill Hill," and the rest of them!

BEDDED OUT.

(A future Possibility—we hope.)

DID you say that it was the County Council that has established all these delicious little ferny grottoes and pretty *cafés* the whole length of the Embankment?

Dear me! The Seven Dials seems to have disappeared, and in its place here is a public garden with a statue of Lord ROSEBERRY, and a refreshing fountain in it!

Why, St. Martin's Lane is no longer a narrow and grimly depressing thoroughfare, now that the houses have been set back and trees planted at intervals down the street.

As for Trafalgar Square, the Democrat who would try to hold a public meeting there now, and thereby spoil the lovely turf and exquisite beds of flowers, would indeed be a hopeless Vandal.

Since prizes were given to any ratepayer who distinguished himself by the floral decoration of his windows and balconies, London has become a sort of Florist's Paradise and Horticultural Eden.

Now that flowers and trees are planted in every available corner and street and alley of the Metropolis, and the smoke demon has been finally put down, ailing country children are habitually sent up to Town to recover their health in its pure and invigorating atmosphere.

HOPELESS.

HEART-sick at the shindy, absurd and horrific,

That's raised by our partisan gabies and babies,

Punch longs for a PASTEUR who'd find a specific

To stamp out political rabies!

But in politics more than in science, 'tis sure,

You would ne'er make the duffers believe in the cure.

PLAY-TIME.

THERE are exceptions to every rule, and the *Matinée* on July 3, at the Strand Theatre, was one of these exceptions. Morning performances are usually the duller of functions, but the occasion referred to was absolutely pleasing. There were two new pieces, *Christopher's Honeymoon* and *Bravado*, both fairly amusing. In the first Mrs. T. E. SMALE (who, by the way, adapted the second very cleverly from the French) distinguished herself as a sprightly representative of the *genus* Laundress. Considering the large share this talented lady took both as authoress and actress in the afternoon programme, and the satisfactory time at which the performances were brought to a close, the *Matinée* might have been aptly described as "SMALE and Early."



Henry Sanderson *July 29*

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR JUNE.

NOT IN THE NEWSPAPERS;

Or, What our Illustrious Guest saw in Bacterial Billingsgate.

It was early—very early—on a fine July morning, when two striking, though evidently carefully disguised Personages might have been observed worming their wet and winding way with much difficulty amidst the chaos of vehicles of all sorts, from a railway van to a coster's barrow, which cumbered all the approaches to what Mr. J. LAURENCE HAMILTON, M.R.C.S., has not inappropriately termed Bacterial Billingsgate. Despite their elaborate *mufli*, consisting in each case of a waterproof, a sou'-wester, and wooden-soled shoes, the discriminating eye might have detected the Sage of Fleet Street and the Star of Ispahan.

The latter slipped up over a slimy and malodorous pool on the much-cracked pavement of the market, the jerk arresting an obvious yawn which had begun to distort the swarthy symmetry of the royal features.

"It is early," he muttered, apologetically.

"An Oriental Luminary should, like the sun, rise early," said his companion, sententiously.

"My gorge rises, anyhow, and readily enough," responded the Star, sniffing distastefully.

"Ah! Civic Banquets and florally decorated theatres are all very well in their way," remarked the Sage. "But *this* scene is more really characteristic of our sea-washed Isle, and one of its great staples."

"Is it?" snapped the Star. "Well, it looks very dirty, and it smells very nasty. *Bismillah!* What is that?"

"Only the tail of a half-frozen cod-fish. I hope it has not damaged the royal eye."

"But why," asked the Star, "do these dirtily-draped hordes of burden-bearers dart about in every direction in this distracting way? And why do those others, at intervals, howl so distressingly? And why do those vociferous vendors stand cramped up in nooks and corners, surrounded closely by a damp crowd of customers? And why are the floors like muddy pools, and the slabs like reeking gutters? And why is there so little suggestive of the sea and so much suggestive of a sewer? And why is it impossible to stand, or move, anywhere without getting wet-footed, and dust-besprinkled, and scale-covered, and permeated with the peculiar fetid odour which pervades the whole place?"

"These questions, and others which suggest themselves," replied the Sage, "can only be answered in one way. It is because this is Billingsgate—in other words the most inadequate and ill-arranged fish-market which ever disgraced a great—no, I beg pardon, a *big* city."

"Well, even with this waterproof on I am getting as damp as the fish, and as dirty as the ice in which it is packed. But it is wonderful how these hosts of rapidly moving, hard-working, but singularly hideous fish-porters contrive to dash about with their top-heavy burdens of boxes, bags, and barrels without colliding."

"It is a skill akin to legerdemain only to be acquired by practice in these narrow and crowded precincts," said the Sage.

"But *why* narrow, and crowded?"

"With a view apparently to the discomfort of both vendors and purchasers, and to the spoiling of the commodity they deal in," was the answer.

"But that—as your Euclid says,—is absurd," objected the Star.

"Quite so. Billingsgate is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a Metropolitan Fish Market. It has—as Mr. LAURENCE HAMILTON says, a Thames frontage of 160 feet instead of some 2000. Its land approaches are cramped and circuitous. To load, unload, store, preserve, sell, and distribute the fish are all equally difficult. Its internal construction is fortuitous and conducive to filthiness. Everything is as porous and spongy, in other words, as dirt-absorbing and disease-disseminating as possible. Everything, from a salmon-slab to a periwinkle sack, is carefully fitted to be the haunt of *bacteria*, 'the birth-place, home, and distributor of putrefactive fish-germs.'"

"Pah!" exclaimed His Majesty, with a shudder. "And is none to be bowstrung or bastinadoed for this?"

"Step aside, your Majesty, behind this pillar. Between the shouting salesmen and precipitate porters a spectator is sure to come to grief."

"But now I am standing in a pool, and inhaling putrefaction," objected the Star.



A DILEMMA.

Nervous Gentleman (to two Sisters). "I'VE GOT TO TAKE ONE OF YOU IN TO DINNER. A—A—LET ME SEE—A—WHICH IS THE ELDER?"

"Then," said the Sage, "we had better go. These are the normal conditions of Bacterial Billingsgate, not to be escaped even by Us."

"Its floor," says the scientific critic before referred to, "is composed of a porous, soft stone, so worn and uneven, that its pavement is a network of filth-pools, super-saturated with germs, or *bacteria* or *microbes*, specially ripe, and ready to spoil any unspoiled dead fish which may be in the market."

"I know little about what you call *microbes* or *bacteria*," rejoined his Illustrious Companion; "but if they mean nastiness, it seems to me your scientific critic is not far out. We Persians are not supposed to be over-particular, but if I made a sketch of this place, and its pallid, slime-stained, blood-splashed 'porters,' my subjects might mistake it for a shambles or a torture-room."

"Fish-salesmen," pursued the Sage, adroitly dodging a falling crate on one side, and a pad of mud-stained plaice on the other, "have, I am informed, 'to pay from sixpence to ninepence a-week for occupying each square foot of space hired in Bacterial-Billingsgate,' and I agree 'it is disgrace that, with such high rents and close competition, they are not provided with properly-constructed stalls in a properly-constructed market, with ample space and ample approaches by land and water.'"

"And why," asked the Star, preparing to dodge his way out of the dirty chaos—"why did you bring me to this dismal and disgraceful place?"

"In order," replied the Sage, "that your Majesty might be induced to describe it with pen, and perchance with pencil, and that, 'seeing itself as others see it,' Bacterial Billingsgate may be ashamed of itself, and reform."

"Humph!" said the Illustrious One, picking his way amongst the filthy pools with a perfumed handkerchief at his offended nose.

SUMMER LIGHTNING.—The Clergy have recently been attempting to clear the air with a little mild fulmination—a sort of "flash-in-the-Pan"—Anglican meeting—about the heinous sin of Gambling. Certainly, a well-intentioned effort. But do these Ecclesiastics forget that they owe their present existence to the fact of there once having been a very big BET on the Throne.

OUR old friend, Mrs. R., remembers the SHAH being here sixteen years ago. She has a portrait of him which, she says, "I keep as a momentum of his visit."

'NIGHTS TWA WI' THE SHAH.'

(By Our Own Special Plenipotentiary.)

SIR,—How right you were to send for me on this occasion. So was AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. No one knows better than yourself, Sir, and DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS, how valuable my services are on such occasions. For years a resident in Persia, speaking the language fluently, and writing it to perfection, up in all their customs and habits, the trusted friend and adviser of NASR-ED-DEEN,—"ED DEEN" is his ecclesiastical title,—Manager of the Imperial Fallalah (Sun Music Hall) in Teheran, and Director of Fallalahheen (singers),—who, I ask, could have been more fitted for the task than the humble individual who undertakes to write for you the Diary of DARIUS, and become, without fulsome flattery, his Mede of Praise. But to begin with Monday night.



On the Job.

Ah, Sir, the work of a Persian Special is a hard one! All night was I up with AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS teaching him how to receive the SHAH. Most difficult. DRURIOLANUS is a man who likes to advance with the times, and in this case he had to learn to walk backwards in a Court suit, and to avoid getting his sword between his legs while holding a couple of electric-lighted candelabra, the battery being concealed in the tail pockets and connected by wires threaded into the seams and passing down the sleeves into the ruffles. There were only three of us. Myself teaching as M.C., and the Private Sec. of DRURIOLANUS (famed as the Defender of the Faithless—"ARRY B. PASHA"), who on this occasion took the part of SHAH, just as he had stood up for the aforesaid, "ARRY B." The Persian Court reception step is difficult to learn all at once; it consists of three paces back to the right, two to the left, hop, jump, turn over twice (this bothered DRURIOLANUS, and he wanted to substitute Little LAUREL, but I wouldn't agree to it), and come down in the same place, or as near it as possible, and so on down the passage until the Imperial box is reached. To do this without dropping the candelabra requires more than a couple of hours practice, as I know to my cost. But before 4 A.M. DRURIOLANUS had mastered it completely.

"What a pity these are not the days of PERSIANI!" I exclaimed. "How appropriate it would have been!" Immediately afterwards I was sorry I had spoken, as the remark seemed to cast a gloom over DRURIOLANUS. "The programme can't be altered now," he sighed reflectively, "unless MELBA, or MARIE ROZE, would take the name of PERSIANI for this occasion only!"

The Shah's Visit.—You Sir, Mr. Punch, with your brilliant staff, and TOBY with a dog-rose in his button-hole, were of course the first to receive and welcome the Royal and Imperial party. DRURIOLANUS executed the reception step perfectly, only making one slight slip where some stupid idiot of a carpenter had omitted a nail in the stair-carpet. There's a stair-rod in pickle for him. However, it caused only a delay of a second, as with a marvellous effort of agility DRURIOLANUS caught himself tripping (for the first time in his life) and turned a summersault lightly and gracefully backwards (a development and an improvement, I am bound to admit, on what I had taught him) and alighted with a Persian bend, and the candelabra in his hands, on the first landing, which is in future to be called historically, "The Landing of the SHAH." After this all was easy.

The SHAH's little boy was there, and I presented him with a cake, and a box of sweetmeats, on which was inscribed an adaptation from HORACE; "*Persicos amo! Eat! Puer apparatus!*" which, as a neat bit of scholarship,—"*puer apparatus*" being of course, applied to this little chap,—takes the cake, as he did, by the bye, and ate it too.

"A gorgeous spectacle, MASHAR," I observed to him. I have the privilege of addressing him familiarly as "MASHAR."

"Not so gorgeous," he replied, *sotto voce*, "As my spectacles," and, to emphasise the joke, he removed his gold-rimmed specs, and wiped them carefully. I thought he was going to present them to me as a *souvenir*, but he didn't. I didn't smile. In Persia, when a joke is made, you must keep your countenance, or lose your head.

Well, it was all a great success. On quitting the theatre the SHAH summoned TIN KHAN, the Treasurer, and presented *tip-poo-tip* (Persian for "gifts of money") to the attendants. I saw his Imperial Majesty home at a late hour to Buckingham Palace. He had lost his latch-key, and it's an awkward place to be looked out of, as there's no getting within three hundred yards of the front-door bell on account of the railings and the sentinels. But my experience came to MASHAR's aid, and going round in the direction of the stables—But I must not be indiscreet. I saw H.I.M. up-stairs, where, at the entrance of his dressing-room, he was received by OR VATAH KHAN and KHOLO VATAH KHAN, his chamberlains. After saying, cheerily, "*Bon soir, MASHAR!*" (he understands French), I left him to LULLAH BI BI BOO, whose office it is to sing the SHAH to sleep

every night. And as I went down the stairs this refrain reached me, arranged for two voices:—

"Have you seen the SHAH?"

Tra la la la la!

If you've seen

MASHAR-ED-DEEN,

You have seen MASH-SHAH."

The *Daily Telegraph* Special said that the SHAH took a pencil from the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, and drew that Artist's likeness. "Aha!" quoth DRURIOLANUS, looking at the magnificent and crowded house, "The SHAH can 'draw.'"

Thursday Night. At the Empire.—Splendid entertainment given by Sir ALBERT SASSOON to the SHAH, the Prince and Princess of WALES and such a marvellous assemblage of rank, fashion, wealth, and beauty as has never before been gathered together within the walls of a theatre at the invitation of a single private person. On this night the Empire was indeed a Theatre of Varieties. The Diamonds were dazzling! the flowers a beautiful sight, CYRIL FLOWER, M.P., included. I was there of course,—all there. "How are you?—all right?" says the SHAH to me. "Quite, thanks," I replied, with the respectful familiarity of an old friend. "You'll have a big night of it here, MASHAR." He chuckled, and wiped his glasses. Then upstairs he went. The SHAH was enchanted with those birds of the night, the Acro-bats, and positively smiled when *Cleopatra* came on in her ballet-galley. Poor little "*Apparatus Puer*" became so very sleepy that DHOST MANKHUM and LULLAH BI BI BOO had to take him back to Buckingham Palace. As we were allowed to circulate all over the house, when the heat became oppressive and our throats dry, I took my old friends NUBAR BHIR KHAN (the Persian Inspector of Imperial Pints), and GUZZLAR ALI KHAN to various buffets where we drank POMMERY's Sherbet *très sec* '80. This is sherbet I can confidently recommend to all good Mussulmen. At the generous and hospitable invitation of our liberal host, I was enabled to entertain a few foreign friends at a small table in the corner—and I did entertain them too, as we hadn't met for sixteen years, when most of my best-known stories which have since become "chestnuts" were new. But I've added to the stock, and they've forgotten the old ones. Among the honoured guests at my table were His Excellency AMIN AH MUKZIR (the Imperial Boot and Shoe Persia-Polish Inspector), LAHKZAH MIRZA KHAN, who is always in a state of chronic astonishment; NODZA NIZAM KHAN, still a gay dog with his "glasses round" on all the pretty women; MUDDIAH ALI KHAN, Minister of Public Instruction; AHMAD KHAN, a very eccentric but privileged individual; HEZIN SULTAN, the only at all bad-mannered chap of the lot; and, indeed, if it hadn't been for the presence of ABUL CHOOKHAH OWTAH, Chief of the Persian Police, a man of fine physique, HEZIN SULTAN would have had a row with SEDIG-US-INSRIBZ, the Court Jester, who is no respecter of Persians.

Then there was TATAR KHAN, the Imperial Vegetarian; ADUL KHAN, good fellow, but never sees a joke, though he laughs occasionally; his half-brother, ADULLAH KHAN, who is still more obtuse, and never laughs at all, except by Imperial command, on such grand festivals as Horse-Collar days; and TWEEZAH KHAN, the Chief Court Dentist, with his old favourite, BAK MOIAH AKAH KHAN, whom he always takes out on every possible occasion.

A merry night! "Ta Ta, mi bul-bul," said the SHAH, as we parted at Buckingham Palace gates, which to-night had been left open. "Ta Ta, MASHAR," I replied, in excellent Persian (pronounced as spelt), as I drove off. And so ended the second of the memorable "Nights wi' the SHAH."



Lullah Bi Bi Boo.

"O Mon Shah Charmant!"

THE (STAN) HOPE OF THE FAMILY.—One of the golden medals given to good artists by the Awarders in the Paris Exhibiton, fell to the lot of the youthful STANHOPE FORBES, who, it is now generally known is wedded to his Art, a relationship, not within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. We drink to the happy pair. Stan' up FORBES, and respond for "the health of the bride."

TOUCHING CEREMONY.—The SHAH at Paddington. Most affecting to see the Great Eastern visiting the Great Western. Even Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P., wept.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

Covent Garden, Monday.—*Roméo et Juliette*. House crowded. Preparations commencing for SHAH's visit to-morrow. But we attend to Opera. Here is a tip gratis to DRURIOLANUS and the Organising Committee. Start earlier next year, and bring out *Roméo et Juliette* in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race week. Why do I suggest this? Why? because of *Roméo's* tights. *The right tight is dark blue, and the left light*. Now isn't DRURIOLANUS just the man to seize such a chance at the right (tight) moment? These



DUET—"C'est une alouette."

Hark! Juliet, hark!

This is indeed a lark!

parti-coloured tights would suit all parties. If the Opera were played every night during the week, the popular JEAN DE RESZKÉ might adopt such attitudes as would give special prominence to neither colour. But on the Saturday night, after the Boat-race, then he would put the best leg foremost, according to the winning colour. "It need hardly be said," remarked Lord CH-RL-s, "that no change affecting *Roméo* could be made without consulting our own MONTAGUE." How lovely is this Opera, words by Monsieur WILLIAMS DE VINE, music by M. GOUNOD. How unspeakably but singularly charming is this duet:—

| Roméo. | Translation. | Juliette. | Translation. |
|---------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------------|------------------------|
| O ma JULIETTE, | O my JULIET, | Non! pas d'alouettes, No! no larks! | |
| C'est une alouette, | This is a lark, | Dit votre JULIETTE. | Says your JULIET. |
| O ma très chère! | O my dearest! | Moi! je suis sévère! | I am strictly serious. |

Mlle. MELBA charming, JEAN DE RESZKÉ at his best, EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, the stout friar, first-rate, but with a very bad habit. *Father Lawrence* was an exemplary monk, and he oughtn't to have a bad habit. Colour wrong, and, as to the cord round his waist, it is quite appropriate that an operatic monk should come on with a chord, but let it be the right one, the Franciscan cord, or chord of F. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS knows what the value of correct detail is in perfecting an ensemble.

Otello. Words by Signor SHAKSPERARIO, music by Signor VERDI. On Friday night it was evident, in more senses than one, that Signor TAMAGNO, Signor MAUREL, and the big orchestra under the conductorship of Signor FACCIO, required a far bigger house than the Lyceum, as Signor TAMAGNO's powerful voice would have filled one twice the size, and the orchestra was, in the opinion of those close to it, literally "stunning." *Otello* is the effect of VERDI conVerdid to Wagnerism. Those who expect "here a tune, and there a tune, and everywhere a tune," will be disappointed. Of masterly dramatic accompaniment there is enough and to spare, and M. MAUREL's acting generally excellent, though too much in it of the twopence-coloured melodramatic style. Still, when both artists become accustomed to the Lyceum stage, they will learn to economise their energies, and Signor FACCIO will restrain the exuberance of the cymbals, drum, and wind. "Less wind, and more air," was the murmur of the enervated, half-suffocated, but, up to the last, enthusiastic audience that assembled at the Lyceum to welcome M. MAYER's introduction of VERDI's Grand *Otello* to the British Public. Both Signors MAUREL and TAMAGNO were rapturously encored in the declamatory dramatic pieces which do duty for songs. As to *Iago's* devilish kind of *Credo*, they would have had even this three times. Twice was more than enough for some of us natives, who could find no warrant for it in SHAKSPERE. House-room being required, why not have taken it to help Her Majesty's Opposition, now shut up, which, even with the Grand *Otello*, would have all its work to do to get abreast of the Covent Garden Party, whose leader DRURIOLANUS, is able to do what I believe no Impresario has ever yet done, and that is, contend with General MITCHELL, of Bond Street, so, that the latter instead of, as heretofore, being appealed to by the Operatic Manager to assist the enterprise by taking stalls and boxes, has now to hale DRURIOLANUS before a Judge in order to insist on his ancient privileges being

conceded to him. "Remember Mitchell's-tone' in former days," says DRURIOLANUS; but, in the interests of all parties, the public included, the matter will be amicably settled.

WHAT IT HAS NEARLY COME TO!

Interrogator. I shall be obliged for the amounts of your butcher's, baker's, grocer's, and other tradesmen's books, during the past year.

Ratepayer. In compliance with the Circular already received, I produce them.

I. I thank you. Now, kindly tell me, can you afford a trip to the seaside?

R. Yes, a fortnight at Herne Bay in furnished apartments in a back street.

I. Be good enough to hand over the school-bills of your children.

R. Again, in compliance with your Circular, I produce them.

I. I am obliged to you. Now, kindly say does your mother-in-law ever pay you a visit?

R. Not when I can help it.

I. Pardon me, that is scarcely an answer to my question. May I take it that she stays with you on an average a third of the year?

R. I suppose you may.

I. I do not think she is a total abstainer?

R. No more do I.

I. I see. And now, will you give me the bills of your wife's personal expenditure?

R. I cannot just at present, as they have been lodged by my Solicitor in the Court of Bankruptcy.

I. When I next see you, kindly have them ready! And now tell me is the sum you have sent in the full amount of all your receipts?

R. I believe so.

I. That is scarcely enough. Have you received no gifts during the past twelvemonths?

R. On my wedding-day a distant relative sent me a fiver.

I. Dear me! That is a serious omission in your return! Pray have you had nothing else either in cash or kind?

R. My youngest son on my birthday sent me a picture-card.

I. Which, no doubt, was worth sixpence. You were very remiss in making no return of so important an amount! And now be good enough to say—do you take an egg with your tea?

R. What's that to you?

I. Pardon me, I come here to ask questions not to answer them—but if you are disinclined to give me a satisfactory response, no doubt I can get a reply from either your neighbour or your servants.

R. Come, this is too much of a good joke! What right have you to put such inquisitorial questions to me?

I. Every right; and we will continue the examination when I call again to-morrow.

R. But, good gracious, man! if I am to keep my temper, tell me at once who you are!

I. Certainly! I am an Assessor of Income-Tax. And now, adieu, or, rather, au revoir!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

-Good number of *Fortnightly*, under the able guidance of the outspoken and uncommonly frank HARRIS. *How the Shah Travels* when he's at home is, of course, peculiarly appropriate; but in spite of Mr. BENT's contempt for the opinion of English journalists as to certain, or, as he thinks, uncertain facts about the SHAH, the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS ventures to think that the aforesaid journalists were correct here, and the writer of the article no doubt is most correct in Persia. But, of course, we mustn't expect any article signed "BENT" to be perfectly straight; there must be some bias in BENT. *The Ethics of Punishment* is a counterblast—or rather a blow straight from the shoulder, smashing the illogical rose-water sentimentalists, who, unable to bear punishment, will be unable to come up smiling after the "wunner" in the face. And from a LILLY, too! Oh, what a surprise!

We see by the *World* last week that "L. E." has withdrawn from the conduct of *Our Celebrities*. We shall miss the monographs—"so Engel-ish, you know"—which accompanied M. WALÉRY's admirable portraits, but trust that the interesting series of the Waléry-Gallery will not be discontinued.

Mr. FARJEON seems to have been very busy lately, as I have seen several books of his about, of which the titles are new to me. But I also have been uncommonly busy, and so haven't had time to peruse them. FARJEON at a distance, will please take notice.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

ASK THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—As to Costume on the occasion of the SHAH's Visit to the Opera, the *Court Circular* said:—"The dress worn by the Household was full dress with trousers." With trousers! Then what is "Semi-state dress?" The Kilt?



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Nervous Rider. "LOOK HERE, POLICEMAN! I GIVE THIS HORSE IN CHARGE!"

[Puts rein in Policeman's hand, and bolts.]

CHEEK!

"Portugal may have more to gain by an arrangement than by a conflict."
—"Times" on the *Delagoa Bay Difficulty*.

WHEN a naughty little boy, with intention to annoy,
Puts a sleeper or a stone across the rail,
He is mad if he means blocking, while, if more, 'tis simply shocking,
And enough to make a Portugee
Turn pale!

Well, out Delagoa way there's a boy inclined to play
Such a sly, obstructive, homicidal trick,
As portrayed in *Punch's* picture. Gentle diplomatic stricture
Seems less applicable here than
Summary Stick!

For this little Portugee, with an impish kind of glee
That is horrible to see in a kid,
Plans a trick which anyhow BULL's unable to allow,
And there'd only be a row
If he did!

True, out in foreign parts parties practise "rummy starts,"
And indulge in simian arts pretty much;
But the monkeyishness exhibited this time must be prohibited,
And downed upon and gibbeted
As such!

Eh? The little boy declares it's the silliest of scares
To imagine he prepares for a smash?
Well, my little Portugee, *Punch* is watching, and can see,
And he thinks that simple plea
Will not wash.

Senhor BARROS GOMES, too, says (as he is bound to do)
There's no cause for big boohoo or botheration;
That the urchin's hands are clean, that he is not stirred by spleen;
That that big stone does *not* mean
Confiscation!

Well, that little Lisbon lad *may* not mean to play the cad,
But the look of things is bad, GOMES mine!
Still, to your attempts to clear that small boy from motives queer,
Punch a most judicial ear

Will incline.

You, of course, would much regret such a thing as an upset
Of a train in which our interests are united.
If the boy (and the big Boer) monkey-mischief quite give o'er,
Punch will then be—no one more—
Much delighted.

But, upon the face of it, ere the urchin we acquit,
We need just a little bit more clear light.
There's the railway, there's the stone, there's the boy; till more is
BULL stands fast, which, you will own, [known,
Seems but right.

That little Portugee *has* shown cheek, as all agree,
And though smallness, don't you see, is permitted
Many privileges, still Lilliput rules not, nor will,
Though endowed with simian skill,
And sharp-witted.

"Don't hit me—arbitrate!" Well, young urchin, bless kind fate
That JOHN BULL's no ogre, great at mere gobble.
If he were, we'll say, a Bear, you'd have reason good for scare,
And would soon be in a rare
Hopeless hobble!

A HINT FOR THE REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT OFFICE.—In the list
(as given by *The Times*) of Aldermen present at Guildhall, on the
occasion of the SHAH's visit, occurs the name of "WAGSTAFF."
What's in a name? Much. Why here's an opportunity to revive
the ancient office of "LORD MAYOR'S FOOL." WAGSTAFF is the very
name for a jester. THACKERAY would have delighted in it.

PROJECTED ROYAL VISIT.—Preparations are now being made for
the reception of the British Sovereign in Brazil.



CHEEK !

MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE PORTUGAL. "PLEASE, SIR, DON'T HIT ME,—LET'S ARBITRATE!"

ROBERT AND THE SHAR.

WELL, I spose as, sum of these days, peepel will begin for to know the great himportance of the old Copperashun, and to wunder what on airth the Guvernment and the Country wood do without 'em, when they wants to make frends with a grand old Pottentate. Why I scarce xpects for to be bleevd—xcept for the honnerabel caracter I have sustaned for these 20 years past—wen I says that I has it strait from one of the Royal Footmen, that wen our latest himportant Wisitor, the Shar of PERSHER, was arranging with a certain Royal Welsh Prince, who shall be nameless, as to what entertainments he was to be taken too, he aeshally said, thro' his hinterup-ter, "Whatever helse you leaves hout, mind you don't leave hout the wisit to Gildhall, for I remembers well as they had the largest lot of red-coated officers there, the perfekest tittle an grin fat, and the loveliest lot of bewtiful women, as ever I saw outside a Theater." And if that wasn't a complement, I shood like for to kno what wood be. So on Wensday he came.

By the by, I'm werry much greeved to hear as that sum few of our unexperienced extra Waiters got theirselves into great disgrace by their unwaiter-like conduct. That they must have been born fools as well as mere Green Horns is proved by their showing their bad conduct before sum of the most principlest Litery Men of the day! Why, if they had behaved badly before a lot of Dooks and Wicounts it woodn't have been of half so much himportance, becoz they can't, by harf-a-dozen words of complaint in their reports, like the others can, get them dismissed from their nice cumferal places. The fact is, that sum of us about spiles the public as regards Waiters. Of course, when about a hundred Waiters is wanted for such a occashun as this, it wood be all serene and cumferal if they cood get about sixty ROBERTS and about forty BROWNS, but in course it can't be done, for the best of all reasons, and then these unfortnit ewents happens, and the angry Litery Gents of course abuses Waiters in general, as is ony natural, if not quite just.

One of the Royal Footmen, which he's a bit of a wag, said as he had bin told, as the SHAR woodn't take off his At, not ewen in the presence of the bewtiful Princess of WALES, coz he had had his hair cut jest afore he came, and the Pershan Barberosser, as they calls 'em, cut it too short, and it was the larst chance he ever had of making that mistake, poor Feller!

The SHAR didn't keep us waiting, but was punktual, as all reel gennilmen allers is. He lissened most respectful to the learned Ricorder, and seemed quite to understand his dillicate illusion to the Gold Carsket. But his speech in reply was suddently the werry shortest as ever I herd deliverd, and I was too fur off to hear a single word of it. I was glad to ketch the i of my distinguished imployer, *Mr. Punch*, a sittin' with *TORY*, M.P., and *Mr. CHARLES*



WINDUM, of the Kriteerium Theayter, on a sidebord, as merry as cold be. Suddently they lookt as if they'd got all the freedom of the City.

Didn't the SHAR look jest jolly proud when he was allowed to walk off with the hansum LADY MARESS. He ate a werry good lunch, and didn't arsk for no Shiraz wine as we xpected he wood, tho of coarse it's ony the Pershan name for Sherry, but was quite

content with the Halbion's Shampane, which didn't surprise me, as I have known it of old, speshally the werry old Perryhay Jeway, tho I've erd as Perinay Fiz was orderd for this okayshun. He aeshally stood up to return thanks for his elth! but then I sposes as it tism't werry offen as he has to speak to a LORD MARE. But I trembel to think wot miter happn'd. While the SHAR stood up he changed his mind, and thort he'd sit down agen. He was about to do so, and got arf way, honly to find as sum ignorrent offishul had



ackshually taken away his chare! Plump (or thin) he'd 'ave bin down on the flor but for Mister MORLY, the Tost Master, or sum wun ellus, who shuyd up the chare just in time to ketch the SHAR and save the Purshun Karpit and the Empier. And then the Scotch Pershun, MALKUM KAN spoke for him, an' aeshally proposed the werry identickel tost as wos set down for H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. But the tack of the Prince and Mare put all parties konsernd at their hees, and so all went rite.

As for our own LORD MARE, it doesn't seem to matter to him weather it's a King, or a Prince, or a Most Honnerable Markis, or a real Shar, he's ekally at home with all of 'em. Why, his speech on proposing Lord SORLSBERRY's health amost made him blush, tho he is a Prime Minister, and what did Lord SORLSBERRY tell the lissening World? Why, that when the LORD MARE speaks, he not only speaks for the City of London, the first City of the hole World, but for the hole Country.

I was a good deal estonished at the hutter hignorance of sum peepel as pretends as they knos ewerythink about silybrated peepel. Peepel did say as the SHAR wasn't a good Sailer, but much they knowed about it. Why, I had it on the werry hiest authority, that is, from one of the Tems Conservatifs who went down on Monday to Gravesend to fetch him, that they showed him the road all the ways up to Westminster Peer, and he wasn't a bit sea sick not wunce.

Upon the hole I feels inclined to say, as Wensday's recepshun of the SHAR, what with the large number of the Royaltys, and the large number of what I shood think must be the hansumest troops in the world, and the large number of the Corporation Leftenants, as isn't quite so hansum, but don't cost quite so much, and the large number of Royal Carriages and Royal Hosses, was about the most splendidest thing of the kind as the grand old Copperashun has had for many a long day. The only thing as I shood wentur, werry umbly, to ask his Sharship, when next he cums—and cum I kno he will—is, to change his Nashunal Air for sumthink quite diffrent. We don't want two, so we might lend him "*Rooh, Britannier!*" But really his present one is about the most uncumferallest as I ewer heard, and when played about every ten minuts for about two ours, it becomes quite a cawtion.

His Royal Madjesty behaved werry kindly to me on parting. For, not being able to see me for the werry great crowd as stood near his carriage, he stood up in it for two or three minits and looked all about him, till at last seeing what I supposes I may call my well-known features, he raised his hand to his At, an says he, "*ROBERT, I'm a-go-in to dine all alone at Buknam Pallis, you kum an wate.*" Which I did, an your artiss was aloud to make a sketch, tho' my wife says it ain't a bit like me—not arf flatterin enuf. But wot's it matter, as long as the Public favrably rekinizes - ROBERT.

OLD SAW RESET FOR THE TURF.—"Pull Devil, pull Jockey!"



THE SHAH'S IMPRESSIONS, DRAWN BY H.I.M. HIMSELF FOR MR. PUNCH, "THE LONDON SHAH-IVARI."



BONCHENIE.

Young Lady Tourist (caressing the Hotel Terrier, Bareglourie, N.B.). "OH, BINKIE IS HIS NAME! HE SEEMS INCLINED TO BE QUITE FRIENDLY WITH ME." Waiter. "OO, AYE, MISS, HE'S NO VERA PARTEEC'LAR WHA HE TAKS OOP WI!"

ENGLISH—AS SHE MAY BE TALKED IN FRENCH.

Being a few colloquial British phrases, rendered freely into their nearest Gallic equivalents by Our Own Special Translator for the use of the intending Visitor to Paris.

IN SOCIETY.

Elle était certainement une fille foudroyante. She certainly was a stunning girl.
Elle et moi, ne savez-vous pas, nous sommes des grandes cuillères. She and I, dontcher know, are great spoons.
Mais elle n'est pas une pièce sur la Duchesse. But she is not a patch upon the Duchess.
O! Mais je suis affreusement purée sur la Duchesse. Oh! but I'm awfully mashed on the Duchess.

TRAVELLING.

Comment trouvez-vous le train aux tréfiles? How do you like the Club train?
O! c'est parfaitement de première côtelette. Oh! it is quite first chop.
C'est de véritable confiture. It is real jam.

SPORT AND PLAY.

D'aller aux courses c'est un morceau d'une alouette. To go to the races is a bit of a lark.
Oui. Voulez-vous descendre dans un quatre en main? Yes. Will you go down in a four-in-hand?
Certainement, si je puis m'assurer de la siège de portemanteau. Certainly, if I can make sure of getting the box-seat.
Sans doute c'est préférable à la planche de couteaux de l'omnibus. It is undeniably to be preferred to the knifeboard of an omnibus.
Parler d'un omnibus, ça me rend encore chez-moi comme alignement. To talk of an omnibus takes me home again like winking.
Eh bien, gardez ouvert votre œil de temps et dites moi vos petits jeux comme un Johnnie excellent. Very well, keep your weather eye open, and tell me your little games like a good Johnnie.
Voulez-vous essayer un jeu de sommeil léger? Will you try a game at Nap?

Avez-vous assez du pied de cheval avec vous? Have you enough 'oof with you?
Les biftecks, sont-ils d'une mauvaise odeur? Are the stakes high?
Vous n'avez pas d'objection à un singe? You don't mind a monkey?
Merci, mais je voudrais mieux prendre une main à tisonnier. Thank you, but I would rather take a hand at poker.
Ah! vous avez l'intention de prendre le gâteau. Ah! you mean to take the cake.
Eh bien, je suis un peu noisettes sur ça. Well, I am rather nuts on it.

VALE, WIMBLEDON!

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE having kindly consented to allow the National Rifle Association to hold their annual meeting for the last time at Wimbledon, it is earnestly requested that the following regulations may be observed, so that the property of the Illustrious Personage may be injured as little as possible:—

1. Volunteers are warned to keep to the gravel-paths, and not to walk on the grass.
2. Persons desiring to live under canvas must use no pegs in erecting their tents, so that the turf may suffer as little injury as practicable.
3. Smoking cannot be allowed within six miles of Coombe House, as the effluvia of tobacco might be considered offensive by the inhabitants of that desirable family residence. (For cards to view, please apply, &c., &c.)
4. So that persons visiting the Duke's property may not be annoyed by noise, no Band will be permitted to play in the Camp during the fortnight.
5. Should it be considered advisable to present a testimonial to the Illustrious Personage, as a small acknowledgment of the invariable kindness he has shown to the Volunteers, the contribution will be limited to the sum of ten guineas and upwards.
6. and lastly. No person, on any consideration whatever, will be allowed to open a soda-water bottle that has its neck pointing to-wards His Royal Highness's property, for fear of accidents.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 1.—House of Lords quite crowded. Question is, is JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE GOODEVE-ERSKINE, Earl of Mar and Kellie, or, does the ancient title belong to WALTER HENRY ERSKINE? House of Lords does not hear of case for first time; discussed it long ago; decided in favour of WALTER HENRY. JOHN FRANCIS naturally objects. ALLAN PLANTAGENET STEWART, tenth Earl of Galloway, brother-in-law of the MARKISS, stands by him. Swears on the Garlies claymore that he will see right done. Retires to study on one of the earliest days of young and unsuspecting year. Picks up sheaves of manuscript; goes into the matter thoroughly; spares no incident; burkes no date; shows to his own satisfaction and that of JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE GOODEVE-ERSKINE, that WALTER HENRY ERSKINE is only Earl of Kellie, and has no right to title of Mar.

This all very well for JOHN FRANCIS and ALLAN PLANTAGENET; but after half an hour with the manuscript House of Lords revolts. GRANVILLE gentlest of men, most courteous of controversialists, calls attention to fact that instead of delivering speech, GALLOWAY is reading essay. GALLOWAY inarticulately waves off Noble Lord; plunges once more into manuscript. GRANVILLE up again, a little more imperative in manner. GALLOWAY waves him off with roods of manuscript. A third time, with increasing asperity, GRANVILLE comes to charge; says it's breach of order for Member to read his speech. Then ROSEBERRY takes up protest; threatens to move that speech of Noble Lord be taken as read. GALLOWAY, with tears in eyes, protests that never was Noble Lord so ruthlessly interrupted; violently waves manuscript over his head, as if it were flag of Scotland; cheered on by Earl of MAR, proceeds. More murmurs; things growing desperate.

"Well, I'll skip a page," says GALLOWAY, soothingly. Does so; no appreciable influence on sequence of argument. Presently more murmurs.

"Then I won't say all I was going to say," GALLOWAY breathlessly promises, always waving his right arm in rotary fashion, as if he were winding himself up.

"Bless me!" said Lord BANGOR, who had been following discourse in increasingly desperate effort to understand its purport, "this is terrible; another good page gone! Reminds me of the story of What's-her-name, mother of a large family, who, pursued by wolves, threw an occasional child to them, and so safely pursued her journey."

GALLOWAY went on through quarter of hour after quarter of hour. Once discovered going back to read page which he said he'd given up. Howl of indignation from outraged House.

"Well, I won't read *that*," said GALLOWAY, nodding his head soothingly towards malcontents. But they must really listen to peroration. Couldn't at first find peroration; got mixed up with exordium, with the Firstly and the Fourthly. But at last here it was, and GALLOWAY's right arm going round and round, more than ever like an exasperated windmill, he declaimed sonorous sentence about Law and Order, Justice and Mercy, MAR and KELLIE.

Business done.—In Commons, Committee on Scotch University Bill.

Thursday.—Rather smart Debate on proposal to appoint Select Committee to inquire into question of Parliamentary Grants to Royal Family. OLD MORALITY moved Resolution in touching speech. At one moment not a dry eye in House, unless it was the SAGE's. This happened when OLD MORALITY, drawn aside by mention of the word "family," dropped into a little disquisition on touching theme.

"The idea of family in this country is predominant among all who have the honour to be subjects of the QUEEN. Now, what is a family?" he continued, gazing benignantly on faces clustered round him. "A family is a congeries of human beings drawn together, often accidentally, by ties of blood, and generally, I may say invariably, at the outset dwelling together under a single roof—or shall we say roof-tree? A family may be large or small, but usually its commencement is infinitesimal. Beginning with one (and that undersized), it grows on—accumulates, as it were—sometimes reaching a considerable number, all animated by a sense of duty to their QUEEN and their country. Around the sentiment of family is clustered all that is good and pure in the Constitution of this country. We therefore take pride in the fact that our Royal Family, which stands at the head of the State, comes to us occasionally—nay, I will say not infrequently—for Votes of the kind alluded to in the Most Gracious Message from the Throne."

"My idea of a family," growled SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, a little later, vainly trying to imitate this lofty eloquence, "is, that you keep your own children." House too completely under sway of OLD MORALITY's eloquence to listen to heresy of this kind; so voted Committee by 313 against 125.

Friday.—PEMBROKE at me again about the "Mr. W. H." business.

"I know the Sonnets off by heart, dear TOBY," he said, obligingly sitting down, so that conversation should partake something less of the character on my part of halloaing to the Monument; "and the more I think of it, the more certain I am that it was not my ancestor, WILLIAM HERBERT, that SHAKESPEARE addressed, much less the WILLIAM HEWES of OSCAR WILDE's mad fancy. The fact is, as I mentioned the other day, SHAKESPEARE's prophetic soul beheld the realisation in these later days of W. H. SMITH. I don't care to press the point too much, but in my own mind I'm convinced that in the 65th Sonnet you find a distinct reference to our esteemed friend, either undesignedly marred by an error of transcription, or designedly blurred by SHAKESPEARE's art. It is now printed

'What Sad Mortality o'ersways their power.'

Here, if we take away the superfluous 't,' we have a vivid picture of OLD MORALITY, unwilling, regretful, but still moved by sense of duty to the QUEEN and the country, beating down obstruction in the House of Commons. There is another passage in 12th Sonnet, where we have suggested with vivid touch our own 'Mr. W. H.' in his familiar attitude, sitting on edge of Treasury Bench, with his eye on the clock, waiting for opportunity to pounce:—

'When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sink in hideous night.'

As to the trifling with letters, leaving out one or adding a super-erogatory consonant, we have another striking example in the 16th Sonnet. Here

there is a clear reference to OLD MORALITY's embarrassment in connection with a certain great organ of the Press:—

'But wherefore do not you, a mightier way,
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?'

In this very Sonnet, a little lower down, we find the final 's,' added, and the *Times* fully disclosed even to the dullest vision. The tendency sometimes shown in certain newspapers to summarise OLD MORALITY's observations is hinted at in the 38th Sonnet:—

'Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse.'

In the 135th Sonnet we have, in SHAKESPEARE's most nervous language, a picture of OLD MORALITY's troubles in the House with a too exuberant Leader of the Opposition:—

'Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy WILL,
And WILL to boot, and WILL in overplus.'

Is it possible to conceive a happier allusion to GLADSTONE's restless way when in Opposition? I could quote scores of other lines which have scarcely veiled references to OLD MORALITY; but one more will suffice. It is to be found in the 45th Sonnet, and runs thus:—

'My life, being made of Four, with Two alone
Sinks down to death oppressed with melancholy.'

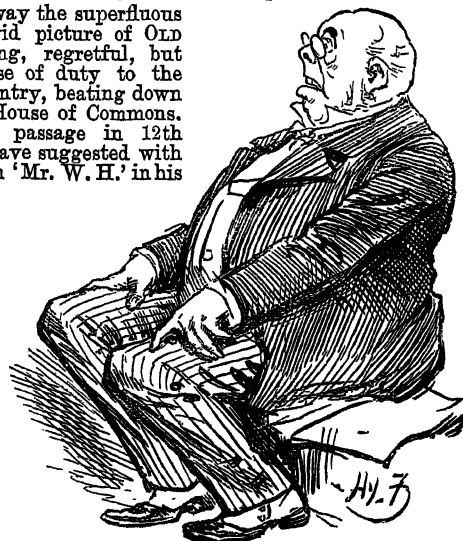
Now, here is OLD MORALITY's political history in a couplet. The Fourth Party, turning upon poor STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and rending him, created a vacancy in the leadership of the House of Commons. HICKS-BEACH being put up couldn't stand the racket. Then came GRANDOLPH, and so way was made for the fulfilment of the poet's prophecy. The 'Two alone' remaining of the Four who made his official position are, of course, ARTHUR BALFOUR and GORST, though why SHAKESPEARE should have described them as oppressing 'Mr. W. H.' with melancholy, is a secret that lies buried at Stratford-on-Avon. But don't you see something else in this couplet? Take the last line and I will mark certain letters in italics:—

'Sinks down to death oppressed with melancholy.'

Do you see? SHAKESPEARE with cunning art transposes the ordered form of spelling; but re-adjust it, and you have S-M-I-T-H, staring you in the face.

Upon my honour I think there is something in what PEMBROKE says. That last cryptogram a crusher.

Business done.—MARKISS defeated in Lords.



"Mr. W. H."

"The Onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets."
Shakespeare.

VOCES POPULI.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.

SCENE.—The Open Space between the Serpentine and Marble Arch.

Demonstration in progress calling upon the Government to resign instantly. Intense heat; hot, hoarse men are to be observed gesticulating frantically from breaks; all the indignation and enthusiasm proceed from that portion of the Crowd nearest the vehicles—those at a distance are either apathetic or languidly amused. In the breaks, perspiring persons of both sexes sit, beaming warm approval of the speeches. Seedy men hold up huge banners with the perfunctory air of stage supers. Bandsmen sprawl on the turf, as far away from the oratory as practicable, smoking clay pipes. At no great distance from the Demonstration an Elderly Faddist is expounding a new philosophy which is to regenerate Society, to a few irreverent boys and an unconvinced mongrel. Close by, a Socialist is haranguing on a stool, and a Field Preacher is delivering an extempore address, while an open-air Reciter endeavours in vain to retain an audience, which has somehow formed an impression that he is advocating the Eight Hours Labour Bill. All these various deliverances are audible at the same time, and much to the effect indicated below.

Orator in First Break (educated voice; carefully attired in white hat and waistcoat, frock-coat, button-hole, &c., addressing crowd of well-fed and comfortably clad citizens).

Well, Gentlemen, there's one Court these precious aristocrats have all to themselves—and I wish them joy of it! (Pauses for oratorical effect.) I refer, Gentlemen, to the Divorce Court. (Roars of virtuously derisive laughter.) Far be it from me to contest their right to such a monopoly. We will leave them that. (Scornful groans.) But, I ask you—(he drops all playfulness and becomes sinister) if we—the down-trodden slaves of the aristocracy—were to go to them,—as they roll round this Park, revelling—(scathingly) ay, revelling Gentlemen! (Savage yells as the accuracy of this picture of high-life is recognised)—if we were to go to them, in our destitution (pulls out a silk handkerchief) in our squalor (arranges button-hole) our poverty—our rags (buttons coat)—how would they receive us? Would they take us to their bosoms?

Crowd (with conviction.) Not they!

The Orator (fiercely.) Not they!

indeed! Why, Gentlemen, they would laugh—yes, laugh, laugh in our desperate faces! But let them take heed to themselves! (And so forth.)

Another Orator. Those among you who have access to Blue Books—(Howls from his auditors, who imagine that this particular form of light literature is being held up for execration.)

Third Orator (an Irishman). And I'd just like to ask ye now, as liberty-loving Englishmen, how would ye feel—h'w'at would ye think—h'w'at would ye do—if here, in this great Metropolis, ye saw a man barbarously turned out of house and home, for no other reason in the worl'd, Gentlemen, for no other reason on this earth—than being unable or unwilling to pay his rent? Would ye call that Civilisation?

Crowd (unanimously.) No!

The Elderly Faddist. The force that governs this world, my friends, is one which, for want of a more appropriate term, I shall venture, with your permission, to call "Detriment." (The Mongrel has had enough of it, and strolls off to listen to the Preacher.) Detriment. Two dots make a line—(argumentatively)—Do they not? With the second dot we know the direction, but not the value. With the third dot—

First Rude Boy. Ga—arn—yer dotty yerself!

The E. F. And so with everything. All the words in our language are founded upon one or other of the primary colours. We study Nature—and what do we find? This great elementary Law; the Rule of Five, supplemented, I ought to say, by the no less elementary Rule of Two. Thus, the human trunk with the four limbs make five—there are five senses, five holes in the head—

Second R. B. There's a crack in yourn, anyway!

The E. T. (ignoring this personality.) Five petals in most flowers, five points to a starfish, the average number of peas in a pod—five.

First R. B. 'Ow many bloo beans mike five, eh, Mister?

[E. F. gives it up in despair.]

Fourth Orator. Depend upon it, my friends, when that iniquitous law was passed, Mr. BALFOUR'S couch was visited by a nightly

spectre—the phantom—(lowers his voice impressively)—the ghost, my friends,—the ghost—

The Reciter (who is well on in "Fallen by the Way"). "The ghost had a clean white surplice as a clergyman might ha' wore!"

[Fourth O. finds his climax spoilt.]

Irish Patriot. There's nothing at ahl dishonourable in being in prison, Gentlemen. Some of the best and greatest men that ever lived have been in prison—

An Auditor (who seems to have reasons of his own for finding this argument particularly soothing). 'Ear, 'ear!

The I. P. Look at GAMBETTA!

A Dull Man (to Neighbour). Wot's he a-tellin' of us to look at?

His Neighbour. GAMBETTA.

The D. M. GAM—'oo?

Neighbour (curtly). Better.

The D. M. Better nor wot?

Neighbour (losing patience). Oh, I dunno—arsk 'im!

The Preacher (concluding an anecdote with the voice of a bull). But that little bo-hoy was not afride, dear friends. No-oh! That little bo-hoy was not afride. And why was that little bo-hoy not afride, dear friends? Shall I tell yer? Becos 'is father 'ad 'old of 'is 'A-and! Har-yes! (&c., &c.)

The Socialist. Don't you be led away by no words. We shall never get our rights without we shake the fist o' fizzly force in the faces of our capitalist foes!

Puny Shopboy (much impressed). Ah, yer right there, and no mistike about it!

The S. We're the honly class wuth bein' considered, feller-citizens! It's 'us that reppresents the hintellock, the henergy, the ability, the morality of the nation. (General chorus of "'Ear, 'ear!") The Haristocracy and the Middle Classes—well, they've got jest enough er cunningness (I won't call it hability), er cunningness, for to cheat us out er wot's ours! D'yer spose as hany o' these 'ere Parliamt blokes go into politics for the good o' hothers?

An Individual (who clearly retains no illusions). Ketch them a-doin' of it!

The S. (triumphantly). Hexactly—and that's jest wot yer won't do. Depend on it, whether they call themselves Radicals, or Liberals, or Tories—I draw no distinctions, they're h'as as bad as one another—they go into politics fur wot they kin git hout of it. (Crowd murmur detestation of such sordid selfishness.) Well, wot you've got ter do is—horginise, and when you har horginised, you'll 'ave all the power, and then—then, fellow citizens and workers, then yer kin vote all the Supplies yerselves, and vote them among yerselves!

[Enthusiastic applause at this lofty ideal.]

Another Orator (perorating from waggon). I'm speakin' now with all 'istry vivid to my reckerlection, and I've no 'esitation whatever in asserting fearlessly, and without fear o' contradiction, that, of h'as the abominable tyrants that hever perlotted this earth, the present Government (sustained groans)—the present Government. Har. The most Abandoned! (He screws each epithet out of himself with a tremendous contortion.) The most Degraded! The most Cowardly! The most Debased! The most Ber-lud-thirsty! Set of Sneakin' Ruffians. That hever disgraced the Title. Of so-called Yumanity!

Admiring but Familiar Friend. Brayvo! That's the way to 'it 'em. Good ole HATEKINS!

[Bugle sounds; Resolution put from platforms. Processions march off with bands and flying colours, well pleased with the manner in which they have spent a most enjoyable afternoon. Redistribution of Property practised in sundry directions as Scene closes in.]

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

"AGE cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety?" Time, the laggard, .

For many centuries in that task might fail,

But now succeeds—with aid from RIDER HAGGARD.

For Cleopatra, proof 'gainst use and age,

Is dull as Fulvia's self in HAGGARD's page.

His "Royal Egypt" SHAKESPEARE's thralls had best shun;

She's stale, almost, as—the Egyptian Question!

SUB PUNCH-AND-JUDICE.—We must be careful how we comment on the Commission, but the mention of a Witness's opinion of Iago given last Thursday should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Witness couldn't trust Iago, and no one could. Now, why didn't Sir JAMES HANNEN the Impartial at once send round to the Lyceum Theatre and order M. MAUREL to come forward, and, if he couldn't speak up for Iago, at least sing for him? "Ah!" as Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH observed with a sigh to Mr. Justice DAX, behind the President's back, "Iago's always been mixed up with a very black business. Of course," explained A. L. to his learned Brother, "I mean the plot of Othello." "No Moor!" murmured Sir JOHN (KNIGHT and DAY.) "Lunch!" said the President.

DISINTERESTED COUNSEL.



Poodle (pulling Lion's tail). "COME AWAY! THERE'S NOTHING MORE FOR YOU TO DO!"

Oh, come along do! Why on earth should you linger?

You *are* such a selfish and stolid old brute.

In everyone's pie you'd be popping a finger,

You want to play umpire in every dispute.

Fresh pretexts you find for prolonging your stay,

Where nobody wants you at all. Come away!

You'd stay in the land of the Copt—if I'd let you—

As long as the Pyramids. I know your style.

It would get along better without you, I bet you

My bottomest dollar. Go back to your Isle,

You big, bushy-headed old buffer, go back!

There will never be peace on the Nile till *you* pack.

The Pyramids? Why, they are French, there's no doubt of it.

Centuries forty still sit there and wait

For the advent of France the Deliverer! Come out of it!

Leave the poor Fellahs to merciful fate

And the generous Frank! Swish your tail, yes, and roar!

But I shall not let go, you intrusive old bore!

The Bondholders' bliss and the Fellaheen's freedom

Will both be secured, if you leave it to me.

Your services? Bah! They don't value or need 'em;

It's all British bunkum, pure fiddle-de-dee.

Take the tip of the Rads and their own Grand Old Man,—

Bid a long last farewell to the dismal Soudan.

You've botched and you've bungled, you've
 potted and paltered,
 And stuck to no one line—except to stay on.
 Every plan of to-day has to-morrow been
 altered;
 You've done everything—except just get
 you gone. [that:
 Do, do, you dear long-tailed old duffer, try
 If the world don't rejoice, I will just eat my hat!
 Eh? What? Those dashed Dervishes giving
 fresh trouble?
 Well, well, they can't do so if once you
 clear out.
 Your duty? A phantom! Your honour?
 A bubble!
 Turn tail, that's your tip! Ah! what are
 you about?
 Don't roar and lash out with your tail. LEO, so,
 Or you'll make me feel bad, and I'll have to
 leave go! [Left hanging on.

THE POST ON TOAST.

General Pillar-to-Post-Office, July, 1889.

It having come to the knowledge of the General Commanding at the Pillar-to-Post-Office, that the Public are under the false impression that the Department is intended for the convenience of Her Majesty's subjects, the following regulations are now issued for their better information:—

1. When a telegram is superscribed in such a manner that the receiver can only be ascertained by a momentary reference to the *Post-Office Directory*, the despatch will not be delivered, as the Department does not undertake to consult Directories for the purpose of amplifying addresses which the senders have curtailed apparently to reduce the charge. It must be understood that the object of the Department is to cause the Public as much expense as possible, and to disturb the leisure the female officers have for chatting with one another and engaging in flirtation with suitable persons on the other side of the counter, as little as practicable.

2. When a member of the Public over forty, if a male, and of any age, if a female, asks for stamps it must be clearly understood that the supplying of the same is merely a concession, and that the officers of the Department are not required to be either prompt or courteous.

3. As it is not obligatory upon the officers of the Department to supply change, any officer can refuse to give stamps and silver in lieu of a half-sovereign. It will not be accepted as a reason that this convenience should be afforded that the letter intended for dispatch is of great importance, as the Public must learn that their interests are entirely subservient to the caprice of the young women who are paid by the State to supply postage-stamps on application.

4. It is entirely contrary to the regulations that a postman who has just emptied a pillar-box of its contents, shall allow one of the Public a minute late to drop a letter into his bag, as this course would be calculated to foster the impression, that the Department were willing to suit the convenience of those who use the post as a means of intercommunication.

5. Should a member of the Public have cause of complaint, he may address a letter to the Department, which letter will be duly acknowledged. After a suitable delay, a further communication will be made to the writer informing him that the matter has been inquired into, and that nothing further is to be done, as the Department is entirely right and the member of the Public entirely wrong.

6. Should by any carelessness on the part of the Department a member of the Public



ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

"OH, JOSEPH! TEDDY'S JUST BEEN BITTEN BY A STRANGE DOG! DOCTOR SAYS WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM OVER TO PASTEUR AT ONCE!"

"BUT, MY LOVE, I'VE JUST WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED A VIOLENT ATTACK UPON M. PASTEUR, ON THE SCORE OF HIS CRUELTY TO RABBITS! AND AT YOUR INSTIGATION, TOO!"

"OH, HEAVENS! NEVER MIND THE RABBITS NOW! WHAT ARE ALL THE RABBITS IN THE WORLD COMPARED TO OUR ONLY CHILD!"

be called upon to pay a less sum than the Department considers properly chargeable, the member of the Public shall be treated to a series of letters and interviews, the cost of which shall be sometimes twenty or forty times in excess of the sum in dispute. By this means the Public will be taught that expense is no object when a member of its body has to be harassed and snubbed.

7. And lastly. It must be clearly understood by the Public for the future, that the golden rule of the Pillar-to-Post-Office is, "When in doubt stand to your guns and be disobliging and cheeky," and that to this regulation there can and will be no possible exception.

READY! AY, READY! NAVAL INTELLIGENCE À LA MODE.

It is reported that H.M.S. *Blunderer*, though she will not receive her entire armament as promised, will be equipped with at least one of her new guns, which, together with two old muzzle-loaders, and several others of an extinct and condemned pattern, it is calculated will enable her, if she does not join in the firing, to take part in the forthcoming manoeuvres in the Solent, and the Authorities are said to be highly gratified at this result. It transpires, however, that there has been found great difficulty in manning many of the vessels of the First Reserve; but the Port Admirals and the Intelligence Department, who are responsible in the matter, are said to have made every effort to cope with the emergency, they having fallen back on the supply afforded by the dregs of the local population, and thereby secured a good muster of harbour-loafers, discharged coal-heavers, and unemployed bathing-machine men, from which to make up the temporary deficiency. Due to the carrying out of the above measures, Her Majesty's gunboats, *Jackass*, *Bluebottle*, and *Clothes-basket*, have all respectively received a mixed crew of sweeps and costermongers, and will put to sea as soon as they are able under the peculiar circumstances. It is said that every vessel of the Torpedo Fleet will be entrusted to the charge of a couple of octogenarian veterans from Greenwich, but as it is expected that their age and infirmity, no less than the novelty of the work, will somewhat hamper them in the management of their respective craft, it has been decided that they shall each take on board with them an experienced bargee, under whose orders they will act.

THE END OF AN ACT.

(A Fragment from a Story of a Bill of the Play.)

THE Bright Little Girl was ushered into the presence of the three greatest English Actresses of modern days. The first of these three was golden-haired and blue-eyed—the only exponent of *Portia* and inimitable as *Lady Macbeth*. The second, who had retired for a while (on a fortune), was admittedly the Queen of Laughter—the best *ingénue*, the cleverest *Nan* that had ever lived. The third in

OUR THEATRICAL CHILDREN.

(According to recent Grandmotherly Legislation. Dedicated to the (Sir R.) Temple of the Drama.)



Rolla and the Child (legal infant, over ten) crossing the Bridge.

Rolla. "Awfully heavy child."

Norma's Children according to the New Act. Over Ten, but wonderfully small for their age. Odd! But there always is a supply to meet a demand.

Macbeth. "What is this, That wears upon his baby brow—" Child (interrupting him). "No babe, But over ten years old. Ha! Sold again!"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS PROSPECT! "Oh, Mother dear! No Pantomime! No money! No Christmas dinner!"

her presence conjured up recollections of romantic drama and that kind of comedy which has "domestic" annexed to its name. Need it be said that they were all delighted to see the Bright Little Girl.

"What do you want?" asked *Portia-plus-Lady Macbeth*, smiling.

"Can we help you?"

"If we can, we will do so willingly," said the good-for-everything *Nan*.

"Oh yes," cried Domestic Comedy, clasping the tiny mite in her arms.

"If you please, I want to be an Actress," returned the Bright Little Girl. The three goddesses shook their heads.

"Long before I was ten," said *Portia-plus-Lady Macbeth*. "I too,—long before I was ten," put in the half-retiring *Nan*. "And I—I fancy—but I am not good at dates, and can't be certain—long, I think, before I was ten," put in Domestic Comedy.

"And did playing before you were ten hurt you very, very much, Ladies?" asked the Bright Little Girl.

"You must judge for yourself, my dear," returned the three celebrated Actresses, smilingly; and with this useful reminder to those who are prepared to oppose the Measure in the House of Lords, the interview terminated.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Last Coup. On hearing of this book for the first time, one would naturally imagine that *The Last Coup* was a tale of agricultural distress in Lancashire. It is, however, nothing of the kind, but an excellent story in one volume by HAWLEY SMART, full of interest from start to finish. By the way, BARRAUD'S *Men and Women of the Day* contains an admirable portrait of this popular novelist, accompanied by an interesting biographical notice. The other two celebrities included in this number are General BOULANGER and Miss M. V. WHITE. This publication, which has now reached its eighteenth number, shows no falling off in the excellence of its pictures. A capital half-a-crown's-worth, for two-and-six.—*A Strange Enchantment* is a very original story, well-planned and thoroughly carried out by B. L. FARJEON. It is, indeed, one of the most farjeonate of this clever writer's one-volume novels. We shall probably be not very far wrong when we assert that the reading public will find *A Strange Enchantment* strangely enchanting.—*Walks in Holland* is not a juvenile volume treating of perambulations in pinafores, but a thoroughly practical guide to the country of the Dutch. If you wish to ascertain for yourself that the Dutch have taken Holland, you cannot do better than take Mr. PERCY LINDLEY for your guide, and he will tell you all about everything in the fewest words and the clearest manner possible.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

RARE ENTOMOLOGICAL CHANCE.—An Aged Gentleman of scientific pursuits, who has devoted much of his life-time to the Training and Development of the Intellectual Instincts of Insects, is anxious to part with a couple of hives of highly educated Bees to some Enthusiast who would be willing to continue the course of instruction with them that he has so successfully commenced, but which, owing to a slight accident, he has been unwillingly compelled to make up his mind to abandon. Having accustomed them to assemble in his Dining-room at meals to the sound of a foghorn, and seek their hive again—a box of peculiar and ingenious construction—at the beating of a frying-pan and kitchen poker, he had almost succeeded in getting the little creatures to know him, when, on his eightieth birthday, he had the misfortune to fall down-stairs with the whole apparatus, and, thereby startling and exciting the Bees, was so severely stung by them in their momentary panic, that he has determined, in consequence, on relinquishing henceforth their further care. As a wire-net helmet, neck-defender, and pair of protecting-gloves are included in the purchase, an Entomologist gifted with a tolerably thick skin, and of an adventurous disposition, might safely communicate with a view to negotiation in the matter. A second-hand fire-escape, dozen of cranberry jam, or a few guinea-pigs, would be taken in exchange by the Advertiser, who will be glad to receive as early an application as possible on the subject.

THE LAST CHAT AT WIMBLEDON.

Mr. Punch. If you are not busy, I should like a few words with you.

Old Established Habitué. Busy! Why we are never busy here! Most delighted to see you. Have some claret cup—or strawberries and iced cream?—You will find both on that sideboard.

Mr. P. You seem to be pretty comfortable.

O. E. H. Well, yes, we get on fairly well. Planked floor, carpet, easy chairs, mirrors and Japanese fans. Yes, not bad. And you see, I have some nice plants in the mould outside my tent. The place looks very well when it is lighted up with paper lanterns at night.

Mr. P. You know the Camp well?

O. E. H. Been here for the last twenty years. Wouldn't miss the fortnight for the world. The only fault of Wimbledon is that it's rather noisy—at least near the ranges.

Mr. P. And what sort of time have you had of it this season?

O. E. H. Oh, very fair. Rain now and then, but this place is water-tight, and of course, if the weather becomes impossible, one can always run up to Town. But, take it all in all, we have seen a lot of the sun, and had plenty of Lady-visitors.

Mr. P. Don't you find them rather in the way?

O. E. H. Good gracious, no! Why should we? It makes the place look lively to see a number of pretty girls, in pretty dresses, resting in garden-chairs. Why Wimbledon would be as dull as ditch-water without the fair sex!

Mr. P. And have the gatherings at the Cottage been successful?

O. E. H. Certainly. Lady WANTAGE is always a delightful hostess. I must say it is a great shame to break the whole thing up, and send everybody to Bisley. Not that I shall go. It will be too far away for me and most of us. Besides it won't be the same thing!

Mr. P. Why not?

O. E. H. Why not! Why, how on earth can you get people to come all that way for afternoon tea? Why, you might just as well send out invitations for a garden-party at Aldershot! Oh, I consider it simply suicidal. It will smash up the N. R. A.

Mr. P. The N. R. A.! Why, what mysterious body do those letters represent?

O. E. H. Not know what the N. R. A. means! Well, you are behind the times! Why, the National Rifle Association, to be sure!

Mr. P. The National Rifle Association! That reminds me. You have said nothing about the shooting. Tell me all about the shooting!

O. E. H. The shooting, my dear fellow! Why, none of us go near the shooting. In fact Wimbledon would be twice as jolly without it.

Mr. P. But it is on account of the shooting that you are told to move on, isn't it?

O. E. H. Yes; and there's where the bosh comes in. Surely the Council might have arranged to stay on, by cutting the shooting out of the fortnight's doings.

Mr. P. And you don't think that would have robbed the meeting of one of its important features?

O. E. H. Not a bit; on the contrary, improved the programme. The ranges might have been utilised for croquet and lawn-tennis. But now, my dear fellow, I am afraid I must turn you out, as I have to dress for mess. Pray forgive me; but, you see, as a soldier, I am a slave to duty.

Mr. P. "As a soldier"—h'm—quite so!

[Exit.

ONE WORD MORE.

WELL-INTENTIONED persons do a heap of mischief, and talk and write a lot of nonsense about what they don't understand. There are dangers to morality ("who deniges of it?") in the Theatrical Profession, as in every other profession; but these affect the amateur, and those who go on the stage late in life, not those who are to the manor born. The lives of poor, honest, hard-working theatrical families, where the sons and daughters obtain theatrical employment at an early age, are thoroughly respectable. Their stage-work is not only compatible with their receiving a sound education, but is a complement of it. Habits of strict discipline, cleanliness, and domestic thrift are inculcated; the little children, from the biggest down to "the Widow's Mites," engaged in a Pantomime, are seldom sick, and never sorry, but do their work with pleasure, and would probably be willing to undertake even "more study," rather than be deprived of their theatrical employment which brings in the money, pays the school, and helps to keep a happy family together under one roof, which "be it never so 'umble," is styled by that dear old English word "home,"—and there is no place like it. The efforts of those who would exclude children under ten from theatrical work, may cause great misery and break up many such happy homes. We say this in serious earnest, and, from practical experience, we do know what we are talking about.

PUNCH.

MODUS OPERANDI.

Thursday.—With much pleasure to hear *La Sonnambula*. Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold ye! Again in the merry Swiss Village, "all among the barley"—I should say the *ballet*—and



The Count Out; or, Arrival of a Giant at a Merry Swiss Village.

greatly refreshed by the sight of so many Swiss boys and girls of all sizes and all ages. The air of the *La Sonnambula* country evidently agrees with them. Mlle. MARIE VAN ZANDT, a very characteristic *Amina*, with just the peasant walk and awkward elbow action when she wishes to express emotion, reminding me of the vigorous flapping of half-fledged chickling's wing. Had the old song, "Would I were a Bird," been in this Opera, how mightily appropriate it would have been for our good little peasant girl, VAN ZANDT. Then, she's so affectionate to her kind old mother, *Teresa Gummigio* (touchingly played by Madame LABLACHE), who is so "lone and lorn," and apparently like "the old mawther" in *David Copperfield*, frequently "thinking of the old 'un,"—the old 'un being, of course, the late lamented *Gummigio*. MARIE VAN ZANDT brings out strongly the contrast between *Amina*, so amenable to good influences, so easily led away by her mother, and our *Lisa*, the flirty and flighty, so easily led away by anybody in the shape of a man. Our *Lisa* capably played by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. Is there any part of any age, country, musical, mountain or kitchen range, that this universal genius couldn't play to the great contentment of even the most critical audience? Is there a better *Marta* in *Faust*? A better *Inez* in *Trovatore*? A better *Giovanna* in *Rigoletto*? A better—I forget her name—in the *Barbiere*? and a better anybody in any other opera you like to mention? She is the *Bauermeistersinger*. VAN ZANDT immensely applauded, specially in high notes, which went far up above EDOUARD DE RESZKE's head, and that's saying or singing a good deal, as when he once appears on the stage as *Count Rudolfo*—a misnomer, as he is *Count Polite-olfo*, with charming manners—all the others are mere pigmies; and, as for *Elvino*, the typical Swiss peasant lover, had it come to a big row (and there was a little one occasionally), *Count Edouard* would just have taken him up—perhaps he might have liked being taken up by a nobleman—and pitched him over his shoulder into the next Canton, or farther,—into Peking. Delightfully pretty Opera, so simple, tuneful, and dramatic.

Saturday.—*Die Meistersinger*. Musically, histrionically, and spectacularly, a magnificent performance. Opera full of melody and genuine humour. All of the Wag in WAGNER is in *Die Meistersinger*. Slices should be taken out of First and Second Acts. *Eva* is about the poorest part Madame ALBANI has *Eva* undertaken; *Hans Sachs* a grand one for M. LASSALLE, and *Walther* equally fine for M. JEAN DE RESZKE; honours easy—*Sachs* of one, and half-a-dozen of the other. Signor ISNARDON shows himself a genuine Comedian as *Sizus Beckmesser*; and M. MONTARIOL a most conscientious artist, inasmuch as he has shaved off his capillary attractions in order to play the gay young *David*. MANCINELLI conducted admirably, and MAGGIE MCINTYRE beamed on everybody from a private box. *Mise-en-scène* most effective. Memorable triumph. Go and see it.

PENSÉES POUR PLUNKET.

How lovely is the Embankment from Westminster to Blackfriars! Where are the *al fresco* Restaurants?

How nice trees would look in Regent Street, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly, as far as South Kensington Museum, where the Boulevard begins?

If it can be done in Shaftesbury Avenue, why not everywhere else?

How greatly the Parks and Kensington Gardens might be improved if I could induce the other fellows to adopt *Mr. Punch's* suggestions.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, SO FAVOURABLE TO FURNITURE, WALL PAPERS, PICTURES, SCREENS, &c., IS NOT ALWAYS BECOMING TO THE FEMALE COMPLEXION. LIGHT JAPANESE SUNSHADES WILL BE FOUND INVALUABLE.

"WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT."

LATEST VERSION.

Sung, à propos of the Commission on Royal Grants, by a Working-Man.

I'm a 'orny-'anded Son of Toil—leastways, so say the patterers,
 When I come to think of it!
 And all my 'appiness in life comes from—well, *not* the chatterers,
 When I come to think of it!
 They cackle of Democracy—I don't think arf a dump of it,
 That is, the sort they recommend, and I 'ave 'ad a lump of it.
 Both sides 'ave tried it on me now—and now I've got the hump of it—
 When I come to think of it!

It seems to me the upper classes always get the best of it,
 When I come to think of it!
 They've got their palaces, good pay, big pensions, and the rest of it,
 When I come to think of it! [spout of it,
 If a Workin'-Man thinks somethink 's wrong, and wants to go and
 He'll find a lot of M.P. pals to back him, there's no doubt of it;
 But when he's listened to their chat—he don't get nothink out of it;
 When you come to think of it!

Take this here Royal Grants affair—it's stiffish, I'll allow of it,
 When you come to think of it!
 But reason ought to settle it, no good to make a row of it,
 When you come to think of it!
 LABBY and STORREY argufy, and want to make a fight of it;
 But will they save a copper when they're in the very height of it?
 Fancy there ain't much option, and SMITH feels he's in the right of it,
 When he comes to think of it!

The "Workman's Friends" put up their backs whenever there's a
 chance of it, When you come to think of it!
 They patters on, in Parliament, and makes a pretty dance of it.
 When you come to think of it!
 They're "brothers, pledged to Labour's Cause,"—they *do* spout,
 you'll admit of it.

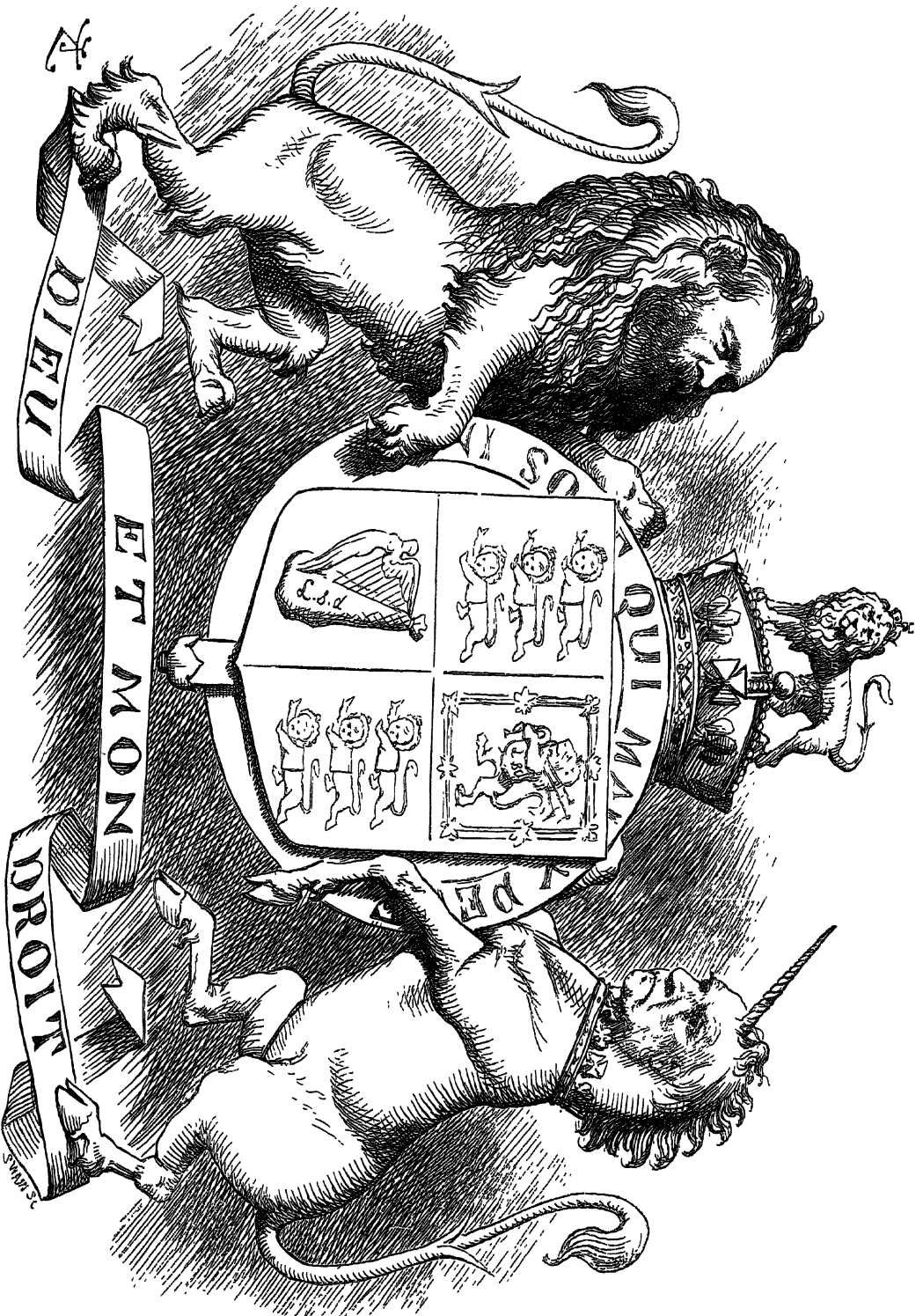
They swore to free Old England from class rule; we'd soon be quit of it;
 I arst you—have they done it? will they do it? Not a bit of it!
 When you come to think of it!

A Royal Wedding causes joy to every one who hears of it,
 When they come to think of it!
 I fancy I can see the show, and hear the 'arty cheers of it,
 When I come to think of it!
 I likes to hear of wedded bliss; our Royal Lot thinks well of it; [it;
 I've watched—and paid—for forty year, and that's a goodish spell of
 And now I sometimes wonder who the sum and end can tell of it,
 When I come to think of it!

We're told the Prince of WALES works 'ard—it's quite true every
 word of it, When you come to think of it!
 I think he earns *his* screw, at least, from what I've seen and heard
 of it, When I come to think of it!
 Stinginess ain't a Briton's game; for Me, I will have none of it;
 Still, one *would* like to know *how* fur we'll go afore we've done of it.
 If 'tis "till further horders," well, I don't quite see the fun of it,
 When I come to think of it!

Fair's fair, and whilst we 'ave a Throne we're bound to up and pay
 When you come to think of it! [for it,
 But when I arks "How much?" I wants a arnser. I will stay for it—
 When I come to think of it!
 But they mustn't snub me as a snob because I dare to speak of it.
 Some say it ain't my business, boys,—I like the blooming cheek of it.
 I 'ave to stump up from *my* screw—there's thirty bob a week of it!
 When I come to think of it!

I think there ought to be *some* rule, and that we ought to know of it;
 When I come to think of it!
 This here Committee may do good if they can make some show of it,
 When they come to think of it!
 But as to lots o' this loose talk—I'm not a blessed babby, boys,
 I wants to do the thing that's fair, not swindled, nor yet shabby, boys,
 And that they'll find is the straight tip, STORREY, BRADLAUGH and
 LABBY, boys! When they come to think of it!



SUPPORTERS OF THE CROWN.

(On the Question of "Royal Grants.")



A CERTAIN PREVENTIVE.

Bishop (who has been assisting at a recent Lambeth Conference). "I AM OPPOSED TO SPORT BECAUSE I THINK IT LEADS TO RACING AND GAMBLING. BY THE WAY, COULD YOU SUGGEST ANYTHING THAT WOULD BE LIKELY TO STOP THE CLERGY IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD HUNTING TO SUCH EXCESS?" Hunting Man. "YES, MY LORD! GOOD HARD FROST!!"

PASTORS ON CASTORS.

(What we may expect, if other Prelates follow the example of Bishop Jayne, and take their exercise on a Tricycle.)

DID you say that the "Racing CANTUAR," or the "Episcopal Ball-bearer," is now the favourite sort of cycle among connoisseurs? Dear me! At first sight it seems quite odd for a Bishop to arrive at a country Ordination with his gaiters coated with mud, and his hat hopelessly caved in as the result of a nasty spill into a ditch!

It is said, that the number of Dissenters in the Diocese has much increased since the Bishop was seen coming down-hill at thirty miles an hour, with his legs over the handle of his machine.

In the last private exhibition of Episcopal "trick riding," which took place in the grounds of the Palace, an athletic Suffragan easily carried off the first prize, by being able to write a page of a sermon, repeat the Thirty-nine Articles backwards, and stand on his head on the saddle, while propelling his bicycle at an average rate of speed along a cinder-path.

The Archbishop would look better on a cycle if he did not happen to be such a very *Broad Churchman*. The expression "His Grace" seems inappropriate.

Yes, that man careering along that road at a breakneck pace, with his coat-tails flying over his head, and hollering to the little boy to get out of his way, is the newly elected occupant of the See of *AREYLE* and the (machine) *ILES*.

His language to the youth who has thrown his cap into the spokes seems, at this distance, to be hardly episcopal.

Now that the Bishop has taken to riding a "Racing Facile," the Dean and senior resident Canon have introduced a "tandem" into the cloisters, and career wildly round and round, while most of the Cathedral Staff practise on "Sociables" in the Crypt. The Chapter has been quite a Chapter of accidents!

"All Uncharitableness."

SATAN and his sly imps work mischief still;
But at destroying mutual good-will
Amidst all classes in our speech-plagued nation,
The worst of Satan's imps is imp-utation!

LONDON COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

Tuesday, July 9.—Really one begins to regret the good old days of "the Westries," as certainly the proceedings in those now obsolete bodies were and are quite as respectable (if not more so) than our own. By "our own" of course I refer to the doings of the extraordinary body I see gathered round "Mister" ROSEBERRY this sultry afternoon. The Members present are the usual *habitués*—patriots, friends of the working-classes, fire-and-fury philanthropists, and the rest of them. The hero of the sitting is Mr. THOMAS GEORGE FAUDELL, who, so to speak, in lieu of turning up his nose at the Equator, performs the same awe-inspiring operation in connection with the Chairman's chair. "Mister" ROSEBERRY almost loses his temper, and regards the fractious FAUDELL with an *et tu Brute* sort of glance. By the way it may be as well to explain to Lady Members of the Council (and perhaps some of the less educated of the patriots) that *et tu Brute*, strange to say, does not mean, "And you, you brute!"

The conflict is a regrettable incident. THOMAS GEORGE is an Eton and Christchurch man, and, moreover, is a Member of the Bar. "Mister" ROSEBERRY was also at Eton and Christchurch, so that the Chairman and the Independent (perhaps too independent) Member were schoolboys, if not quite together, at any rate only with a short pause between them. Scene follows scene, and the Gentlemen of the Press get weary of reporting the same old story of bickering. As for myself, I bring my notes this week to a close with the reflection that did I extend them further, it might make the other Vestries—I beg pardon, Municipal bodies—justly jealous. I frankly confess that, were I asked, "Why, in describing parochial proceedings, I recognise the County Council and ignore the Vestry?" I should find the conundrum a very difficult one indeed to solve!

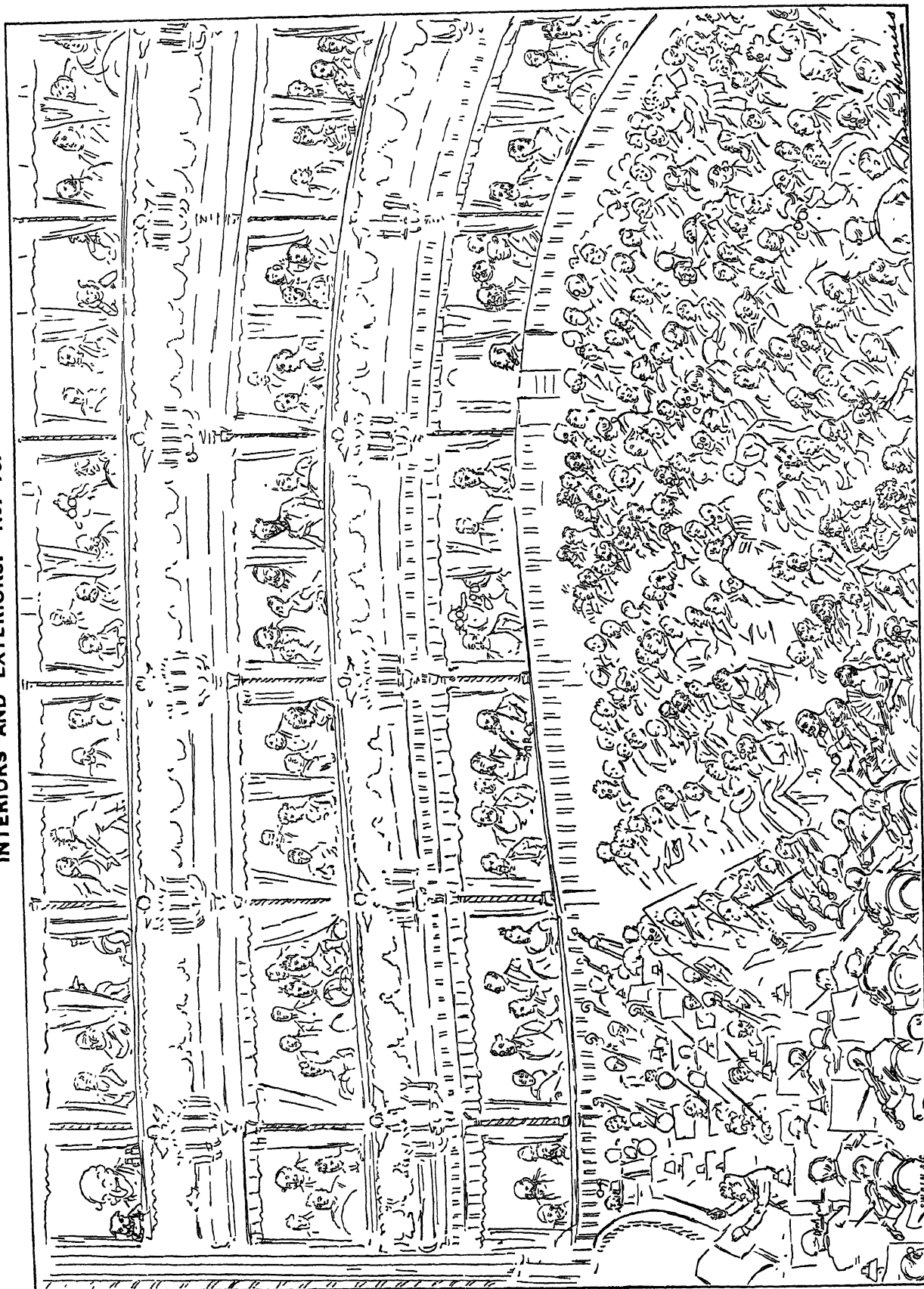
From Drogheda.

Cox and GILL
Had managed ill,
And got into hot water.

But for the Crown
The case broke down,
And triumph followed after!

HARROWING MEM.—July 15. Lords. Harrow A 1. Eton B-Eton.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 73.



A NOTE OF THE OPERA. BY MR. PUNCH'S ELECTRIC LIGHTNING ARTIST.

THE POLL OF HIS HEART!

NEW VERSION.

AIR—"His Heart was True to Poll,"

"I must go to sea,"

Said CHARLEY B.

As he sang the good old song;

"When a tar wants to fight,

He doesn't do right

To stay ashore too long.

For there *are* such rum 'uns

In the House of Commons,

Red tape-ist old pig-tails, droll!

They won't mind my defection,

And I shan't seek re-election.

That's not my sort of 'Poll.'

But—

To POLL my heart is true,

'POLL' means the Jacket Blue,—

It's no matter what I be,

On the turf or an M.P.

To POLL my heart is true!"

Chorus.

His heart is true to POLL!

His heart is true to POLL!

No matter what he be,

On the Turf or an M.P.,

His heart is true to POLL!

So he spoke out his mind;

And immediately resigned

His Parliamentary seat;

For says he, "Belay, I shall

Come back an Admiral

When once I've joined the Fleet.

Just give me a command,

No more I'll stop on land

To be a figure-head or wooden doll,

For wherever I may wander,

I'm a thinkin' of the *Condor*,

For my heart is true to POLL!

Refrain (with resignation).

No 'poll,' but true to POLL!

No 'poll,' but true to POLL!

Wherever I may be,

On the Turf, or an M.P.,

My heart is true to POLL!"

Chorus (all).—His heart is true to POLL, &c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INFANTS' DISORDERS.—No, we cannot say for certain that the convulsions from which your child has suffered—(we are glad to hear that he has quite recovered from the attack to which you refer), were caused by over-feeding him on "Pilkington's Infantile Brain and Nerve Vegetable Food." It is much more likely that they were occasioned by that hearty meal of jappened lobster you mention, or more possibly still by his eating the tops of those patent Norwegian matches, to a box of which you unfortunately seem to have let him had access. We cannot say whether holding him up by the legs and giving a tumbler of hot gin-and-water every ten minutes would prove an efficacious remedy. It sounds as if there were something in it. Next time you notice any symptoms of the fit coming on you might certainly try it.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE VERSION.

HOPE springs eternal in the female breast:
Woman ne'er is, but always to be—*dressed!*

A NEW MUZZULUM ORDER—not given by the SHAH, but by the Police. Dogs to be muzzled from 31st inst. till December. But why defer it till the end of the month? The dog that knows the value of his day will make the most of the remainder of July.



A GRIEVANCE.

(THE STOCK INEXHAUSTIBLE!)

Landlord. "WELL, STUBBLES, AT ANY RATE YOU'VE GOT A MAGNIFICENT CROP OF HAY THIS—"

Portly Tenant Farmer (reluctantly). "YE-ES; BUT YOU SEE, MY LORD, THERE'S SUCH A PRECIOUS LOT OF IT! LOOK WHAT IT'LL COST ME FOR LABOUR TO GET IT IN!"

"LENA" AT THE LYCEUM.

Of all the actresses so fair,
How very few like SALLY!
Such tones, such charm, such auburn hair!
Of which she knows the vally.
And when she'll act,
We cry—'tis fact—
"Some inspiration's ta'en her!"
But when she won't,
Why, then—she don't,
And she does both as *Lena*.

MOST ANNOYING.

Frivolous Person (who has been brought by Serious Friend to see an Ecclesiastical function, catches sight of Foreign Prelate). Is that the Archbishop of Cyprus?

Serious Friend (anxious to impart useful information). Yes, that is "his Beatitude."

F. P. (seeing an opportunity). Fine up-standing chap. (Suddenly.) Hope he's a good sailor.

S. F. (falling into trap). Why?

F. P. (delighted). Because if this is his Be-attitude, I should like to know what is his Sea-attitude.

[*Serious Friend wishes he hadn't induced him to come.*

A NURSERY FORECAST.

SING a song of Royal Grants,
LABBY full of glee;
Twenty-one Commissioners
Rather up a tree!
Yet, when the case was opened
It pretty soon was seen
They had resolved a dainty sum
To set before the QUEEN.
Though she, some malcontents averred,
Had hoarded heaps of money,—
But what she could have done with them
They frankly owned was funny.
But JOHN BULL, to such cavillings
Being not at all disposed,
For five good figures drew his cheque,
And thus the matter closed.

"N.B."—After the ceremony, at which the SHAH, it is thought, will be present (wedding-present, of course), the Earl of FIFE and his Royal Wife ("dropping into poetry") will go to the Thane's home in Scotland. This is Deecided.

No SEPARATIST! BUT GRAND OLD UNION-IST!!—Mr. GLADSTONE on his Golden Wedding Day!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 8.—Government beaten in Lords last week; ran narrow risk of defeat in Commons to-night; all owing to the MARKISS. Like HANS BREITMANN, the MARKISS "had a Barty." About Four o'Clock, OLD MORALITY, looking round over deserted benches on Ministerial side, hoarsely whispered, "Vere is dat Barty now?"

"At Hatfield," said AKERS-DOUGLAS, a little tartly. Like the rest, AKERS were invited to meet the SHAH, but kept in town by sitting of House.

"Then telegraph for them to come back," said OLD MORALITY.

Situation certainly critical. WILLIAM O'BRIEN moving Adjournment, and discussing row at Cork, where PETER O'BRIEN, M.P. (always being mistaken for somebody else), got his head broken. Irish Members all in attendance; Opposition Benches full; thirteen men, all told, comprised full strength on Ministerial side. If Irish Members were to lead SEXTON away, close up debate, and take early Division, Government helpless. If SEXTON could be drawn out, good for an hour's speech, and Ministry would be saved. Telegram would have reached Hatfield; special train on the rails; every moment bringing it nearer. OLD MORALITY fidgeted on seat all through Question Time. When questions over, O'BRIEN rose to move Adjournment amid storms of cheers from Irish Members, spoiling for the fight. OLD MORALITY anxiously scanned benches, discovered SEXTON there. "All not lost yet," he murmured, under his breath.

Help came from unexpected quarter. SPEAKER ruled O'BRIEN's Motion out of order; Ministers breathed again; House got into Committee on Scotch Local Government Bill; BUCHANAN moved Amendment raising whole question of rights of way. LORD-ADVOCATE opposed; Scotch Members saw their opportunity; shut off debate; shouted for Division.

"ASHMEAD," said OLD MORALITY, turning to Civil Lord, "this suspense is terrible. Heard of your agility at Paris, your mounting Eiffel Tower four steps at a time; run up Clock Tower now; see if you can catch sight of our men coming."

ASHMEAD off like a young fawn. RITCHIE and ARTHUR BALFOUR put up to keeping things going. JACOBY moving restlessly about, holding wavers with his glittering eye. Time of triumph near at hand. AKERS-DOUGLAS's misfortune is JACOBY's opportunity. Hatless and almost inarticulate he prevailed the Lobby, bringing men from distant holes and corners. ARTHUR BALFOUR nearly finished his speech; nothing more could be done; Division must follow; defeat inevitable. OLD MORALITY's eyes fixed with strained glance on door through which ASHMEAD BARLETT had vanished on way to Clock Tower. Will he never come back? Yes; rapid steps are heard; a flushed face flashes through House; and Civil Lord drops breathless on Treasury Bench.

"Brother ASHMEAD," said OLD MORALITY, "did you see anybody coming?"

"Train arrived; men coming in hansoms, four-wheelers, busses, wheel-barrows, anything!"

ARTHUR BALFOUR down; bell clanging through House; and, just in time, the party from Hatfield headed by ADDISON, Q.C., in white waistcoat and new necktie, streamed in; saved the Government and strangled the rights of way in Scotland.

"Very interesting," said OLD MORALITY, mopping his damp forehead; "very interesting indeed, but a few more quarters of an hour like this would lead to vacancy in the leadership of the House of Commons."

Business done.—Committee on Scotch Local Government Bill.

Tuesday Night.—A bustling night in Commons. Sitting chiefly spent in Division Lobby. OLD MORALITY nominated Committee on Royal Grants. Gentlemen below Gangway protested. Threatened to take Division on every name; actually took six. Four hundred gentlemen, of various ages from twenty-two to eighty, racing round lobbies hour after hour. Grand Old Man kept well in the front. "Must take a certain amount of exercise every day," he said when I remonstrated with him on imperilling his valuable life. "Generally walk home after dinner; this evening get my walking done before."

Off again on sixth lap without turning a hair—almost, indeed, without having any to turn. STORREY, always long drawn out (six feet in his stockings, I should say), to-night longer than ever. Unfolded Chapter after Chapter; most exciting, Chapter III., headed "CHAMBERLAIN." OLD MORALITY moved CHAMBERLAIN on Committee; STORREY, amid strenuous shouts of delight from Radicals, moved him off. Drew interesting sketch of CHAMBERLAIN as SAMSON, with JESSE COLLINGS as DELLAM shearing his locks preparatory to

delivering him over to Philistines. (First Philistine represented by OLD MORALITY.) Ninety-five Radicals voted to bury SAMSON under ruins of proposed Committee. Philistines rallied round him; beat off assailants with overwhelming force of three to one.

GEORGE CAMPBELL, who usually votes with minority, went astray in one division. Voted with the Government for retention on Committee of ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

"Couldn't help it, you know," he said, apologetically. "Blood is thicker than water. Clansmen must stand by each other. The CAMPBELLS always hang together."

"Serve 'em right!" growled SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate.

Business done.—Committee on Royal Grants appointed.

Thursday.—Atmosphere of Committee on Scotch Local Government Bill ruffled by little breeze. HOWORTH has discovered in Bill principle of Free Education; raises cry of alarm; talks about surrender of the Government; revolution ahead. RICHARD TEMPLE comes to the front.

"Imust," he said, glancing askance at MUNDELLA, "ask those around me to aid in stemming the rising flood."

Opposition broke into ribald laughter. MUNDELLA pats Government on back; declares proposal in the Bill assailed by HOWORTH to be best thing they ever did. ARTHUR BALFOUR writhes under this patronage; almost impelled to join hands with TEMPLE and undertake the stemming operation for which general invitation had been issued. TREVELYAN jeers and flouts across table. What fierce delight it would be to marshal the Ministerial host, march them off into Lobby with HOWORTH and TEMPLE, and snatch this toothsome bone from the Radical dogs who were so noisily mouthing it! A moment of mad delight; but it would not do. So ARTHUR made a clever speech, in which he showed that whilst the Bill admitted principle of Free Education, it was only its little way. Really did not mean anything. Must stand by the Bill. Tories and Radicals went into one Lobby, 245 against Amendment, only 52, with RICHARD TEMPLE at their head, gallantly but vainly endeavouring to stem the Rising Flood.

Friday.—Came suddenly upon PHILIP STANHOPE sitting all by himself under Gallery. Had a peculiarly woe-begone expression unfamiliar on his cheerful countenance. Looked as if he thought he was in church.

"What's the matter?" I asked, in my cheery way. "Been a row in the family? Has your noble brother said he can't stand any more of your Radical goings on? or is it remorse at the anguish caused by your other brother on Treasury Bench, when you come up to table to 'tell' the rag-tag-and-bob-tail in its efforts to defeat the best possible Government?"

"No," said STANHOPE, clasping his hands over his knees, "it's none of those things. I'm thinking of JACOBY. All through the Session we have 'told' and toiled together, and now he's chucked the whole thing up. Says he won't play."

"Never mind," I said, "you'll get somebody else, though probably no one so much to the manner born. I suppose, now he's ceased to be Whip, JACOBY will wear his hat again in the Lobby? He won't like that. What makes him so pleased to dispend with his hat?"

"Don't know," said STANHOPE, wearily, "unless in other times he may have acquired a distaste for the article through having gone about his business wearing three at a time."

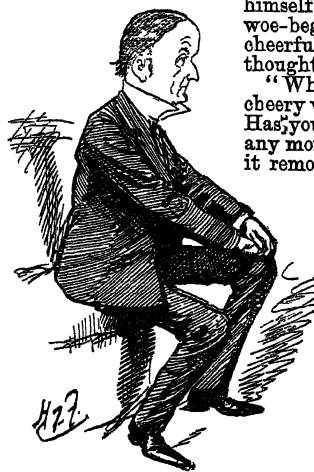
Business done.—Scotch Local Government Bill again in Committee.



Mover of Amendment.



John Anthony.



Thinking of Jacoby.

WIMBLEDON WHIMS.



'Elevation wrong!'...
'He obtained a high
magpie!'

'He made several
bull's-eyes.'

'Exciting!! A tie!! at
the last moment!!'

IRREPRESSIBLE! OR, THE CRIMINAL UNCAUGHT GUIDE.

Little Criminal Tragic Comedy, in Two Acts, now in daily rehearsals.

ACT I.

The Scene represents a back alley in a low East End shum, in which an atrocious murder has just been committed, forming in its turn the eighteenth of a series of similar outrages, the peculiar feature of which has been the screwing off of the victim's head by the perpetrator. The extra vigilance of the Police has for some time past apparently acted as a check upon the murderer, but this having been for no very definite reason just relaxed, he has quickly responded to it by the commission of a fresh crime. This has somewhat reasonably agitated the dwellers in the immediate neighbourhood, and they, together with the Medical Men, Coroner, Jurymen, Police Authorities, Local Loafers, Night Lodging-house Keepers, Witnesses, and General Outsiders, are all assembled at the scene of the recent ghastly occurrence. A Rabid Interviewer, representing the "Irrepressible Press," Note-book in hand, forces his way authoritatively through the crowd, and pushes himself to the front.

Rabid Interviewer (going up to Witness and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder). Ha! You're the man I want to get at. Witness (resentfully). Come, now, what are you up to? You are making some mistake!

Rabid Interviewer. Not a bit. You're one of the Witnesses, aren't you? (Witness nods assent.) Well, then, you're the fellow to post me up in what I want to know. Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm the "Press." I'm here for the Irrepressible. Now do you understand?

Witness (with effusion). Perfectly: and in that case I'm sure any information I can give you I shall be only too happy to supply.

Rabid Interviewer. So do, and fire away. (He does, and furnishes his interlocutor with copious details of the recent evidence coupled with local gossip and much other interesting material for "copy.") Thanks! And now (turning to Police Official) perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what moves you are making in the game. You're on his track? eh?

Police Official (doggedly). I ain't at liberty to say what we is on and what we ain't. Besides, how do I know who you are who is asking questions of me. (With apologetic caution.) We must be on the look out, you know.

Rabid Interviewer (with much bonhomie). Quite right. Of course you must. But it's all right with me, you know. I'm the "Press": here for the Irrepressible.

Police Official (instantly convinced). Oh! then in that case, of course, I don't mind telling you that—

[Furnishes him with a complete account of all the measures about to be taken by the Authorities at Scotland Yard with a view to the capture of the "Wanted" Murderer, and puts him in full possession of all the secrets of the official programme.

Rabid Interviewer (taking it all down in his "Notes"). Thank you, that'll do capitally. Ha! and now, let's see. Perhaps you can tell me something. (Suddenly buttonholes a Head of a Department, who has driven over in a cab from the West End to personally inspect the locality, and effectually pumps him, finishing his interview.) Thanks, that will be very useful.

Head of Department (with much urbanity). Delighted, I'm sure. Don't mention it. One cannot give the Press too much information on these matters.

Rabid Interviewer. Quite so. (Forces himself among a crowd of Unsympathetic Loafers who are vaguely discussing the recent atrocity). Well, my good people, and have you any news to give me?

First Unsympathetic Loafer. Give you any news? What for? Who are you, I should like to know?

Second Unsympathetic Loafer. Yes, and what are you a poking your blooming nose in here for?

Third Unsympathetic Loafer. I'll tell you who he is. He's "Jim the Choker," or next door to him. 'Ere let's run him in.

Several Unsympathetic Loafers. Run him in. String him up! Lynch him! [They hustle him.

Rabid Interviewer (protesting with a good-humoured smile). No, no, my good people—you don't understand. I'm not "Jim the Choker," I'm the "Press." I'm getting up facts about the murder for the Irrepressible, and if you'll turn in here and have a drink, you perhaps might be able to supply me with some particulars. (Mob of Loafers instantly relent, and turn in for a drink accordingly, furnishing the Rabid Interviewer with odds and ends of local information, with which he judiciously spices his five-column article for the "Irrepressible.") Surveying with much satisfaction his work, which is an elaborate and exhaustive account of the whole affair, pandering to a morbid public craving, but furnishing the "Wanted" One, if he chance to see it, with a full and detailed account of all the measures taken by the Police to prevent his escape, and giving him exactly the requisite information he stands in need of to enable him to baffle Justice and elude the reach of the arm of the Law.) Well, come, I think that ought to satisfy 'em; I've left nothing out. (Admiringly). By Jove! if "Jim the Choker" were to see it, it would be quite a little handbook for him!

ACT II.—A hidden Retreat beyond the ken of the Authorities. The "Wanted" One discovered deeply engaged perusing a recent number of the "Irrepressible."

The "Wanted" One (rising with satisfaction). So, that's their game is it? Well, it's all set out here, chapter and verse, plain enough, and no mistake! Goodness knows what I should do, if it wasn't for these here blessed papers. Howsomever, thanks to them, I can pretty well see my next move. So here goes to make it. [Makes it, and is consequently continuing to escape detection, as Curtain descends.

PLAY-TIME.

At the Court.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD is a public benefactress. London is getting dreadfully dull. The season is going out like an expiring set-piece of fireworks. St. Swinton has got hold of the weather.

But at the Court Theatre you may enjoy two hours of the heartiest laughter.

Aunt Jack is excellent fooling from beginning to end: full of quips and jokes, full of stirring incident, full of the most delightfully puzzling complications. I am not going to take the bloom off the flower by revealing the plot. I will content myself with congratulating everybody, all round, who interprets Mr. RALPH LUMLEY's merry inspirations.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD, most funny throughout, is quite inimitable in the last Scene, where she appears in the witness-box. It is hard to say if Mr. ARTHUR CECIL is at his best, making love in the First Act, or opening and tasting a bottle of very cheap champagne in the Second, or defending a Breach of Promise Case against his own fiancée in the Third. Mr. F. CAPE is quite a model Judge, and his dictum, "People should not go to law, unless they can keep their temper," should find place in the next edition of Broom's Legal Maxims. He would be quite a new Broom, and might make a clean sweep, which is a very different matter from making a sweep clean. But—passons! Miss ROSINA FILLIPI, as the dashing young widow of Mr. Ephraim B. Vanstreek of Chicago—"Pork was his vocation, he lived and died in it"—gives a piquant dash of Yankee flavour to the entertainment. Mr. ERIC LEWIS, impersonates excellently Aunt Jack's nephew, Mr. Caleb Cornish, and Miss FLORENCE WOOD is bright and intelligent as Mrs. Caleb. A success, says

THE CRITIC OFF THE HEARTH.

LATEST BULLETIN.—Poet BROWNING much better, in consequence of ALDIS WRIGHT's judicious treatment, but still suffering from FITZ.



She Wood, and he Wouldn't.

'DARBY AND JOAN.'



Lindsey Illustrated July 19. 1889

Mr. Punch (to the ex-Premier and his Wife on the happy occasion of their Golden Wedding):—

DARBY and JOAN! My dear WILLIAM, I'm certain
You'll pardon the phrase; 'tis familiar, but kind.
To draw for the mob domesticity's curtain,
Which ought to be sacred, is scarce to my mind.
But when such great actors as you tread our stages,
There's little life lends that is solely their own.
In how many rôles have you posed in my pages?
Well, now you turn up, WILL, as DARBY—with JOAN!

You know the old ballad? Of course—you know all things,
From HOMER to WOODFALL, in verse or in prose;
For yours is a mind which, on big things and small things,
Can, like the great pachyderm's trunk, deftly close.
That DARBY might well be serenely reflective,
And you, my dear WILL, on this notable day,
Must surely incline to the mood retrospective.
A mingling of pensive, proud, grateful, and gay.



"AMUSEMENTS."

Tennis Player (from London). "DON'T SEE THE FUN O' THIS GAME—KNOCKIN' A BALL INTO A BUSH, AND THEN 'UNTIN' ABOUT FOR IT!"

'Tis fifty years since, in then little known Hawarden,
Its church, which so often has echoed your voice,
With laurels and flower-garlands glowed like a garden,
Whilst GLADSTONE was wed to the girl of his choice,
"Young GLADSTONE," the Church and State champion, Tory,
Disciple of PEEL and MACAULAY's grave foe.
Since then what a long, strange, illustrious story
Of rise vastly rapid and change far from slow!

July Thirty-Nine found you Benedick youthful,
July Eighty-Nine finds you—well, "Grand Old Man."
As your worshippers say; and no doubt they are truthful,
Though stale adulation is not *Punch's* plan.
And GYNNNE's graceful daughter has shared it and crowned it,
That strenuous life and that splendid career;
Much harder great "DARBY" would doubtless have found it
Without gentle "JOAN" to console and to cheer.

Did "DARBY" now sing, it were scarce "*Camptown Races*,"
But rather that musical song by MOLLOY,
Which ANTOINETTE SIERLING invests with such graces,
And *Punch* is most happy to hear and enjoy.
And "JOAN" would join in with a refrain quite ready,
For whatever change come in fortune or fame,
JOAN's faith in her DARBY is constant and steady,
And DARBY to JOAN will be "always the same."

And *Punch* on this bright Golden Wedding rejoices
To wish the great couple a future all gold;
And herein is sure he interprets and voices
The wish of all parties, of young and of old.
Here's WILLIAM and CATHERINE's health in a brimmer!
We'll trust the good pair who together have grown,
With hearts nothing colder and eyes nothing dimmer,
May live many years to play "DARBY and JOAN."

CONUNDRUM FOR NEXT BANK HOLIDAY.

Q. When is a City Clerk like an ill-treated Russian Serf?

A. When he gets an *outing*. [*Italics used to assist the earnest Student.*]

A PILL FOR "THE PILLARS."

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN the years of long ago, when the "Vic" was indeed "the Vic" (and had not become a sort of frisky Coffee Palace), I remember seeing plays in which many a wealthy Merchant posed as a saint when he was the veriest sinner. I fancy that I have seen a wealthy Merchant (who must have been a wicked Baronet, as no one at the Vic Unregenerate could be *quite* bad unless able to add "Bart." to his name) sending coffin-ships to sea to get rid of inconvenient witnesses to his crimes, and I imagine that I have noticed this wealthy Merchant learning in Act the last, that his only son was on board the vessel he had doomed to a watery grave. I have an idea, too, that the wealthy Merchant was not particular about the sex of those he ruined, and generally died by his own hand. And I remember that a play like this used to make me laugh.

Well, the other day (or rather afternoon) I went to the Opéra Comique Theatre, to assist at the benefit of that clever little actress, Miss VERA BERINGER, when I saw a piece called *The Pillars of Society*, of very much the same character as that I faintly recollect at the Unregenerate Vic. There was a wealthy Merchant (not a "Bart." because he was a Norwegian), who posed as a saint when he was the veriest sinner, who sent coffin-ships to sea, and who found that in one of the doomed vessels was his own son. The wealthy Merchant of the Middlesex site, however, unlike the opulent "Bart." of the Surrey side, did not die, but repented, after a long and seemingly unappreciated confession. On the other hand, the wealthy Merchant, like his Vic-ious prototype, was not at all particular about the sex of those he ruined. But there was one distinct difference between the version of the North and the version of the South. At the theatre south of the Thames I remember the dialogue was crisp and to the point. We had plenty of action, and, so to speak, soon "came to the 'osses." North of the Thames the dialogue was hopelessly dull; so I did not feel inclined to laugh at the Opéra Comique Theatre—I only wanted to sleep!

Yours faithfully,
ONE WHO HAS HAD ENOUGH OF IBSEN.

P.S.—Let me add that the translation by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER seemed to be excellent. But what a pity it is he ever learned Norwegian!

JUNKETING.

Decision—Leaf from Cookery-Book—Rapid Run—Arrival—Peculiar People.

"I've heard that Ilfracombe's a beautiful place," I observe to my friend, COPLEY MARKHAM, taking care to emphasise "heard." This



Plain Cook's Tourists.

in reply to a desire just expressed by COPLEY to go out of town, and choose a house in some distant spot. Both of us are ready and willing for a junket. Junket is peculiarly Devonian. Therefore, merry House-hunters are we, and "a junketing we will go, my boys, a junketing we will go!"

"To Cook's office for tickets," says COPLEY, knowingly, "because," he continues, as if giving the solution of a riddle, "Because Cook's office is just handy,"—we are at Ludgate Circus, "and when you arrive at the station provided with

"Cook's," you haven't got to wait your turn at the booking-office, but can nip into your carriage and secure the best places. See?"

I do see. Our tickets are Cook'd, and we are ready to enjoy all the fun of the Fare. So COPLEY and I part, till to-morrow.

"If COPLEY is your travelling companion," says JIM O'DWYER, at the Club, to me, "mind you, my boy, you'll have to sweeten him, or he'll be nasty." This is a pleasant prospect.

Next Morning.—COPLEY seems to have met various persons who have set him against Ilfracombe. He has turned "nasty," as O'DWYER said he would, and he is perpetually regretting not having started for Switzerland, Scotland, Jersey—anywhere, in fact, except where we are bound for. I remark that I believe Ilfracombe is rather bracing.

"There you're wrong," he says, almost savagely, "it's relaxing." I feel I must try the "sweetening" process, so I smile, blandly. It doesn't sweeten him; it irritates him. "It is relaxing," he repeats, warmly. "You'll see. Old Thingumy told me so, and he ought to know, as he lived there for six years, and nearly died there."

We travel by the Great Western express, 9'20, direct. Flying by the stations, COPLEY is annoyed at being unable to discover their names.

"I'd stop all big advertisements at railway stations," he growls; "how on earth could a foreigner make out where he was? Why, he'd think that every station was called 'Cocoatina' or 'Maple & Co. ;' for upon my word those are the only two names I can catch as we go along."

Ilfracombe, 4'20.—"Disappointing," grumbles COPLEY, as we drive from the terminus. "I thought it was all beautiful boulders, and rocks, and wild scenery. Why, it's like the new Finchley Road, that's all. Wish I'd gone to Switzerland." I begin to wish so too. He's growing "nastier" every minute. By what process can he be "sweetened"?

Rule for Travelling invariable.—Always ask for the Station-master wherever you are, and make his acquaintance. It doesn't matter whether you've anything to say to him or not. You may have, later on, and then to be on speaking terms will be useful. Abroad, always take off your hat to him, and offer a cigar. You never lose by politeness,—except, in this case, or out of this case, a cigar.

The Station-superintendent is most courteous and anxious to afford us all useful information. Noticing this politeness, COPLEY MARKHAM says, sneeringly, "Oh, they've mistaken you for somebody else. Perhaps they think you're the Duke of CAMBRIDGE incog. You're not unlike him."

But as I subsequently encounter this same courtesy everywhere about this very civilised district, I conclude that the North Devonian motto must be the motto of "Civility without servility."

"Nothing striking in the way of scenery," says COPLEY, as we drive along in the 'bus to the hotel. "And I didn't expect the fares would be a shilling each," he adds, as we descend. "Why, you can go from Brompton to Islington for threepence, and here we've scarcely been driven a mile!"

Lovely situation this of the Ilfracombe Hotel. Climate of South Devonshire at back, and the refreshing Atlantic in front. For the first time COPLEY is unexpectedly "sweetened" by the manner of the Conductor, who receives the money as if he were grieved at having to take so large a sum for so short a journey.

Nobody knows who we are, and they do not mistake me for

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, but everybody delighted to see us all the same. Old gentleman on the doorstep with bald head and without a hat (must be Proprietor, or Manager, as no one stands on the doorstep of a hotel without a hat unless he is a Manager or a Proprietor,—why should he?) smiles, bows, and makes some pleasant remark about weather and journey. I think he waves us toward the bar, where young ladies, buxom and businesslike, are preparing to take down our names in a register, as if we'd come to be married. Tall, delicate-looking Head Waiter—not unlike Mr. PARNELL, only darker, and with a higher colour—appears from coffee-room, and is followed by a short Waiter, just to show us that they've got 'em of all sorts and sizes; a Chambermaid is on the staircase expecting us, Boots and Porter in the hall,—all waiting breathlessly for our answer to somebody's momentous question as to what time we would dine, put by, I think, but am not sure, the bald-headed Proprietor or Manager.

COPLEY says, turning to me, "Seven-thirty, eh?" His time is mine; by all means, 7'30. This "sweetens" him again, and he's in a better humour. With a sigh of relief, the *tableau* breaks up; the coloured likeness of PARNELL retires, the short Waiter follows him, both smiling, as much as to say, "*Au revoir*—at 7'30 sharp;" the Boots disappears with our bags, the Hall-porter goes on an errand for the Proprietor, the young ladies return to their tea and ledgers, and the trim Chambermaid beckons us to follow her to our rooms.

"Sweetening" process taking effect on COPLEY. He actually commends the place so far as "pretty." But "not bracing," he says; "I don't think it's bracing. Though," he adds, meditatively, "the air seems to be giving me an uncommonly strong appetite." Then he suggests that, "as we have come to look for houses, we may as well call on the house-agent." I agree. We hire a fly.

Flyman most civil. "House-agent? Certainly, Sir." Mr. BILLAM is the man. Will drive us there in no time. On our road, Flyman pulls up sharply. Mr. BILLAM is just coming downhill as we are going up, having finished his work and closed his office for the day. "But that doesn't matter," says Mr. BILLAM, cheerfully, "I'll see to it at once, if you'll allow me to ride up." He jumps in—a sharp business-like man with a pleasant manner—and in a few minutes we are at his office, which he re-opens, and all his books as well, as if he were beginning the day again. Then he insists on going House Hunting with us. He is the huntsman, and shows us capital sport, but "we do not catch that house, brave boys." At last COPLEY, urged by consuming appetite, proposes to finish the chase, and begs to be allowed to go to dinner. Then, promising to put us on the right scent to-morrow right away as far as Lynton, the undefeated Mr. BILLAM leaves us much impressed by another specimen of Devonian politeness.

"Devon is celebrated for its butter," says COPLEY, giving an indication by this intended sarcasm that he is turning nasty again. But fortunately the dinner, being an excellent one, sweetens him, and restores his good temper. Only one thing goes wrong. I order a light claret. It is not a success. "I told you it wouldn't be," growls COPLEY, showing signs of turning nasty again. It is a ticklish moment. We try another, which is better, but COPLEY regrets not having insisted on champagne. "Poor stuff!" he says, reading the wine-list with the eye of a connoisseur. "Where's your Pommery '80, or a blend of '80 and '81?" The coloured portrait of PARNELL is deeply sympathetic, and sincerely grieves that we are not pleased. Then in a confidential whisper to COPLEY—not to me—he whispers that in the cellar there is a small quantity of wonderful champagne which could be specially brought out for COPLEY. This flatters him as a connoisseur of wine. He is sweetened. Up to this moment he has been "extra sec." now he is sweetened; and he says, with a knowing smile and smacking his lips, "We'll keep that for to-morrow night." The Head Waiter recovers from his temporary depression, smiles again, and, as it were, bids us hope. We have a delightful evening, with coffee and cigars, out on the terrace, with the *poluphloisboining thalasses* just below us. COPLEY still sweetened, and says, "Well, I'm glad I came." So to bed.

Next Morning.—Starting in trap. A most pleasant lady, a perfect stranger—very perfect—as we are waiting for Mr. BILLAM, steps up, and hopes we'll excuse her for mentioning it, but there's something wrong with the near-side horse's blinker which may occasion trouble if not attended to now. Coachman thanks her, we thank her, she thanks us for thanking her. Never met such polite people. Mr. BILLAM comes up, brisk and smiling, with fresh list of places to inspect. He bows to perfect stranger lady, she to him, we to them, all bowing, and stranger lady leaves us. Does Mr. BILLAM know her? No; by sight only.

This politeness is the same everywhere. *En route* rural policemen in various villages offer to act as house-agents, and at Lynton the Fairy landlady of the *Valley of Rocks* waves her wand and something or other, perhaps a pot of Devonshire Cream, turns into a trap, provided for us to drive about to wherever we like to go free, gratis, and no questions asked. Polite people profess themselves ready to turn out of their houses and homes rather than we should return without having taken some place or other. COPLEY is puzzled.

Their politeness is gratuitous and "sweetens" him. Everybody is interested in us. "Will it be so if we once settle?" asks COPLEY. "Are we the two swallows who do not make a summer, though all the natives sincerely hope they will do so?"

Dinner with the wonderful wine. More and more politeness. Manager comes to see us, hopes we're "doing" well. We are. "So's he," says COPLEY, who is as sweet as molasses under the influence of this wonderful champagne. The Manager is a young man, therefore the elderly bald-headed person whom I hear giving orders to waiters, barmaids, and boots, and addressing the visitors, is evidently the Proprietor.

Second and Last Morning.—Nothing relaxing in this air. Fresh as larks, both of us. Even this capital hotel is not altogether perfect, and I have some complaints to make of small matters. Still, they must be made. And naturally to proprietor. Go to the fountain-head at once. The fountain-head is, I presume, the bald elderly man on the doorstep. Here he is at the door, as usual. I go up to him with the determined air of a man who will accept no stupid excuses. I commence my list of grievances, at once, being pressed for time. Our boots have not been properly attended to, we were not called at the right time, our clothes were not ready,—but above all, and here COPLEY backs me up strongly,—though directly I become dissatisfied, he at once finds excuses for the offenders in a thorough spirit of contradiction,—“The carriage wasn't ordered in time yesterday, and no one was sent for it when I complained, and really,” I say to the bald-headed man, who appears to be utterly dumfounded, “it is too bad, in a first-class hotel like this, that we should be put to such inconvenience. You might, at least, have sent down a servant,” I tell him, becoming really angry, and turning as “nasty” as COPLEY himself in his worst mood, for the bald-headed proprietor doesn't offer a single word by way of excuse or explanation, and his conduct is totally contrary to everything we have hitherto experienced; “you might have sent a servant down,” I continue, forcibly, “to inquire as to whether our carriage was ordered or not. You were in the hall when we ordered it.” As I have almost arrived at shaking my fist at him, the bald-headed man protests feebly, muttering something which I don't catch, and I continue, severely:—“And knowing that it was late, why didn't you have the trap brought up here, instead of wasting our time and spoiling our whole day?” At this juncture COPLEY comes up, and plucks me by the sleeve. “What is it?” I ask, annoyed at his interference. He wants to speak to me, apart. “Well,” I say, hotly, “I suppose you'll take that old idiot's part. He hasn't a word to say for himself, and considering he's the proprietor—”



Righteous Indignation.

“No,” interrupts COPLEY, “there you're wrong—he's not.” “What!” I exclaim, utterly taken aback, “not the proprietor?” “No,” replies COPLEY, chuckling, “The old chap's only a quiet visitor who's been here a fortnight, and likes it very much. I've just been told so by the Head Waiter who was afraid to interfere.” I turn to apologise, but the bald-headed man has gone, and as we drive off immediately in the 'bus I see the elderly bald-headed gentleman, evidently furious at the indignity put upon him, gesticulating to the Manager, and vowing he'll leave the establishment at once. I hope he won't, as he seems to have made himself quite at home, and hence my mistake. We return to town, delighted with the *crème de la crème* of Devonshire politeness.

A SIGNAL TO STOP!—A paragraphist in last Saturday's “London Day by Day”—which forms two of the best and most ornamental columns that help to support the colossal fabric of the *Daily Telegraph*—informs us that “Sabbatarianism is once more up in arms,” and that at the next half-yearly meeting of the Directors of the Brighton Line, there is to be a strong protest raised against facilities for Sunday travelling. Sabbatarianism again “in arms,” indeed! Very much so; in its second childhood. But we hope that, though Sabbatarianism may be in arms, this, which is one of its pet toys, may not be carried, but go the way of so many other good “resolutions” that form the concrete foundation of a place which to ears polite may be described as “the Terminus of the Down Line.”

THE HIGH-METALLED RACER.—A Locomotive Engine.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

“You English are great lovers of Music,” said the Moon. “I saw that very clearly only a few evenings ago. It was in a side-street opening out of one of your great London thoroughfares, and a large crowd was collected on both pavements, gazing and listening with the most respectful attention to a tune which was being played on a piano-organ. The piano was one of the ordinary instruments, and the air—though the woman who turned the handle wore kid gloves—was quite a simple one. Still the crowd was perfectly entranced and regarded the very organ with reverence. There was a placard in front of it, which I could read distinctly by my own rays, for that is one of the advantages of being a Moon—you are so independent. In spite of their attention, the bystanders seemed waiting for someone to appear, and from time to time, some of them would peep through the swing-doors of a public-house close by, as if the person they expected were inside. Evidently the woman in the kid gloves was not the principal performer, who must have been a person with a peculiar gift for extracting melody from a piano-organ, or they would scarcely have waited so patiently for his reappearance. And indeed,” concluded the Moon, “this was actually the case, for I remember now that the placard on the piano stated that he was a Viscount.”

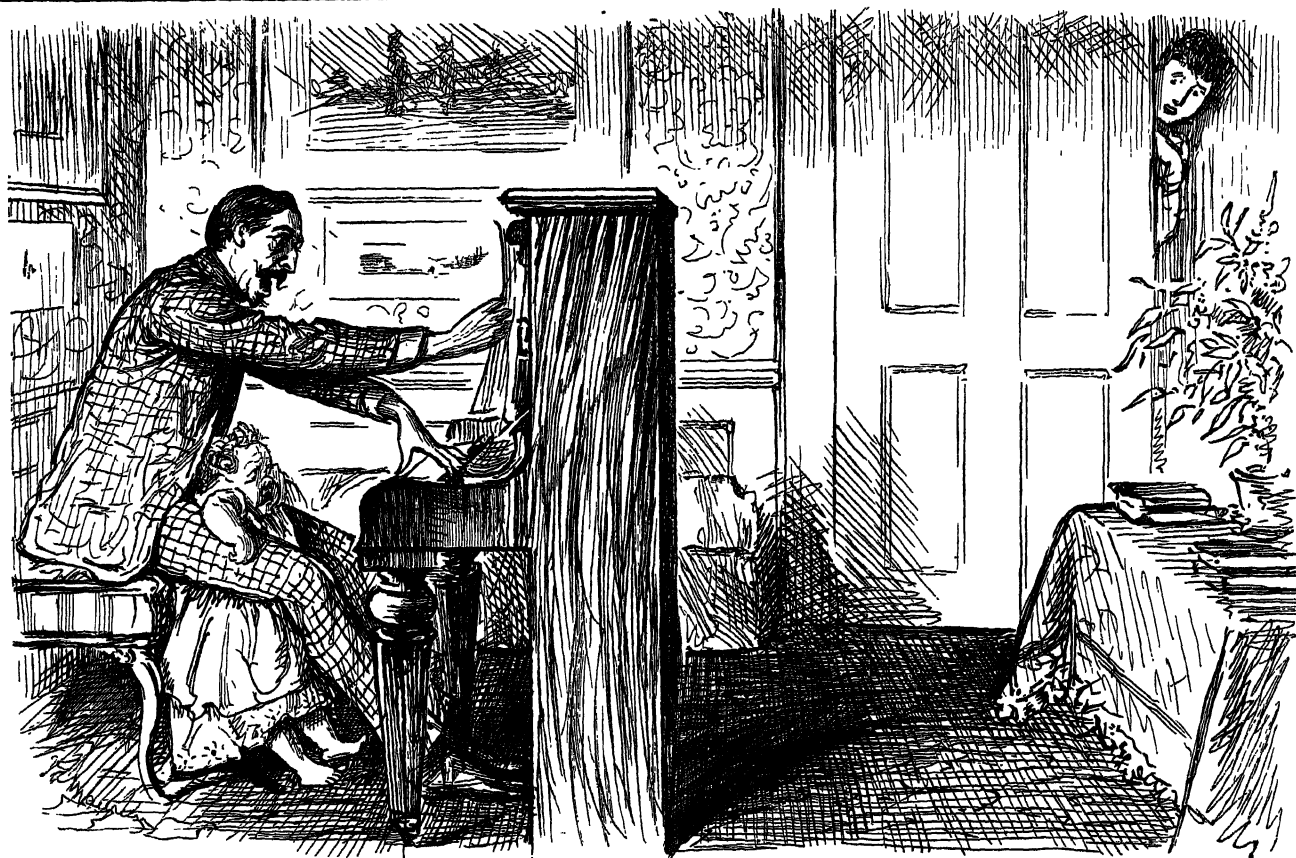


LONDON COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

Tuesday, July, 16.—Rather a sad sitting, as I look in vain for that silvery-voiced, humble-minded, to-aristocrats-personally-affable representative of what, perhaps, I may be permitted to call (to distinguish them from labourers in other walks of life) the “working (on beer) classes,” the Patriot BURNS. However, to some extent we have compensation in the presence of that amusing rattle Mr. CHARLES HALLYBURTON CAMPBELL. When this Gentleman rises to address us, the silence is so deep, that were we to listen intently no doubt we should hear a pin drop—supposing always of course, that the pin weighed half-a-ton and fell through the skylight, from an altitude equal let us say, to the summit of the Tour Eiffel. This afternoon he is particularly amusing. He is a Magistrate, and has discovered, that he has the power, by some Act or other, in that august character to examine a candidate for compensation. The candidate for compensation is then trotted in. He is placed at the Bar of the Chamber, in imitation (save the mark!) of the Bar of the House, and is greeted with roars of laughter. The candidate for compensation looks frightened, but on finding, so to speak, that the “Court is with him,” answers the amusing rattle (when that dignified person rises to shouts of “Now, CAMPBELL!”) in more senses than one. On the whole, the amusing rattle gets rather the worst of it, partly on account of the interference of the ever-welcome ELLIOTT, whose knowledge of things in general (acquired no doubt as a Member of the Asylum Board and as a contractor for refreshments at the Law Courts) seems to be extensive. Ultimately the candidate for compensation is allowed to retire, and the matter is “referred back,” with an instruction to the Committee receiving the reference that they shall be guided by “Counsel's advice.”

Then Mr. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, of Market Lavington (which is not to be confused with the Bishop's or Western Division of that ilk, the cradle of a very ancient race), Wilts, rises, and most properly protests against the reduction of the salaries of the fourth grade clerks from £80 to £70 a year; and thus proves himself (in spite of sitting next a TORR, who, according to his name, is more than half a Tory) a true Liberal. He is supported by a gallant Colonel, whose eloquence is (I know not why) frequently described as “Borron.” Then we discuss examination-papers, and the proceedings become hopelessly dull. I must confess that, in spite of an occasional exhilarating explanation from Mr. BOTTOMLEY FRET (whose every word seems to be regarded as golden now that he receives a salary of £2000 per annum), the debate is decidedly monotonous. This being so, I, not altogether reluctantly, close my note-book and take my departure, leaving my noble friend, “Mister” ROSEBERRY, still in the chair, and no doubt ready (as he ever is) to enjoy a thoroughly pleasant, particularly congenial, and entirely profitable afternoon, in the midst of his County Council associates!



TRIO—FOR BARITONE, SOPRANO, AND CONTRALTO.

SIGNOR TOMKINSONIO HAS BEEN LEFT FOR A FEW MINUTES IN CHARGE OF HIS BABY, WHILE HIS WIFE IS HAVING AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DRESSMAKER.

"ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM."

Policeman X, Junior, loquitur :—

Oh, yes, I *ham* Policeman X, but as, dear readers, you'll divine, All in this present blessed year of grace called eighteen-eighty-nine, I *ham* not him whose words and deeds good "Mister TITMARCH" did set down [the town.]

Long since, when that there Pallis Court was the great scandal of

I *ham* a young P.C., I *ham*; where'er my beat, I'm hailed as well met;

I do not wear a sort of shiny stove-pipe hat, but a smart helmet. I've had Board-Schooling in my time, although my parents was not rich, [vich.]

And, though my spellin' may be weak, I do not stoop to "vos" and

Ah! things is different all round since Mister MICHAEL ANGELO Described my predecessor's ways, before the period of MONRO, Our First Commissioner of Police, which I've been reading his Concerning the Metropolis, as I maintains all folks did ort. [Report

The papers slate hus pretty free; praps reading this Report will check it.

It isn't now as in the days of that good genial Beak, A BECKETT, Within whose Court old Policeman X would find materials for his pen. From hinformation I've received, things was took pretty easy then.

The Metropolitan Police has other duties, ah! a many, Than them there early Peelers had, and, if we costs a pretty penny, In times like these so given to crimes, so Socialistic and Home-Bulish,

A policy that's penny-wise must be perticklerly pound-foolish.

Crime's on the hincrase, MONRO says; a nice look-out, upon my word. [habsurd.]

Some parties says it's all *our* fault, hus Bobbies, which is most Ignorent critics, when there's any public stir, pens lots of stuff of us, But Mister MONRO 'its the mark: we're good, but there are not enough of us.

Just fancy what we have to do, the tasks with which we're forced to grapple, From shindies in Trafalgar Square to 'orrid murders in Whitechapel, Semaphore duties at street-crossings, where we stands, not quite "in clover," [run over.]

To keep the traffic from sheer block, and folks on foot from bein'

Salvation Armies want to tramp through crowded thoroughfares permiskus; [whisk us;

Likewise, when Shahs and other Swells are on parade, away they And then they wonder at the luck of burglars, roughs, and suchlike beauties, [reglar duties.]

When we're thus forced, through hextry jobs, to slacken hoff our

If folks *will* have religious rows, perlitickle shindies, and such matters, All over the confounded shop; if every fool a drum that batters, Or waves a flag, or howls a song, has leave to go where he darn pleases, JOHN BULL must just put up with crime—or give his purse some extry squeezes.

Fancy dear old Policemen X's face, the 'orror and surprise of it, At Hallelujahs in the Strand! We're overworked, that's just the size of it.

If you *will* keep our numbers down, although the population's double, Take Mister MONRO's tip—and mine, such skinflint ways will lead to trouble.

"Crime can't be coped with,"—MONRO says,—not in a manner satisfactory, [refractory,

If we're took up with shouting Rads and with Salvationists With railway stations, semaphores, and Shahs, *an cetrer*. There's your problem! double 'em.

If double duties tax the Force, their numbers, too, you'll have to

In fact, with old Policeman X, I say, "Move hon!" It is our maxim. JOHN BULL can have what Force he likes, if with the cost he's game to tax 'im. [docket 'em.]

Reports like MONRO's should be read, and *thought on*,—do not merely But study out their argyments—perticklerly the one *ad pocketum*!



“ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.”

MR. BULL (*reads Yearly Police Report*). “WHAT’S THIS! INCREASE OF CRIME—NOT ENOUGH POLICE FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY! THEN, WHY ON EARTH—”

CHIEF COMMISSIONER. “YOU CAN HAVE ANY NUMBER OF POLICE, MR. BULL—*IF YOU LIKE TO PAY FOR THEM!*”



MR. CHAMBERLAIN PROPOSES TO ABOLISH A NUMBER OF ORNAMENTAL ROYAL OFFICES, SUCH AS THE MASTER OF THE BUCKHOUNDS, AND THE HEREDITARY GRAND FALCONER. A GREAT CHANCE FOR MADAME TUSSAUD. THESE FIGURES WILL SOON BE ADDED TO THE COLLECTION.

MAMMON'S MARTYR.

I FEEL, it's natural, of course,
What Doctors call my "vital force"
Is all expended;
I've headaches sometimes rather bad,
And, on the whole, I'm very glad
The Season's ended.

At garden parties oft one gains,
On damp lawns, queer rheumatic pains;
And talks idyllic
Beneath wet trees whence falls a spray,
Lead to the acid, doctors say,
Is salicylic.

From a hot concert-room or ball,
Neuralgic pains will oft befall
A hapless maiden;
While over-ventilated rooms
Are like so many living tombs,
With phthisis laden.

And whether one is host or guest,
The wily plumber does his best,
Methinks, to kill us;
Within his untrapped drains there lurks
What no one all his lifetime shirks,
The gay *bacillus*.

I'm tired of pleasure's endless round;
My voice has quite a feeble sound;
I've every reason,
To think I need some stringing up,
So JENNER's hand shall brim the cup,
To end the Season.

General and Particular.

Inquirer. Is General BOULANGER good-looking?

Informant. Not bad. But, as representing another General, he may be styled a "pretty fellow."

Inquirer (interested). Another. General! What other General does he represent?

Informant. "Pretty General Discontent."

TURNED TO ACCOUNT!

(A Fragment from the History of the next Invasion.)

LONDON was in danger; nay, more, London was in the hands of the enemy. The Chinese Barbarians had, without difficulty, destroyed the British Fleet, and made their way up the Thames! They had landed at Westminster, and were now marching on Charing Cross. They had met Englishmen on their own ground, with their own weapons, discarding their terror-inspiring shields for magazine rifles of the most modern fashion. The Commandant of the Guards sadly awaited the advance in the yard of St. George's Barracks.

"We are lost," he murmured; "oh, why was not the warning of Sir HARRY VERNYER respected? Why was the National Portrait Gallery built here! We are deprived of space, and all for the sake of some pictures that no one cares to see!"

"We are no match for them Chinese, my Lord," replied (the old Regimental Sergeant-Major); "they outnumber us by thirty to one. I will be sworn, our field state is no more than three hundred, all told! Bless me, my Lord! I do believe there are more portraits in the Gallery yonder than men in the Barracks over there!"

"Eureka!" shouted the Commandant, excitedly. "Sergeant-Major you have given me an idea! We may yet save London! Fall in the men and—" he whispered the rest.

The Chinese troops came on and on. They seized Parliament Street and Whitehall! They slaughtered the cows in St. James's Park! Oh, it was a dreadful moment for Londoners!

At length the invaders were opposite the National Gallery, outside which the Guards were now drawn up. The remainder of the British Army were standing at ease, with what seemed to be posters pendant before them after the fashion of perambulating sandwich-men. Their backs were turned to the enemy! The Chinese commenced to charge! "Right about turn!" shouted the British Commander.

The Guards faced about, displaying the canvasses, which served as breastplates. The Chinese wavered. Then, with an unearthly yell, the Asiatics fell upon their knees and surrendered!

"I thought they would be frightened out of their wits by those

wretched daubs!" muttered the British Commander, as he took the entire Chinese Army prisoners.

Yes, London was saved, and by the contents of the National Portrait Gallery!

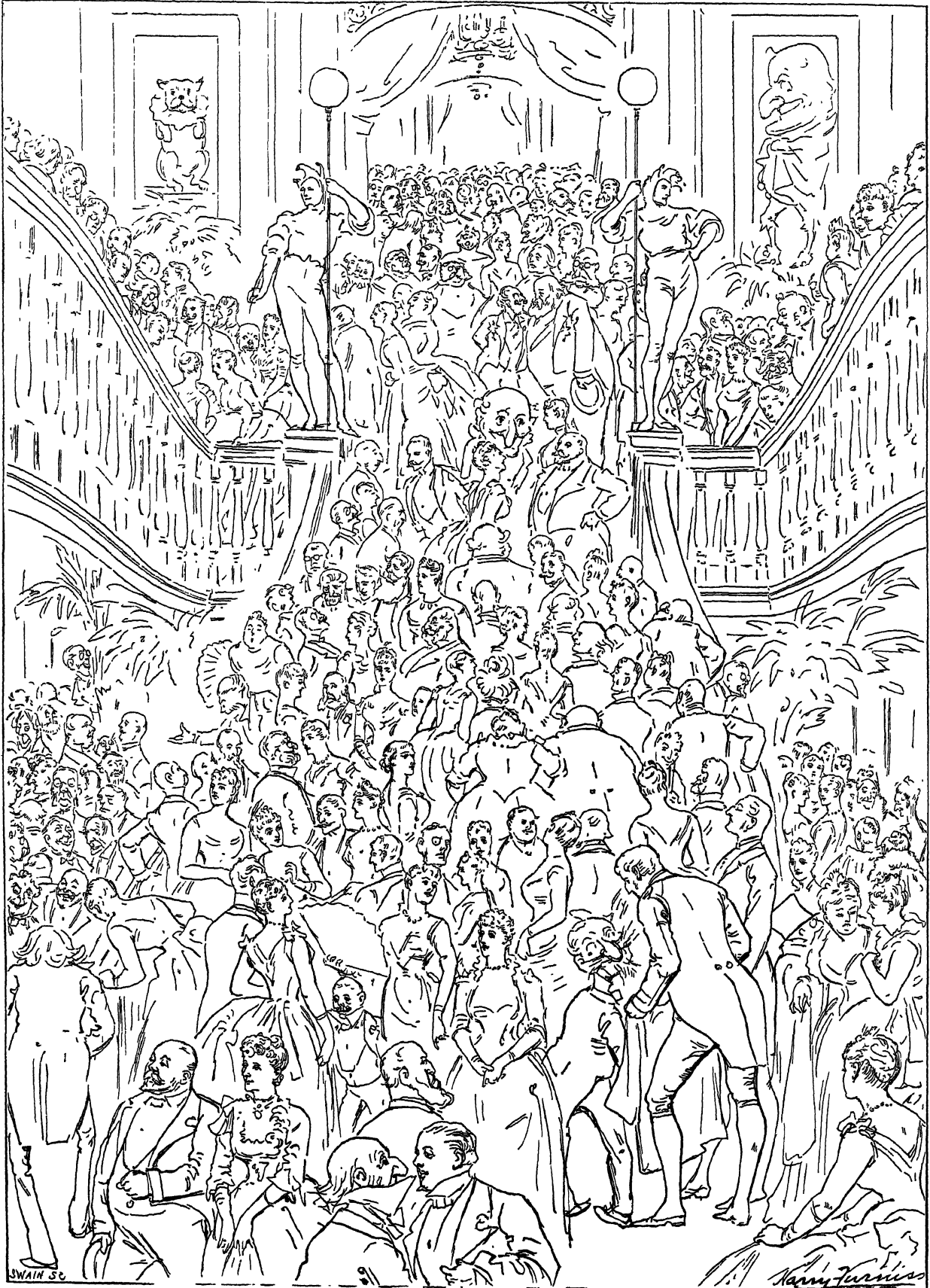
A NOTE FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

HAVING been asked by numerous Correspondents "why I did not proffer my own services to the accused before the Special Commission after they had lost the aid of their originally-selected advocates?" May I be permitted to answer, that I *did* on the impulse of the moment feel inclined to come to their succour, but after a second's reflection, decided that it would be far better to wait until my services had been formally requested. That Mr. PARNELL has dispensed with the assistance of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. ASQUITH, is really no proof that the Member for Cork City is in any way dissatisfied with the conduct of the Counsel who thus far have represented him. I should be very sorry indeed, and very loth indeed, to suppose that the Hon. Gentleman, by severing his connection with my learned friends, wishes to suggest, that he would be happier if I appeared in their place. Nay, I will go further and declare, that I believe such an idea absolutely preposterous, because, really and truly, both Sir CHARLES and Mr. ASQUITH have done their work in a manner that has met with my entire approbation. So, I would urge upon Mr. PARNELL and the other interested parties in the suit, not to place me in a position of very great embarrassment. I can assure them that there is little left to do. After the excellent address of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, a second speech on the same subject from me might, perhaps, have the effect of an anti-climax. True it is that, recognising as I do the duty I owe to my fellow-man, I am always reluctant to decline a brief, and, yet I must deprecate a situation in which I find interests of a conflicting character, tearing, as it were, my robes and wig asunder. Of course, my Clerk attends to everything of a professional character for me, but I shall most deeply regret if that Clerk hands to me a retainer in any way calculated to wound the feelings of gentlemen for whose ability I have the profoundest respect.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 74.



THE LAST CRUSH OF THE SEASON.—MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

EVELYN'S HOPE.

THE hideous bustle at last is dead.

Come and talk of the beast a minute!

Never again will it flourish, it's said;

What on earth we women saw in it,

Or why we liked it, is hard to discover;

Only the world is a nicer place,

Now that the pest called a "dress-improver"

Is improved, by Fashion, right off its face.

There's the tall hat, too, which they say is doomed,

One rather liked it, or viewed it with awe,

Till one sat in a theatre, and far away loomed

A rampart of feathers, frilling, and straw,

Hiding the stage, the footlights, and all,

Save perhaps the top of a paste-board tree;

Oh, then one's fingers did certainly crawl

To fling a book at the filigree!

But, some day, in Fashion's whirligig,

The monstrous bustle, the Eiffel hat,

May arise once more, even twice as big,

For our great-grandchildren to wonder at.

Well, that's Posterity's matter, not mine.

The one thing now is to put up a hymn

Of praise, and of hope that, when new suns shine,

Good taste may flourish instead of whim!

QUESTION!—If the result of Mrs. FAWCETT's mistaken energy should be the transformation of this Theatrical Children's Bill into a rash Act, then the consequences will be to many hard-working persons the deprivation of a considerable portion of their daily bread, and the creation of a number of "idle hands," for whom, as Dr. WATTS, of respected memory, says, "Satan finds mischief still to do." Before it is too late, Mr. Punch would ask the lady this question—

Fawcett—an hæc olim meminisse juvabit?

And if Echo answers "a bit," she will be as mistaken as Mrs. FAWCETT herself in this matter.

"MUZZLE THE CATS!"—Ask the SHAH. He'll approve, as he is a thoroughgoing Muzzlem.



THE EARLSWOOD TOTTER."

OUR MASHERS ARE STILL IMPROVING. THEY NO LONGER ENTER THE BALL-ROOM WITH THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS. THEY HAVE ADOPTED A MODE OF PROGRESSION MORE IN HARMONY WITH THEIR MENTAL STRUCTURE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 15.—JOSEPH GILLIS turned up to-night unexpectedly, but with striking effect. For a long time this great statesman has, like GRANDOLPH, retired from the Parliamentary conflict. Time been occupied elsewhere. Has had to keep Judges in order on Parnell Commission. On Town Holdings Committee has found it necessary to be in his place to curb impetuosity of Radicals like HARRY LAWSON, who want to enfranchise leaseholds and make other assaults on property. JOEY B. has had his wild days; has heard the chimes at midnight, and even after; but that was long ago. Members have come in who know not the JOSEPH of the Parliament of 1874, or of 1880. JOEY B. sly, dev'lish sly; moves with times. Never been the same man since he became possessor of that Castle. When he surveys himself in glass arrayed in black broadcloth, with gold chain swung across portly presence, and gold-rimmed eye-glasses, which, mounted on his nose, add air of placid benevolence to his visage, does he ever, I wonder, think of the days when he wore the imitation sealakin waistcoat, thrust his thumbs in the arm-hole thereof, and called GLADSTONE "a vain old gentleman?" These are the days that are no more. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, Esq., M.P., of Clifton Park Avenue, Belfast, and Blatherabbey Castle, County Cavan, is a very different man from the terrible free lance of fourteen years ago, who



"Would suit me, I think."

used to look in on the wearied House after an All-night Sitting, and after passing night on two chairs in Library, announce in shrill tones that he had "come back like a giant refreshed."

To-night JOSEPH, putting on his gold spectacles and casting a scornful glance over the Bann Drainage Bill, opposed Motion made by ARTHUR BALFOUR that a money grant on account of the works should be agreed to.

"I 'ject to this Bill on several grounds, Mr. SPEAKER," said JOSEPH, with his loftiest judicial mien. "I specially 'ject to it on the ground that, if passed into law, it would be inoperative. Her Majesty's Government will, I think, act discreetly if they withdraw the Bill now, and introduce a more carefully prepared scheme early next Session."

It was beautiful! A sight to see, a voice to hear. An Alderman, or even an Arch-deacon, could not have put it better. Other Irish Members in a dilemma; could not support Government, and yet dare not oppose Bill that promised to convey a million and a half sterling of the British taxpayers' money for the endowment of an Irish district. Accordingly, they left the House without voting; but JOEY B., inflexible, incorruptible, sea-green, would hold no parley with Government, even for such a bribe. Insisted on dividing House, and presently led into Division Lobby GLADSTONE, JOHN MORLEY, HARCOURT, and the flower of the Liberal Party.

Business done.—JOSEPH GILLIS does battle with the Government on the Bann Drainage Bill.

Tuesday.—Ignorant or designing per-

sons spreading report, that JACOBY has retired from direction of the New Party. Has not been telling in divisions of late, and people, finding necessity of explaining absence, invented this story. Not a word of truth in it.

"I'm not the man to desert a friend," JACOBY said, putting me

Then, average policeman with ordinary training scarcely qualified to catch unmuzzled cat. To make the Force effective in this direction would require weeks, perhaps months, of special drill. On the whole, HOME SECRETARY rather discountenanced new departure; and the cat and dog business having been gravely disposed of, the High



The Peris (under ten) in the House of Peers, personally conducted by Lord Dunraven.

down for a dinner-pair. "I was present at the birth of this Party, and it may depend upon me being in at its death."

So far from resigning position as Whip, JACOBY is laying in new stores. Has noticed with secret admiration the height of BOBBY's collars; watched them with wistful eye flickering about the corridors and shining in recesses of Division Lobby. Why should BOBBY have monopoly of this distinction?

"Would suit me, I think," JACOBY said, wriggling his neck about. "Rather out for that sort of thing. A little sharp under the jaw at first, I fancy, but soon get used to that; besides, don't mind a little personal inconvenience to do credit to Our Party. Shall certainly order a couple of dozen."

Business done.—Scotch Local Government Bills through Committee.

Thursday.—HOME SECRETARY led quite a cat and dog life. HENRY BRUCE first let slip the dogs of war. Wanted to know how about the German wire-muzzle used for dogs, and whether MATTHEWS would appoint Committee of Sportsmen to investigate matter? HOME SECRETARY doubted whether Government would not be travelling beyond its province in appointing such a Committee. Every man, he said, whether a sportsman or not, had the right, under Privy Council Order, to select form of muzzle which might best suit his dog. That was the inalienable right of the British citizen, and he shrank



"Sat and mewed."

from interference. Then H. FARQUHARSON came along with the cats. Did the HOME SECRETARY know that there were usually in London a large number of homeless cats? Would he see that cats were muzzled and the police instructed to seize and, if necessary, destroy all unmuzzled cats?

SEALE-HAYNE sat and mewed whilst question propounded. In his mind's eye he saw HOME SECRETARY pacing the West End squares with basket of catsmeat on arm, succouring the homeless, feeding the abandoned. In the distance he beheld the stalwart policeman lurking at corner in wait for the unmuzzled cat, or hunting it over dizzy housetops; a pleasing alluring picture, but not without difficulties, which the HOME SECRETARY had solemnly set forth in writing and now read to House. Existence of large number of homeless cats frankly admitted; desirability of muzzling them not denied; but how to do it? Hydrophobia may be conveyed by scratch of cat. Supposing it muzzled, its claws still at liberty.

Court of Parliament turned its attention to other matters. *Business done.*—Tithe Bill read a Second Time.

Friday.—Fighting in East Marylebone to-day for seat vacated by CHARLIE BERESFORD. Don't know yet who's won; but whoever it be, will have hard work to fill CHARLIE's place. CHARLIE, when he spoke, always seemed to bring a whiff of the salt sea breeze into jaded atmosphere of House. A model of the British Tar, with advantages of birth and education. Knew by intuition a marlinspike from a mizen-mast. A little inconvenient for Admiralty to have this too candid friend always on the lee bow. Knew more about sea-going affairs even than ASHMEAD-BARTLETT; GEORGE HAMILTON a mere landsman compared with him. Now he's turned his back on us, sheered off, gone for a long cruise.

"But I'm coming back again, TOBY, old man," he said, wringing my paw with affectionate but embarrassing heartiness. "Keep a look-out three years hence, and you'll see me beating up the offing. In the meantime, I don't forget you. Although my body may, in rough weather, be under hatches, my soul will hover about the SPEAKER'S Chair."

Business done.—Miscellaneous.



Sheering Off.

The Shah, N.B.

THE SHAH sank exhausted on a sofa after his third lesson in dancing the Highland fling, and MALCOLM KHAN threw down the bag-pipes on which he is a proficient, though considerably out of practice.

"It is time for your Majesty to start for your visit to the Scotch Moors," said SOAFBAR KHAN, the Under-Chamberlain-in-Waiting.

"The Scotch Moors!" exclaimed the SHAH, "are they naturalised subjects of QUEEN VICTORIA? Why should I visit them? Let them be brought to me."

So LIKE HIM.—In the *Universal Review*, TOBY, M.P., has written an excellent article on Claret. We should have expected him to know more about *Beaune*. But whether it's Champagne or Claret, or argument *ad Hoc*, isn't such a dog the very person of all others to be a good judge of Whines?

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. VII.—THE FRANKLY CANAILLE.

ANY ditty which accurately reflects the habits and amusements of the people is a valuable human document—a fact that probably accounts for the welcome which songs in the following style invariably receive from Music-hall audiences generally. If—Mr. Punch presumes—they conceived such pictures of their manner of spending a holiday to be unjustly or incorrectly drawn in any way, they would protest strongly against being so grossly misrepresented. As they do nothing of the sort, no apology can be needed for the following effusion, which several ladies now adorning the Music-hall stage could be trusted to render with immense effect. The Singer should be young and charming, and attired as simply as possible. Simplicity of attire imparts additional piquancy to the words:—



We 'ad a little outing larst Sunday
afternoon;
And sech a jolly lark it was, I shan't
forget it soon!

We borrowed an excursion van to
take us down to Kew,
And—oh, we did en'joy ourselves! I
don't mind telling you.

[This to the Chef d'Orchestra, who
will assume a polite interest.

[Here a little spoken interlude is customary. Mr. P. does not venture to do more than indicate this by a synopsis, the details can be filled in according to the taste and fancy of the fair artiste:—
"Yes, we did 'ave a time, I can assure yer." The party: "Me and JIMMY 'OPKINS;" old "Pa PLAPPER." Asked because he lent the van. The meanness of his subsequent conduct. "Aunt SNAPPER;" her imposing appearance in her "caufty-coloured front." BILL BLAZER; his "girl," and his accordion. Mrs. ADDICK (of the fried-fish emporium round the corner); her gentility—"Never seen out of her mittens, and always the lady, no matter how much she may have taken." From this work round by an easy transition to—

The Chorus—For we 'ad to stop o' course,
Jest to bait the bloomin' 'orse,
So we 'd pots of ale and porter
(Or a drop o' something shorter),
While he drunk his pail o' water,
He was sech a whale on water!
Was the poor old 'orse!

Second Stanza.

That 'orse he was a rum 'un—a queer old quadru-pèd,
At every public-'ouse he passed he 'd cook his artful 'ed!
Sez I: "If he goes on like this, we shan't see Kew to-night!
JIM 'OPKINS winks his eye, and sez—"We'll git along all right!"

Chorus—Though we 'ave to stop of course,—&c., &c.
[With slight textual modifications.

Third Stanza.

At Kinsington we 'alted, 'Ammersmith, and Turnham Green,
The 'orse 'ad sech a thrust on him, its like was never seen!
With every 'arf a mile or so, that animal got blown:
And we was far too well brought-up to let 'im drink alone!

Chorus—As we 'ad to stop, o' course, &c.

Fourth Stanza.

We stopped again at Chiswick, till at last we got to Kew,
But when we reached the Gardings—well, there was a fine to-do!
The Keeper, in his gold-laced tile, was shutting to the gate,
Sez he: "There's no admittance now—you 're just arrived too late!"

[Synopsis of spoken Interlude:—Spirited passage-at-arms between Mr. WM. BLAZER and the Keeper; singular action of PA PLAPPER; "I want to see yer Pagoder—bring out yer old Pagoder as you 're so proud on!" Mrs. ADDICK's disappointment at not being able to see the "Intemperate Plants," and the "Pitcher Shrub," once more. Her subsidence in tears, on the floor of the van. Keeper concludes the dialogue by inquiring why the party did not arrive sooner. An' we sez, "Well, it was like this, ole cock robin—d'yer see?"

Chorus—We 've 'ad to stop, o' course, &c.

Fifth Stanza.

"Don't fret," I sez, "about it, for they ain't got much to see
Inside their precious Gardings—let's go and 'ave some tea!
A cup I seem to fancy now—I feel that faint and limp—
With a slice of bread-and-butter, and some creases, and a s'rimp!"

[Description of the tea:—"And the s'rimps—well, I don't want to say anything against the s'rimps—but it did strike me they were feelin' the 'eat a little—s'rimps will do this, you can't prevent 'em." After tea. The only tune Mr. BLAZER could play on his accordion. Tragic end of that instrument. How the party had a "little more lish." Scandalous behaviour of "BILL BLAZER's girl." The company consume what will be elegantly referred to as "a bit o' booze." Aunt SNAPPER "gets the 'ump." The outrage to her front. The proposal to start—whereupon, "Mrs. ADDICK, who was a'-settin' on the geraniums in the winder, smilin' at her boots, which she 'd just took off because she said they stopped her from breathing," protested that there was no hurry, considering that—

Chorus, as before—We've got to stop, o' course, &c.

Sixth Stanza.

But when the van was ordered, we found—what do yer think?

[To the Chef d'Orchestra, who will affect complete ignorance. That miserable 'orse 'ad been an' took too much to drink!
He kep' a reeling round us, like a circus worked by steam,
And, 'stead o' keeping singular, he 'd turned into a team!

[Disgust of the party: Pa PLAPPER proposes to go back to the inn for more refreshment, urging—

Chorus—We must wait awhile o' course,
Till they 've sobered down the 'orse,
Let our good landlady's daughter
Take him out some soda-water.
For he's 'ad more than he oughter,
'As the poor old 'orse!

Seventh Stanza.

So, when they brought the 'orse round, we started on our way:

'Twas 'orful 'ow the animal from side to side would sway!
Young 'OPKINS took the reins, but soon in slumber he was sunk—
(Indignantly) When a interfering Copper ran us in for being drunk!

[Attitude of various members of the party. Unarrantable proceeding on the part of the Constable. Remonstrance by Pa PLAPPER and the company generally in

Chorus—Why, can't yer shee? o' coursh
Tishn't us—it ish the 'orsh!
You le'mme go, you shnorter!
Don't you tush me till you ougter,
Jus' look 'ere—to cut it shorter—
Take the poor old 'orsh!

[General adjournment to the Police-station. Interview with the Magistrate on the following morning. Mr. HOPKINS, called upon to state his defence, replies in—

Chorus—Why, your wushup sees, o' course,
It was all the bloomin' 'orse!
He would 'ave a pail o' water
Every 'arf a mile (or quarter),
Which is what he didn't ougter!
I'm my family's supporter—
Fine the poor old 'orse!

[The Magistrate's view of the case. Concluding remark that, notwithstanding the success of the excursion, as a whole—it will be some time before the singer consents to go upon any excursion with a horse of such bibulous tendencies as those of the quadruped they drove to Kew.

HEARD IN THE CROWD, JULY 27, 1889.

"STAND back—you'll all see if you stand back!" "Oh, ain't it a pity they didn't 'ave the soldiers instead of the purleece! The soldiers are a deal more showy, and much more purlite!" "Will you take off your hat, Sir?" "Yes, Mar'm, when you takes off your'n!" "Oh, dear me, what will the Germans do, the h'Earl of FIFE has got a wife, 'es a married the Princess Loo!!!" "Ah, there she is! She do look lovely!" "No, that's the Princess of WHALES." "Well, they all look so young, that I never know which is which in the photographs." "Ah, there she is, and ain't the Prince looking pleased?" "Bless her pretty face, I am glad it cleared up as she started for the church!" "Ere you are, the intire Ryal Family, with the h'Earl o' FIFE thrown in, for a penny!" "Hooray! Hooray!" "Lor, it is a fine coash! I s'pose it was lent by the Lord MAYOR!" "Not it—'ow would 'e do without it?" "Hooray! Hooray!" "Well, what I says is, bless 'em both!" [And so says Mr. Punch, and "so say all of us."

THE JESTER'S JOUST; OR, SCATTERING A PARTY.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Brilon Rivière.)



THE Jester rode, the Jester sang,
Chanticleer-voiced, with cynic glee;
His ass's hoof-falls smartly rang,
His cockscorn waggled joyously.
The bauble in his dexter fist
Was furnished forth with bladders twain.
How the peas rattled! List, oh list!
The Mob is prompt in Motley's train.
Sweet on its ears attentive swells
The music of the Cap-and-bells!

The Jester sang, the Jester rode,
And flicked the ass's lengthy ears.
The patient creature he bestrode
With voice as loud as chanticleer's,

But less articulate, brayed out
A strident music on the air.
The pea-filled bladders played about,
When lo! the clarion's martial blare
Countered across the forest dells
The music of the Cap-and-bells.

There came a clump of steel-clad knights
Along the high-road's sandy way.
Their lances gleamed like wandering lights,
Their leader he was old and grey,
But martial still, and still erect;
Their steeds came pacing, pacing slow,
With cautious hoof and circumspect,
Following the bugle's brazen blow;

Better, they deemed, than mobdom's yells,
Or music of the Cap-and-bells.

The Jester rode, the Jester's glance
Fell mockingly on knightly mail;
And pennon proud, and lifted lance,
And ordered chargers head to tail;
Fell on the grey but gallant chief
Who led the careful cavalcade.
He laughed, "By Momus, I believe
This serried band in steel arrayed,
Will scatter wide by downs and dells
At music from the Cap-and-bells."

He tugged his rein, and lightly rode
Full front athwart the sandy way,

The docile creature he bestrode
Blared forth a prompt portentous bray.
He raised the rattling bladders high,
And wildly waved them to and fro,
"A Jester's Joust," he said, "I'll try,
For I am curious to know
How they will front, those steel-clad swells,
The music of the Cap-and-bells."

Oh, there was clattering of mail,
Jingling of stirrups and of swords;
Lifting of heels, turnings of tail,
And mutterings low of naughty words.
The grey Knight frowned and faced the
"moke," [prance.
The fat Knight's steed did plunge and
The Jester cried, "Oh, rare, sweet joke!
I'm leading them—a pretty dance.
How haughty chiefs shake in their selles
At music of the Cap-and-bells!"

THE MAGIC OF MUSIC.

(A Fragment from the next History of Persia.)

TEHERAN was in mourning. The inhabitants went about their avocations silently and gloomily. There had not been a public execution for nearly a fortnight, and thus it seemed that the business of the State had come to a standstill. The cause of this unusual depression and stagnation was to be found in the Palace.

Alas! the SHAH was very ill. Since his return from Europe he had seemed to lose all interest in life. He sat all day long on a pile of cushions lost in a brown study. Nothing would rouse him. The Prime Minister was ever on the alert to discover some distraction that might please his Imperial master. Now it was a practical joke by which a retainer lost all his teeth, now a torch-light serenade by the entire army—but nothing pleased the Lord of the Lion and the Sun.

"Sire," said the Prime Minister, striking the earth sixteen times with his forehead, after the fashion of the East, "your slave is anxious to know if your Majesty liked last night's fireworks. The portrait of your Majesty in different coloured fires—"

"Was not a bit like me," said the SHAH, gloomily. Then, after a pause, he added, "Behead Brock!"

The Prime Minister again struck the earth sixteen times with his forehead, and replied, "Nothing would give your slave greater pleasure, your Majesty, than to behead Brock, were it not likely to cause war with England."

"And why not a war with England?" shouted the SHAH. Then in his turn he added, "Were we invaded, I might hear it—might dance it! But worry me no further with affairs of State. I would be alone."

"Your pardon, Sire, but before I go let me give you a catalogue of my latest importation from Europe. By the ship even now in sight I have a ballet with music, scenery, and full company from the 'Empire.'"

"Tush!" impatiently observed the SHAH, "I am tired of ballets."

"Then," continued the Prime Minister, rather crestfallen, "I have a lady who can whistle *Lohengrin*, and give an imitation of a locomotive-engine entering a station, shutting off steam, and rattling through a tunnel; further, some Baldwin white mice that descend in a small parachute from a fire-balloon; and, lastly, a recent decision of Mr. Justice NORTH, translated into Persian. Surely, one of these should amuse you."

"Pooh! pooh!" again exclaimed the SHAH, "I am sick of them all. Look to your head, Sirrah—if I am not roused speedily, it will go badly with you!"

The day wore on, and the Lord of the Lion and the Sun became gloomier and gloomier.



"MARRY COME UP!"

SCENE—Botanical Gardens. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Brownscombe, A.R.A. (who was Painting there), and Gardener (who took care of his Easel, &c.). TIME—Saturday, Noon.

Gardener. "I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T DO ANY MORE WORK TO-DAY, SIR?" ("No," B. "thought not.") "No, SIR,"—(beamingly)—"MOST TRADESPEOPLE LIKES TO ENJY THEIR 'ALF 'OLIDAY ON SATURDAY!"

Suddenly His Majesty pricked up his ears, and began to listen. He became more and more attentive, and his excitement grew in proportion. The cause was not far to seek. The sound of barbaric music was growing louder.

"Dinna ken it?" he cried, using a few words of Scotch, he had picked up in the Highlands. "It is the slogan of the MAC-GREGORS, the grandest of them a'!"

The music grew louder and louder, and at length a bagpiper appeared playing his interesting instrument with marvellous skill and energy with one hand, while with the other he asked for *largesse*. The slogan, when the

instrumentalist had received a bonnet-full of diamonds, turned into a measure of a more lively character. With a cry of joy the SHAH jumped up from his cushions, and began dancing and shouting. This did he for ten minutes. Then, with his cheeks tinged with returning health, he sank back exhausted.

"It is all right," he exclaimed, when he had regained sufficient breath to articulate. I knew it would be all right if I could only remember the tune of the Highland Fling."

And jumping up again to the inspiring music of the bagpipes, he continued his life-restoring dancing! Persia was saved!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 22.—Scotch Local Government Bill turned up under fresh aspect. Spent days and nights with it in Committee; various Amendments introduced; now House goes over these Amendments again with as successful appearance of interest



Lady Parker; or, The Fair Maid of Perth.

as if it heard of them only for the first time. Debate brought out C. S. PARKER, of Perth; known to the profane as Lady PARKER. His soft low voice—an excellent thing in woman—not been heard in House for whole sessions; his gyrations, his wriggling, his curtsying to the SPEAKER, and his vain attempts to do what JOHN BRIGHT said he never could do—turn his back on himself—with us once again. Dances round an Amendment, pirouettes round a proposition as if they were male partners at the county ball. "The Fair Maid of Perth" WALLACE calls the stalwart Member.

OLD MORALITY brought up the Report of Select Committee on Royal Grants. House received document in respectful silence. GLADSTONE presently interposing in support of OLD MORALITY's Motion to take Report into consideration on Wednesday a strange thing happened. Of late enthusiasm on Liberal Benches bubbles forth at every movement of Grand Old Man. Cheer him when he comes in; cheer him when he goes out; shout with applause when he appears at table, if only to ask OLD MORALITY the time of day. To-night no welcoming cheer, no spontaneous bending forward of the crowded Benches to greet him. Ministerialists gratefully cheered when

he puts in a word for OLD MORALITY; but he sits down amid unbroken silence on his own side, whence a rattling cheer goes up as SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate rises and bashful, blushing, catches SPEAKER's eye and sounds first note of battle.

Met H.R.H. to-night just home from Waddesden, where he has been spending a day in the country with Baron FERDY. Told him about this little scene in House. "Curious," he said, "and significant. Yet I'm not at all surprised. Always from first looked to GLADSTONE as our best friend on Committee. You and I, dear TOBY, will live to see the day when the G. O. M. will be altered to G. O. C.—the Grand Old Conservative."

Business done.—Report on Royal Grants brought in.

Tuesday.—Very interesting debate in Lords to-night. It appears that the world knows nothing of its most eloquent Peers. Chamber in which they meet a nice place to look at, but bad to hear in. GRANVILLE bore testimony how, being frequently reported, he was often made unintelligible. ARCYLL said that was all nonsense. No difficulty in making himself heard.

"No," said GRANVILLE, softly, "difficulty is to get people to listen to you or read you."

The MARKISS put saddle on right horse. Not the fault of Reporters if reports were somewhat inadequate or incomplete. The fault, he says, is with those who have placed those gentlemen where they cannot hear.

"A very good thing, too," said BRABOURNE, pointing a moral. "They never report me, so it does not matter where they sit or stand. Here is a man written some of the most charming fairy stories of the day; a great Statesman and a Railway Director; been on each side of politics, according as things are going; and, when he gets up in Chamber which he adorns, papers dismiss him with a few lines, with the insulting formula, 'After a few words from Lord BRABOURNE, Lord SALISBURY said,' or 'Earl GRANVILLE said,' and then we come upon a column of,—I don't say it offensively,—small talk untouched by fancy, unadorned by poesy. I venture to say that the best place for the Reporters is over there," and Noble Lord pointed to outer Lobby.



Points a Moral and adorns a (Fairy) Tale.

we come upon a column of,—I don't say it offensively,—small talk untouched by fancy, unadorned by poesy. I venture to say that the best place for the Reporters is over there," and Noble Lord pointed to outer Lobby.

BEAUCHAMP wouldn't go as far as Outer Lobby, but proposed to put the Reporters in the ventilating chamber.

"Ah!" said ROSEBURY, "now we're beginning to ventilate the subject."

TRURO, inspired by BEAUCHAMP's happy thought, had a happier one.

"Cut the Clerks' Table in the middle," said he. "Have a trap-door by which

Reporter could ascend, take his seat at the table, and there you are. Needn't be here always. When he's wanted, LORD CHANCELLOR presses spring, you hear a click, up jumps Reporter, and pegs away."

"Why go to expense of cutting up the table?" asked KIMBERLEY. "Have your trap-door back of Wool-sack; touch a spring; Reporter bounds in over LORD CHANCELLOR's head; alights on chair at foot of table facing your Lordships' House."

LORD CHANCELLOR understood to dissent from proposition. All very well, after a little practice, and machinery got to work with precision. But how about the rehearsals? And supposing the Reporter, in his passage towards the table, were to catch his foot in luxurious folds of LORD CHANCELLOR's wig and carry it off. "Where would you be then?" said LORD CHANCELLOR, glancing triumphantly round crowded House.

"Better go back to my suggestion," said TRURO, "trap-door under table. Not original idea; don't mind saying I saw it at Lyceum; *Banquo's Ghost*, donchaknow?"

MARKISS put his foot down, and after heated discussion CADOGAN's Motion carried, providing seat on floor of House for Reporter accessible without interposition of trap-door. A sporting proposal by DUNRAVEN, that Reporter should arrive on scene by use of *trapèze*, scouted, and House adjourned.

Business done.—Commons still harping on Scotch Local Government Bill.

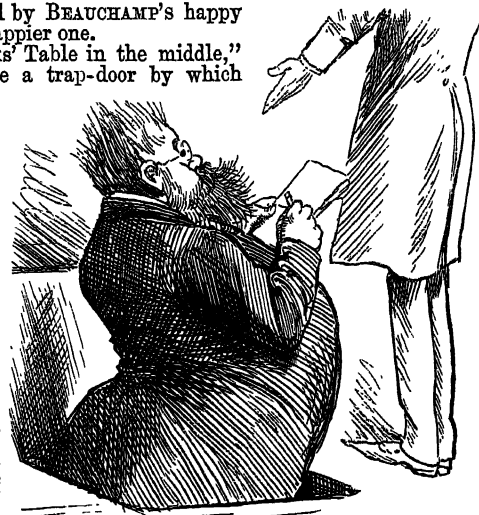
Thursday.—Thought this evening of what H.R.H. said to me on Monday. Grand Old Man comes out in full bloom as Grand Old Conservative.

House, crowded from floor to topmost range of gallery, waits on his utterances. The proposed vote for Royal Family has been attacked on his own side. Throws himself into breach. The Conservatives stand aside whilst he does battle for them.

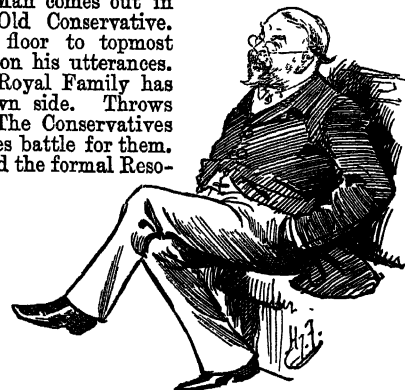
OLD MORALITY has moved the formal Resolution, which opens the campaign; a solemn sermon, with its text, its firstly, and its fourthly in due order. Then the SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate appears on the scene; drags across stage dummy figures of "greedy noblemen" who figure about the Court; eight Grooms-in-Waiting, four Equerries, a pack of hounds running after a tame stag, and a nobleman (price £1700 per annum) as Master of the Dogs. The SAGE undertakes to run the whole job for ever so much less. Scores of patriotic noblemen who, earnest for welfare of their country, would undertake to do the work for nothing. If not, let the State fall back on the untitled gentlemen of England.

"Take, for example, the Right Hon. Gentleman the Member for West Birmingham," said the SAGE, blandly, with his head on one side, and, with pretty here's-the-next-article air, his hand stretched out to indicate CHAMBERLAIN.

A sudden, swift, unexpected, palpable hit, at which much delighted House roared with laughter. Next, STOREY, hitting out right and



A "Happier Thought."



The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

A sudden, swift, unexpected, palpable hit, at which much delighted House roared with laughter. Next, STOREY, hitting out right and

left, with a pretty contempt for princes, an uncompromising conviction that a man's a man for a' that.

I hear A. GATHORNE-HARDY humming:—

"The Member for Sunderland grumbles, they say,
At the Closure; but writers report,
That Monarchs of old had a different way
Of cutting a long STOREY short."

Then the G. O. C. takes the floor, in fine voice, with commanding presence. In a difficult position, but master of it. Till he heard him speak OLD MORALITY had no idea Government had such a good case. Difficult to exceed the dignified simplicity of the final sentence with all it means to those remembering the history of the past fifty years. "I am not ashamed to say that in my old age I rejoice in any opportunity which enables me to testify that, whatever may be thought of my opinions or proposals in general politics, I do not forget the services I have borne for so many years to the illustrious Representative of the British Monarchy."

Seemed for a moment as if Conservative Party would rise to their feet, rush across the floor, and lift shoulder high this stout Pillar of the State. Cheer after cheer burst forth; and so the Golden Wedding Day was crowned by the rare acclaim of ancient enemies.

Business done.—Debate on Royal Annuities.

Friday.—GLADSTONE yesterday, RANDOLPH to-night. No point of comparison between two speeches, except their common excellence. GLADSTONE at his loftiest; GRANDOLPH at his best—a sparkling pointed harangue, in which he pricked pretension and jocosely twitted pharisaic patriotism to ecstatic delight of crowded Houses.

Business done.—House resolves, by 398 votes against 116, to go in Committee on Royal Grants.

HEADS AND TAILS.

THE uncertainty manifested by the Heads of Departments as to the execution of the order enjoining the muzzling of all the dogs in the Metropolis on the 31st inst., has naturally excited a great deal of commotion in canine circles, and a representative meeting was accordingly held yesterday afternoon in a field adjoining the Dog's Home, at Battersea, to deal with the subject.



A St. Bernard, who took a first prize at the last Dog Show, having been unanimously voted to the Chair, and greeted with a prolonged wagging of tails, said:—He felt he need hardly enter upon the circumstances which had occasioned the present meeting. There had been a good deal of talk, one way and the other, about their species of late, and probably owing to the Mansion House move in favour of the Pasteur System, and an isolated case or two of Hydrophobia—(growls)—the usual scare had got up, and as a consequence, the Authorities had decreed that they were all to be muzzled for six months. Personally, he was indifferent to the matter, and if his owners chose to strap up his face in a leathern or wire cage whenever he took his quiet and sober walks abroad, he could only suppose that in subjecting him to the humiliation, they could not help themselves. Still, though sedate himself, he could well enter into the feelings of his more frisky and lively brethren who felt the restraint keenly, and he thought, as there seemed to be no one capable of putting the order in force, that an opportunity was certainly presented of asking the HOME SECRETARY whether, under the circumstances, it wouldn't be wiser, to reconsider the matter altogether, and revoke the order, while there was yet time to do it.

[Barks of approval, and prolonged wagging of tails.]

A Drawing-room Pug, who spoke with some difficulty, owing to chronic indigestion, said, that of course if the order were in force it couldn't possibly apply to him, as he took his only exercise in a carriage round the Park, perched up on a feather cushion, with a piece of blue ribbon round his neck. As to the common class of dogs who went about on foot, he really didn't see why they should object to being muzzled. The order didn't touch him, and he didn't care.

A Bloodhound said, that to hear a mere show dog, who was out of it himself, express his opinion in that cool fashion, made his blood boil. The very thought of a muzzle almost sent him off his head. How could he, he should like to know, follow up a trail and catch a murderer by the throat, if he couldn't use his teeth? (Barks of approval.) All he could say was, that whether the order was passed or not, he wouldn't advise any policeman who valued his calves to come meddling with him.

[Much wagging of tails.]

A Punch and Judy Dog, who was warmly greeted, said he should like to know whether the Authorities meant to clap a muzzle on him, and expected him to go through his performance (part of which, as they probably knew, consisted in catching hold of Punch's nose) under impossible conditions? If so, it would be nothing more or

less than putting a complete gag on him, and he might as well retire from the business altogether. He felt strongly on the subject, for he spoke not only for himself, but on behalf of his artistic friends who performed at Music Halls and elsewhere, and who certainly could not be expected to climb up chairs, wear cocked hats, and jump through paper moons with their heads bandaged up in wire or leather in accordance with a degrading police regulation. (Growls.) All he could say was, that if Mr. MATTHEWS ignored their petition, he might as well consign them to the Lethal Chamber at once. But he trusted matters would not come to such a pass as that.

[Loud barks of approval.]

A Blind Man's Dog wanted to know how he was to get through his business, and be expected to collect pence holding a tin-pot in his mouth, if he had a muzzle on? The thing was preposterous.

A Scotch Terrier wished to ask the Chairman if it was true that a Member of Parliament had absolutely proposed the muzzling of cats.

[Wagging of tails indicative of much merriment.]

A Dachshund replied that he was glad to say it was. He said he was "glad to say" it was, because such a proposition amounted to a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole question. If these manifestly inferior domestic animals were to come in for the muzzle, they would be wanting to apply it next to the rats and mice. This made thoughtful people, who see they don't know where to stop its use, naturally ask what made them begin it. For his own part he had never come across anybody who had been bitten by a dog.

A Westmoreland Collie owned that, when he first came up to London he certainly did catch hold of a postman or two by the leg, but he added it was done out of pure fun, and that he hadn't a touch of rabies about him. He would propose that a deputation be appointed by the Meeting to wait on the HOME SECRETARY, and ask him, seeing that a hitch has occurred in carrying it into execution, to reconsider his order.

[Barks of approval.]

The Chairman then put the Motion to the Meeting, and it was carried unanimously, upon which, amidst a prolonged wagging of tails in manifestation of satisfaction, and general chorus of barking in approval, the proceedings came to an end.

PROTHALAMUM.

Come, fragrant dawn and tender,

For the birds twitter low;

A wakening sunbeam send her,

Who forth in bridal splendour,

At the high noon shall go.

The day-rim riseth slow,

The day when she shall render

Her life for weal and woe

Unto her lover's keeping;

Ah, dreamlessly she's sleeping,

While the birds twitter low.

The light comes stealing shyly

Through the dim house of rest;

An infant sunbeam slyly

Creeps smiling to her breast,

But, being blest too highly,

Dies in that dainty nest;

For mists with vapour pearly

Blindfold the prying throng,

And quell the joyous hurly

Of the birds' matin song,

Because the light is early

And the day is long.

Now shines the votive treasure

With silver-gleam and gold,

Whereby relations measure

The sympathetic pleasure

With which the friends behold

The hymeneal function,

From the lush jewel's unction

To the prim toast-rack cold—

The modest pepper-castor,

Or work of Modern Master

Unsought-for and unsold,

The statuette in plaster,

And album manifold.

Come, for the hour approaches,

And all await the bride.

Leaving their splendid coaches,

In silvery sheen, like roaches,

The bridesmaids, side by side,

Pace up the chancel wide,

Wearing their wedding brooches

Of pearls and rubins pied.

Like sunlight driving shadows

Along the April meadows,

Before them goes the bride.

Now clearly quire, ye singers,

A holy wedding psalm;

Grasp bell-ropes, lusty ringers,

Tight in the timely palm;

Far let the music-singers

Float on a sea of balm.

And, while they rock the steeple,

Crowds of the smartest people

Flock to the bridal bower,

Where wedding-cake and ices,

And presents, and their prices,

Speed the conducive hour,

Till valedictory rices

Upon Love's pilgrims shower.

Good luck betide bridegroom and

bride

This rice and satin shoes' day;

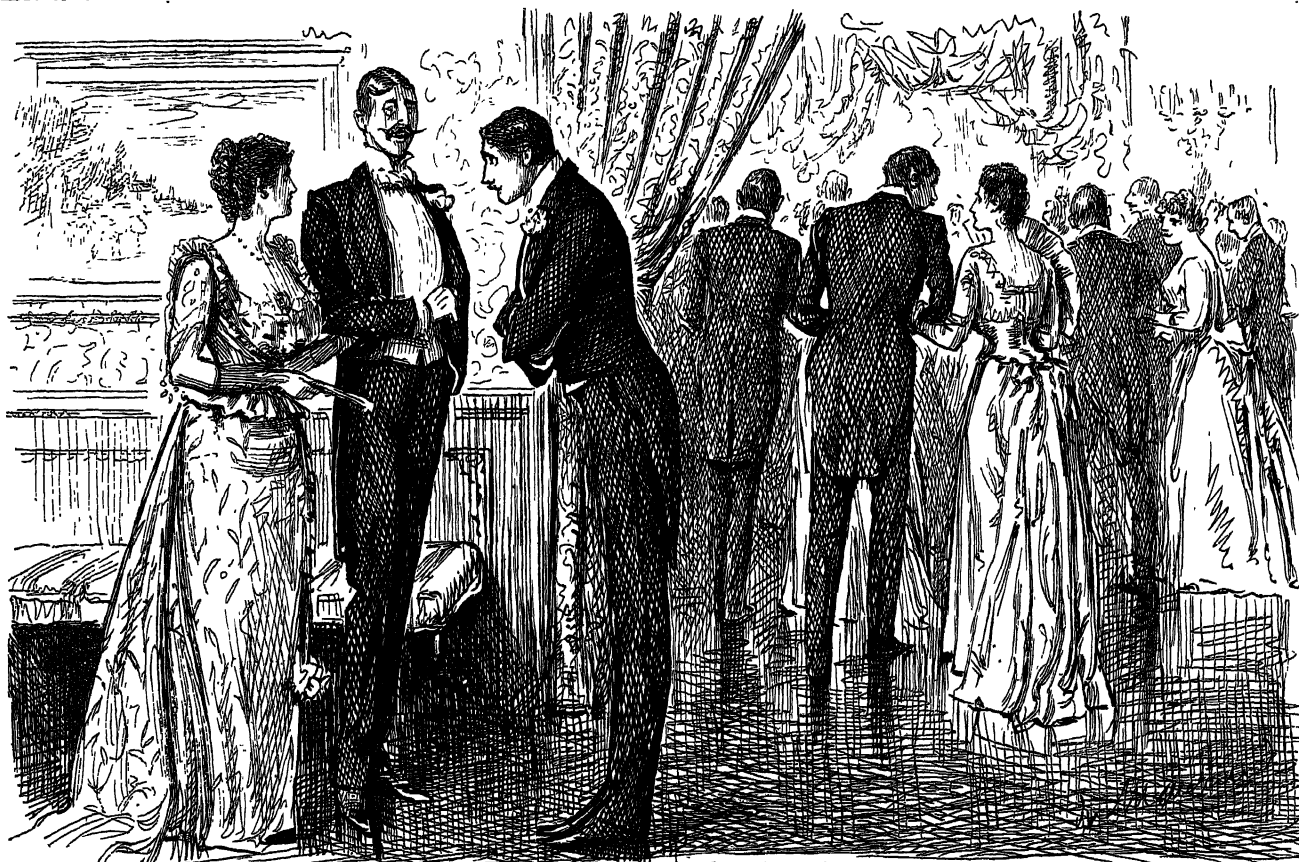
Let them alone, they'll be "At

Home

On every second Tuesday."

"NOTHING IN IT."—When Lord RANDOLPH, in his capital speech last Friday, dramatically produced his purse, and told Mr. STOREY that he might as well say that that purse was his,—which would have been a "horrid wicked Storey,"—as claim the QUEEN's private property for the people, his Lordship was very careful to avoid any mention of the money in it. The pantomimic action was excellent, but, after all, was the argument an empty one?

COMPREHENSIVE.—"Church and State" in one person—"BISHOP KING."



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.

Diddy. "I HAD HOPED FOR THE PLEASURE OF TAKING YOU DOWN TO SUPPER, MRS. MASHAM!"

Righty. "TOO LATE, MY DEAR FELLOW! IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT CATCHES THE WORM!"

FROM ST. PANCRAS TO PORTSMOUTH.

SCENE—*Spithead, August, 1889.*

Interlocutors—Mr. PUNCH and the Shade of CHARLES DIBDIN.

Mr. Punch. Well, Mr. DIBDIN, and what do you think of yonder display?

Dibdin. *Mr. Punch,* I fancy I could sing it better than I can say it.

Mr. Punch. Doubtless; the Ocean Bard (as they called you) "who appreciated Melody as the soul of Music," would be more at home with song than with special reporting. But it is an impressive spectacle. And do you really think you could sing of our Iron Walls with as much gusto as you did of our Wooden ones?

Dibdin. Perhaps not.

Sweet is the ship that, under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale.

But there is little that is "sweet" about yon Titanic Tea-kettles. However, the underlying spirit is the thing, *Mr. Punch,* and if your Tars are still "hearts of oak," it little matters that your ships are no longer so.

Mr. Punch. Mr. DIBDIN, you had considerable share in shaping the character and traditions of the British Tar; and I fancy your influence still survives even in these days of turrets and torpedoes. Your "metrical attempts to portray the rough-hewn natural characters and stimulate the gallant exertions of a class to whom their country is so infinitely indebted"—

Dibdin. Ah, there is the touch of son THOMAS.

Mr. Punch. True. Those attempts were crowned with astonishing success. "Your songs were so many irresistible appeals to the heart—inspiring the most illiterate with brave and generous sentiments, and exciting to acts of loyalty, bravery, and patriotism, which (in the most arduous of her struggles) assisted to maintain the honour and glory of the British Empire." It is therefore, my CHARLES, that Lord ROSEBERRY and Mr. SIMS REEVES in 1889, are in accord with the Duke of CLARENCE and JOHN PARRY in 1829, in glorifying him whose Scandinavian Memorial Cross now stands upon

his restored tomb in what was once "the burial-ground of St. James's, Camden Town," but is now a "new public recreation ground."

Dibdin. Well, it will please me better to be surrounded in my resting-place in St. Pancras by the joyous chatter of sporting youth than by the sombre silence of the graveyard.

Mr. Punch. Spoken like your hearty self, CHARLES! The restoration, if long-delayed, is not ill-timed. His Imperial Majesty of GERMANY, who has come over to see our Modern fleet might do worse than extend his visit to the Memorial of the most admirable singer of our ancient one.

Dibdin. Sir, your approval makes me proud, and the grateful recollection of my countrymen gladdens my heart.

Mr. Punch. We want your spirit back again to inspire genuine Sea-songs for the new generation of Jack Rattlins and Ben Backstays, whose business it is to steer by machinery and shoot by science.

Dibdin. But whose business it will be to fight—with arms and hearts in the old fashion, if ever it comes to the pinch. You can't mechanise manhood, *Mr. Punch.*

Mr. Punch. True, CHARLES,—though, by Neptune, our neo-scientists seem to be having a hard try at it. But our neo-Nautical Songsters haven't the hang of it, as you and your sons had. They are too drawing-roomy, my DIBDIN. Their motto seems to be:—

You cannot go wrong.
In a nautical song
If you sing yeo-ho, yeo-ho!

But their "Yeo-hos!" smack, not of the sea, but of Penny Readings and Twopenny "Royalties," of professional greed and of amateur concert. The best of the batch is not a patch upon "Poor Jack." Even our Nautical Dramas are no longer soundly heroic, but smugly cynical. "Society" naturally relishes the smart satire of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, but there isn't much inspiration for seamen in *Ralph Rackstraw's* sardonic song, or *Sir Joseph Porter's* sub-acid patter. Compare—

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of his ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip."



VISITING GRANDMAMMA.

GRANDMA' VICTORIA. "NOW, WILLIE DEAR, YOU'VE PLENTY OF *SOLDIERS* AT HOME; LOOK AT THESE PRETTY *SHIPS*.—I'M SURE YOU'LL BE PLEASED WITH *THEM*!"

with—

"His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude!"

Most excellent fooling, to be sure, but—well, they say CERVANTES laughed Spain's chivalry away, and smart Society mockery may prove too clever by half if it help to de-Dibdinise—pardon the coinage!—the British Tar.

Dibdin. Does the British Tar read—or sing—it?

Mr. Punch. Well, no. I fancy he still pins his faith to "Tom Bowling" and "Lovely Polly." But he says, with your Brother Tom:—

"The evening watch, the sounding lead,
Will sadly miss old CHARLEY's line.
'Saturday Night' may go to bed,
His sun is set no more to shine.
'Sweethearts and Wives' though we may sing,
And toast at sea the girls on shore:
Yet now 'tis quite another thing,
Since CHARLEY spins the yarn no more."

Dibdin. Ah! Brother TOM was partial. But I should like well enough to try my hand at hymning the Iron-clad and toasting the Modern Tar. The *Anson*, the *Collingwood*, the *Camperdown*, the *Rodney*,—there they be, familiar names, and suggestive of song, for all their stark and steely aspect. And I see you have an *Arethusa*, too, and a formidable-looking "cruiser" she looks, though perhaps hardly as "saucy" as "the frigate tight and brave" that SHIELD sang of. I wonder what Emperor WILLIAM, who has come to "visit Grandmamma," thinks of Grandmamma's squadrons? Well, anyhow, it is a Big Show, and well worth seeing, even if one has to flit from St. Pancras to Portsmouth for the purpose. Here's a health to Admirals BAIRD, TRYON, and TRACEY, and success to their Autumn Manœuvres! Here's luck, too, to your steel-clad squadrons, and the Tars who tend them; may they find spirit and skill to face whatever foe, and a worthy Ocean Bard to hymn their valour and their victories!

Mr. Punch. Hear! hear! And don't be doubtful, my dear DIBDIN. If nobody else should turn up worthy of wearing your mantle, why, *I'll don it myself!!!*



"HA! HA! ONCE MORE THE RANGER IS FREE!"

[The Judges dismissed Mr. Simms' appeal for a *mandamus* to compel the Magistrate to issue a summons against H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.]

"MODUS OPERANDI."

THE last night of the Operatic Season. AUGUSTUS DRUBIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS is to be congratulated. A big success throughout, including the visit in State of the SHAH and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES. Memorable and brilliant evening.

The biggest successes have been *Roméo et Juliette* and *Die Meistersinger*, the latter having been better done here, so even the



End of Season. Triumphal March.

Wagnerites admit, than at Bayreuth. *Meistersinger* was grand, and the ensemble of sweet singers could not have been easily surpassed. It is difficult to beat (who would be so cruel?) ALBANI, ELLA RUSSELL, MAGGIE MACINTYRE, MELBA & Co., not forgetting the ever-as-useful-as-ornamental FRAU BAUERMEISTERSINGER?

And on the "spear side" who could be better than the two DE RESZKÉS, JEAN and EDOUARD? Band and conductors likewise excellent, and if the HALL, of Covent Garden, with a *Gardenia Gladstonia* in his button-hole, had only once the pleasure of welcoming the G. O. M. and offering him a cup of tea during an *entr'acte*, it is no fault of anyone's, but only the misfortune of the Great Golden

Weddingist, who could find but one opera-tune-ity of visiting the Opera House. But at all events he heard *Roméo et Juliette*, which was a rich and rare treat for anyone. We drink to our next merry May meeting! *Salve, Imperator Operaticus!*

THE ONLY ONE!

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following from the advertisements in *The Christian World*:—

CULTURED, earnest, godly Young Man desires a PASTORATE. Vivid preacher, musical voice, brilliant organiser. Tall, and of good appearance. Blameless life. Very highest references. Beloved by all. Salary £120.

Fancy! this prize to be obtained for only £120!! and the sum is his own valuation of himself! So that Modesty is to be added to his merits, which, of course, would be taken for granted by any one reading the above advertisement.

A SHOCKING BAD HAND.

Scribe (to Professor). Do you mean to say that you can infer a man's character from his handwriting? Well, then, what do you think of this? (*Hands him a specimen.*)

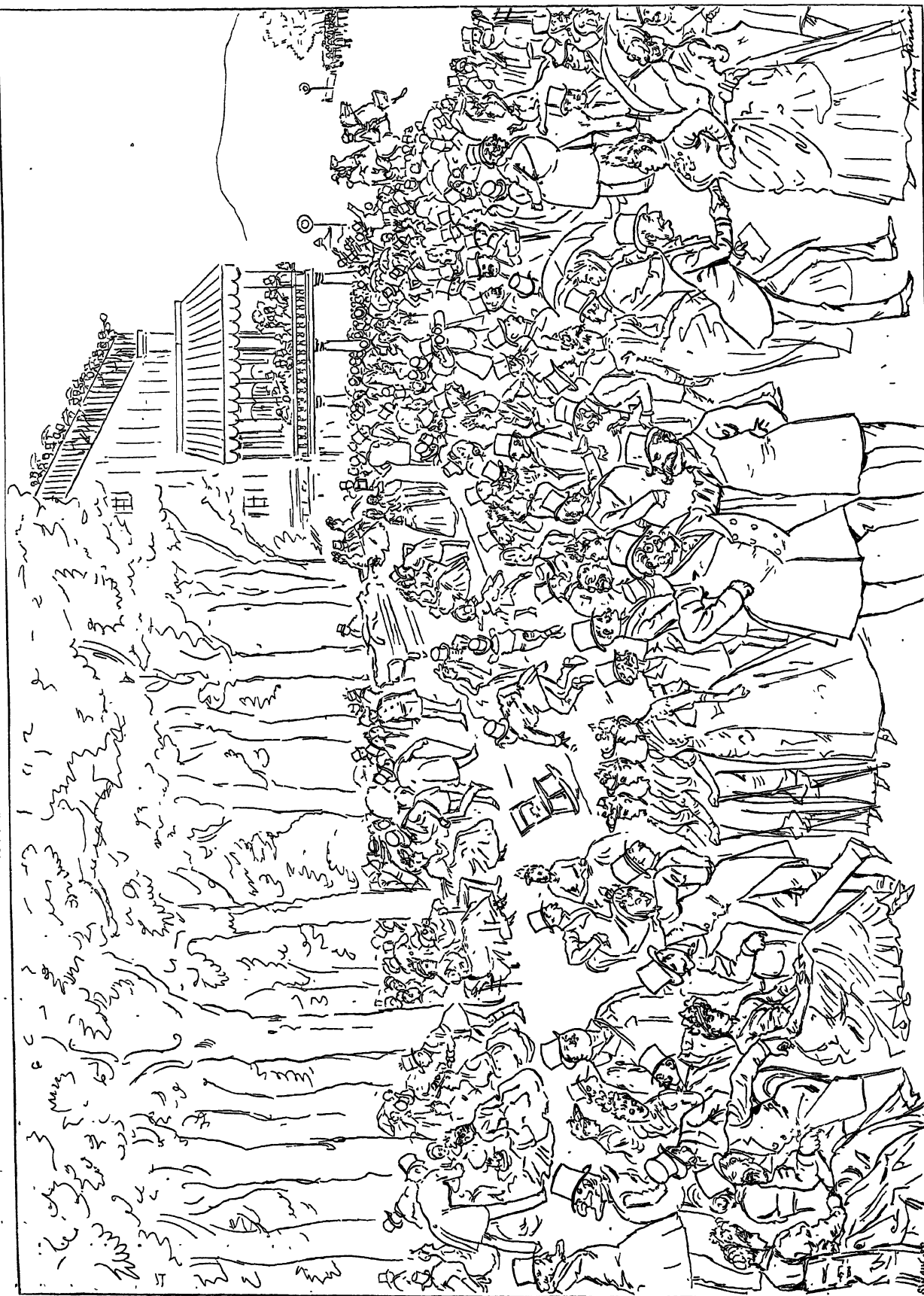
Professor. The writer is a man of some ability, but altogether destitute of moral sense. If not a downright villain, he must be a very unscrupulous fellow, and not to be trusted on any account whatever. I can read his character at a glance, though not his characters. *Scribe.* How so?

Prof. His writing is so illegible that I can't decipher it. A man who won't take the pains to write a legible hand must be so utterly regardless of the trouble he gives to everybody who has to make his scrawl out, is so viciously inconsiderate, that he wouldn't stick at committing any atrocity which it would cost him the slightest exertion to refrain from. I judge him to be a rogue, a swindler, and a thief—capable of anything but forgery. Whose is this disgraceful scribble?

Scribe. Well—a—to tell you the truth, in fact, it's mine!

LATEST BETTING ON THE ROYAL DOUBLE EVENT.—"What's the odds so long as they're happy?" FIVE to one.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 75.



THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD.

RIME ET RAISIN.

RESPECTED SIR,
 "E. Y.," in last week's *World* republishes some verses, twenty years old,—fine Laureate vintage,—in which occurs a good rhyme to Pommery, that is if "flummery" be passable. "Flummery" rhymes to "Mummery"—the Mummeries might be the name of the vineyards of JULES MUMM—but does it to Pommery? As a composite rhyme I remember this couplet,—

If you wish to make little Tom merry,
 Give him a genuine bottle of Pommery.

And the ugly English pronunciation of Latin being taken for granted, the motto for a moderate champagne-drinker might be—

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*"
 Is the result of Pommery Gréno.

But there's no difficulty in Greno, only—

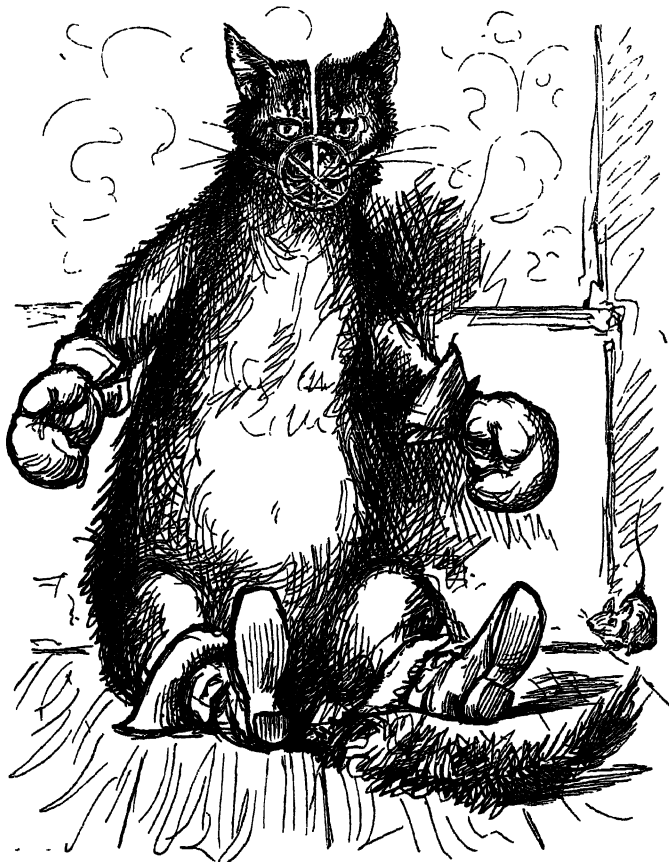
Of your drink if baulked,
 You may well complain O!
 Pommery, if corked,
 Goes against the Grain O!

No more at present. As *Hamlet* says, "The rest is silence," i.e., Mumm's the word.

Yours, PHIZZYOLOGIST.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

SCIENTIFIC OPPORTUNITY.—A distinguished Cambridge Mathematician, who has been devoting the last fifteen years of his life to the construction of an ingenious calculating machine, and has had the misfortune to let it drop into his cistern with the result that it will no longer act properly, but only changes its numbers capriciously and at random when smartly kicked, will be glad to dispose of it forthwith, in exchange for a Japanese dressing-gown, set of custard glasses, cab horse, highly trained hyæna or second-hand telescope. Might with a little ingenuity be utilised as a garden roller, or serve as a target to be shot at for nuts at a fair. Filled with dynamite it would make a fairly effective infernal machine, and advanced politicians of South American Republics might communicate.



"PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE."

(Poor Pussy's Scratch is as bad as her Bite.)

THE RADICAL'S LAMENT.

(After, apologetically, Mrs. Barrett Browning.)

I.

WHAT is he doing, the Grand Old Man,
 Down in the House by the River?
 Leaving to LABBY to fight in the van;
 Selling and snubbing his followers true,
 And breaking the hearts of our Radical crew,
 That votes with him by the River.

II.

He went and spoke, did the Grand Old Man,
 Not in the House by the River;
 Yet though his periods limpidly ran,
 The Church in Wales he declined to slate;
 An omission that loads with terrible weight
 Our souls as we sit by the River.

III.

Then once again spoke the Grand Old Man,
 This time from his place by the River;
 And smote us all, as an orator can;
 With hard bleak fact he exposed our fads;
 There was hardly a kick left in some of us
 Rads,
 Though we tried to kick, by the River!

IV.

He cut him short, did the Grand Old Man,
 Cut LABBY short by the River!
 Sat on the pleas of that excellent man!
 Stuck up gamely for Royal Grants! ["can'ts"]
 And swept our plausible "won'ts" and
 Right into the slime of the River!

V.

"This is the way," laughed the Grand Old
 Laughed as he rose by the River, [Man,

"The only way, since Rads began,
 To show how naughty it is to rebel."
 Then, in trumpet tones that the House knows
 He spoke in power by the River. [well,

VI.

Bitter-sweet, O Grand Old Man,
 Came those words by the River!
 Blinding-sweet (for speak you can!)
 The Rads on your left forgot to groan;
 And the Tories revived, and we all must own
 This "Grant" has you as its giver.

VII.

Yet half a Whig is the Grand Old Man,
 To laugh as he sits by the River,
 Placing Progress under a ban!
 We desire to ask—though it gives us pain—
 If our Leader never will vote again
 As a Rad, with the Rads, by the River?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Trollope's Dilemma, the latest of Mr. ARROWSMITH'S Bristol Library Series, is anything rather than a shilling "shocker." The author, who describes himself as "*St. Aubyn*," seems to be a sentimental and gushing reproduction of *Verdant Green*. The "*Varsity*" (a name dear to "Squills") of Cambridge is sketched with a pen that smacks of Durham and St. Bees. The heroine of the story (a hysterical young person, who seems to set collegiate laws at defiance), after passing for her husband's sister until his death, ultimately marries a senior tutor. Altogether *Trollope's Dilemma* is not nearly so interesting as *Called Back*.

My faithful "Co." writes:—"I have read *That Other Woman*, by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP), and am conscious of having absorbed a story in which there is either a husband too few, or a wife too many. How it comes about, I cannot quite explain; but all ends happily, and the twice-married husband is forgiven, both by his first wife and 'that other woman,' when he has got himself conveniently burnt to death in the last chapter. On the whole, although not exempt from some rather glaring improbabilities, *That Other Woman* is well worth reading."

W. S. LILLY is not to be reckoned among the non-working lilies, for he is always toiling in the field of literature. His latest book, *A Century of Revolution*, published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, is a thoroughly excellent piece of work, scholarly, philosophical, and unsparingly logical, while throughout there runs a vein of fine satire which renders its perusal easy and enjoyable to almost every class of reader. Only in one instance I beg to differ from the learned author, and that is in his wholesale denunciation of vivisection, though with his reprobation of M. PAUL BERT who seems to have been actuated by the evil spirit that inspired *Macbeth* to be "bloody-minded, bold, and resolute," most humane persons, be their nationality or creed what it may, will be inclined to agree. Just at this time, when France is celebrating the centenary of its Great Revolution,—for whose atrocities and of whose principles Mr. JOHN MORLEY is the English apologist and apostle,—Mr. LILLY'S book appears most appropriately, and I wish it a wide circulation.

THE ERUDITE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A CAUTION TO SPORTINGLY-INCLINED PEOPLE WHO JUMP
FURZE-BUSHES ON COMMONS.

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before MR. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

An Illustrious Personage is introduced.

The Commissioner. Pleased to do anything I can for your Royal Highness, unless it refers to an appeal—that matter you must carry to the House of Lords before you come to me.

Illustrious Personage. Oh no, Sir! I am here purely as a Representative, and not in my personal capacity.

The C. Very well, I shall be glad to hear what you have to bring before me. What or whom do you represent?

I. P. I represent, Sir, the Royal United Service Institution.

The C. And, no doubt, you represent it very well. I have often heard Your Royal Highness called "The Soldier's Friend"—hem!—out of Wimbledon!

I. P. You are most kind. Well, Sir, the excellent association whose claims upon public attention I advocate was founded in 1831, under the name of "The Naval and Military Library and Museum."

The C. And subsequently has pursued a career of the greatest possible usefulness. Since 1860 (when the Institution was incorporated by Royal Charter, and assumed its present title), the application of science to the methods and appliances of warfare has resulted in changes so momentous and extensive that a mere enumeration of them would extend almost to the dimensions of an encyclopædia, and the very nature of these changes is such as to enforce the absolute necessity of studying warlike methods on a rational and scientific basis. To the encouragement of this process of study the Royal United Service Institution has contributed in no ordinary degree by its Library and by its Museum.

I. P. And, allow me—by the prizes it annually offers for essays on Naval and Military subjects.

The C. And, you would add, above all, by its invaluable lectures and discussions, full reports of which are published in its journal. Quite so. I see that Your Royal Highness and I have both read the excellent article in the *Times* newspaper, which appeared about a week ago. Well, Sir,—what next?

I. P. Well, Sir, I feel that that admirable article may be forgotten in the turmoil of politics—

The C. The "turmoil of politics" is good—distinctly good.

I. P. I thank you, Sir. In the turmoil of politics—unless the matter is brought prominently before the Public with your valuable assistance. You are aware I signed a memorial to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on behalf of the Council and Members of the Institution?

The C. I am; and, although I have not seen the document, can readily believe that it is written in language of extreme moderation.

I. P. You are right. You, no doubt, are aware that I have the greatest possible objection to expressions that might be considered by a Curate (much less by an Archbishop) of a too forcible character.

The C. Indeed I am, and it has ever been a marvel to me how your Royal Highness, on noticing a battalion "clubbed," or some other military mistake of equal gravity, could refrain from exclaiming, "Dear me!" or words to the same effect.

I. P. It is not my custom, Sir, to say all I think, when my thoughts are of a painful character! But let that pass. You are aware that the Royal United Service Institution enjoys an annual subvention of £600 from the War Office and Admiralty, and pays a ground-rent to the Government in respect of its *present* premises of £205 a year?

The C. I quite understand the stress you lay upon the word "present."

I. P. Yes, Sir, we have notice to quit, and this notice has been hanging over our heads for nearly twenty years. In 1872 Mr. Lowe stated that he would recommend the Government to grant assistance in placing the establishment on a permanent footing. In 1876 Mr. W. H. SMITH, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, declared "that the Government fully recognised the value of the Institution, and that, when the proper time arrived, its claims should be duly considered." In 1881 and 1884 the Institute received assurances from the Treasury that those claims should not be lost sight of.

The C. And nothing since has been done?

I. P. Nothing—save the Government have intimated their willingness to pay the ground-rent of any site (less £205) that may be selected, on condition that the Institute finds its own building. This would entail a cost of £30,000, an expense that our scanty funds would not allow us to incur.

The C. Well, your Royal Highness, what is the alternative proposal embodied (as I understand) in your memorial?

I. P. That, following the precedent established in the cases of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Royal Academy, and many other bodies of a learned character, the Government should provide free accommodation for the Royal United Service Institution.

The C. Certainly, your Royal Highness, your proposal seems entirely reasonable, and it shall be no fault of mine if it is not accepted. Have you anything more to say, Sir?

I. P. Nothing—save to thank you on behalf of myself and the Empire for the great kindness and courtesy I have experienced at your hands during this most interesting interview.

[*The Illustrious Personage (having found his umbrella) then withdrew.*]

WONDERS OF THE CHAIR.

(*Picked up in the L.C.C.*)

Wonder if I shall get through this sitting without having my teeth set on edge by some Hon. Councillor's vulgarity?

Wonder whether the Battersea Patriot will be genial to me if I ask his advice upon a point of procedure?

Wonder if I disarmed discourtesy by dropping my title?

Wonder whether I shall have to sit still in silence while some of my colleagues make themselves and myself supremely ridiculous?

Wonder whether I shall get through the Agenda Paper without leaving an opening for the adverse criticism of the Press?

Wonder whether my English will be improved by listening to bad grammar and habituating my ear to the forced omission of the aspirate?

Wonder whether anyone will challenge my authority and laugh at the proceedings?

Wonder whether the Council will break off in time to allow me to dress for dinner?

Wonder, after all,—in spite of being called "Mister," and having extorted the respect of my colleagues,—whether the game is *quite* worth the candle?

"Two Sides to Every Question; or, Things ain't quite what they Simms."—New pamphlet, by H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



DELIGHT OF PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS BEEN ASSURED THAT HIS RESEMBLANCE TO THE G. O. M. WAS SOMETHING REMARKABLE.



HE WAS NOT QUITE SO MUCH PLEASED HOWEVER WHEN HE ACCIDENTALLY FOUND HIMSELF IN A CONSERVATIVE DISTRICT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGRICULTURAL DISAPPOINTMENT.—The description you furnish of your newly-invented machine for "chaff-cutting, riddling, sifting, and bagging fresh straw," is very interesting, and if it had not unfortunately got out of order, owing to the accident to which you refer, and so prevented you from offering it in competition, you, no doubt, would, as you contemplated, have taken a prize with it at the Great Windsor Show. The arrangement of the knives seems very ingenious; but it is a pity that they sliced off the fingers of one of the scientific experts you got to examine the machine; while, of course, it was more to be deplored that, when set in motion to show its action, it should, by some mischance, have caught up and riddled, sifted, and bagged the other. It is satisfactory, though, to hear that he is progressing favourably in the local hospital; but we can quite understand how the presence of such a foreign body must have damaged the mechanism of your carefully constructed machine, and can heartily sympathise with you in your consequent disappointment at its temporary derangement.

NEW AND OLD RIVER.—A whole share of the New River Company, put up to auction has been knocked down at £122,800. An investment in a Pactolus.

ROBERT IN THE PARK.

THERE'S one werry great advantage as I most suttlenly gits from spending some of my perfeshnal evenins at the West End oocashunally.



I has to wait on quite a diffrent set to wot I'm acustomed to in the grand old City. When at the Grand Otel, for instance—and well it deserves its name,—or at the Metropoll—which it most likely deserves it too, but I don't quite kno what it means—I must confess as I has to lissen to a werry diffrent kind of conversashun to wot I does elsewhere, for ewen Common Counsellmen, I wont go no hier, is oocashunally jest a leetle tiresome when allers arping on the same string. Ony the other week for hinstance, in a most distangy company at the Grand, I herd a gent say as he was so werry fond of trawelling, that he mite say as he had gone over amost the hole world!

Of coarse, I don't spose for a moment as he really ment it, coz I shoold werry much like to see the man who has gone over all England, much less Ireland, or ewen all London, and not a werry great number ewen seems to care werry much about wisting my own Queer Street. But there's no dowt that he must have seen a lot, and this is wot made me respect him to a xtent as I never thort I cood have respected a mere Forrener, which he was an Amerrycane. He said, that for a display of amost unboundless welth, and luxery, and rifinement, he had seen nothink in the whole world, and he didn't beleive as noboddy else ever had, equal to Hide Park on such summers evenins as we've been a havng this month. I was that pleased with the great Traweller that I gave him another cupple of Pluvers Eggs, for which he mildly thankt me with a decided wink, and I pade him ewery posserbel attenshun during the rest of a rayther longish Bankwet. He said, he had seen Long Sham at Parris and the Shams Elizzy, but they wasn't to be compared to Hide Park, no, not for a singel moment. By the by they seems rayther fond of Shams at Paris, but there suttlenly seems one xcepshun, and that is the big Xebishun with the great big Rifle Tower, that the great Traweller told us is as igh as our own bewtiful Monument wood be if so be as it was howdaciouly stuck on the werry top of our own splendacious Sant Paul's, and then Nelson's Monument at Trefalger Square stuck bang on the werry top of that, and then Temple Bar and the sillybrated Griffin on the top of all! But of coarse one must make all customary allowances for Trawellers' Tails. For instance now, seeing how cumferally they all took in his wundrus tail of the Rifle Tower, he aoshally had the owdacity to tell them that one day when he was up at the werry top of it, a desprate storm of litening and thunder bust out, and he cood see them all flashing away hundreds of feet below him! I do at wunce confess as I had as much as ever I cood do to look suffishent serous not to atract attenshun.

Well, the werry fust wacant day as I had arter this most emusing evening, I spent a nour or two in the Park, and I must confess as I quite agreed with the great Traweller, though I had never seen the two great Paris Shams. Here was Royal Princesses, and Dooks, and Erls, and Barren Lords, and Fare Ladys, by the hundred, if not thousand, and all with their werry best close on, a driving up and down before me in their werry best carridges; and them as coudn't afford Carridges, a riding on their hansum horses, Ladys as well as Gents, and not one of 'em a falling off, and all to obldge me, and such as me! Ah, they is a kind lot, they is, and quite deserves their jolly good luck. And what did it all cost me, includin a most cumferal chair? Why, just Tuppence! I calls it the werry cheapest Show in London, as well as the werry bewtifullest.

To make the place ewen more inchanting, if posserbel, I'm told as H.R.H. the Princess of WALES, as ewery body respects, and wood suttlenly love, in a respectool way, if so be as Her Royal Usband wood ellow it, has orderd quantitys of the most lovely flowers to be sown there. So, what with the bewtiful Ladys, and the bewtiful horses, and the bewtiful carridges, and the bewtiful flowers, I shoold naterally call it "Bewty Row." But now cums one of them reel staggerers, as we finds so plentyfool in our good old Country. I scarce xpees to be beleeveng when I says that its reel name is Rotten Row! of all names in the world, when I declares to goodness as I didn't see not one rotten flower among 'em all, no, not ewen among the lovely Rododerendrons.

There isn't quite so much good natur and kindness among the bewtiful Ladies of the werry hiest classes as I shoold have xpected. There was many and many on 'em a riding in most splendid carridges, all alone, and drawn by two horses; and though there was duzzens of hansum yung swells, so tired, pore fellers, that they was obligated to lean against the railings to rest theirselves, and so hungry that they kept on a trying to bite off the tops of their canes, I didn't see not one of 'em offered a seat. I dessay it wood ha bin werry different in one case, as I knowd cum from the civil City, but, unfortunately, they had four hinsides, and only one orse.

But, after all, I'm not so werry sure as there isn't sumboddy as enjoys the drives in the bewtiful Park ewen more than the Masters and Missesses of the horses and carridges, and that's lordly CHARLES the Footman! I loves to watch him as he dashes by me, a setting on the box seat by the side of the carefull Coachman. I can see how quietly he's a making his sarkastic remarks. What does he know or care about Rates and Taxes, and other botherashuns. He doesn't pay for hansum close, he only wears 'em; he doesn't pay for his wittles and drink, he only consumes 'em; and he knows full well that there will be jest a nice littel bit of sumthink, that Cook knows his parsheality for, a waiting for him on his reachin home, for which his artemnoon drive will have given him quite a little appytite. Ah, lucky CHARLES! Why was I not a lordly Footman, rather than hard-working

ROBERT.

THE EMPEROR'S FAREWELL TO THE BRITISH FLEET.—"Tar tar!"

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.

Summer Idyl of a Summer Idler.

SUMMER's with us. Hot! What does it matter?

Sweet to sit in flannels and to dream
Under green leaves; piled in bowl and platter,
Strawberries and Cream!

Let the July sunshine flame and scorch hard,
These console us for Sol's torrid beam,
Fruit of Devon dairy, Kentish orchard,
Strawberries and Cream!

Oh, the luscious blend of buff and crimson!
Coolly as the lapping of the stream
Gratefully it rolls the red lips' rims on,—
Strawberries and Cream!

Sugar? Nature's saccharine makes it need-
less.

Politics, Art, Sport we tasteless deem,
Here discussing, of polemics heedless,
Strawberries and Cream!

That, AMANDA, is a natty bodice!—
At St. Stephen's Party optics gleam,
Rad v. Tory; they should try, poor noddies!—
Strawberries and Cream!

What a British Queen! And men are
wrangling
Yonder over Royal Grants "like steam."
This, my dear, is better than their jangling—
Strawberries and Cream!

Is there any Pommery in that bottle?
Darling, you are an Arcadian dream,
Slowly tipping down that dainty throttle
Strawberries and Cream!

What a polygon of splendid scarlet!
What a luscious wedge of wondrous
gleam!—

Give me, idle, loose-girt, happy varlet,
Strawberries and Cream!

Eh? My poem? I have not begun it.
Won't be tied e'en in Apollo's team!
Hang the Muse—and bring another "punnet"!—
Strawberries and Cream!

OPEN HOUSE.

(To be Dated after the next Invention.)

How remarkable! Thanks to the "Far-sight Machine," I can, although I am in London, distinctly see Mr. GLADSTONE standing on a platform in Devonshire, with a white umbrella over his head.

Just fetch me my Phonograph, and at the same time put me in communication with Plymouth by telephone. Thanks! Now I can not only see Mr. GLADSTONE, but also hear every word that he utters, and be able, in addition, to reproduce the speech whenever I want to.

My (outside) stock-broker appears, at the distance of two hundred miles, to be wearing rather a gloomy expression of countenance as he reads the last "tape" about the Nicaragua Fifteen Per Cents, and he told me that a rise was certain. I shall wire to sell out at once.

Those BROWNS have just received my letter, accepting their invitation to dinner on Thursday week, and their faces denote disappointment and dismay. The hypocrites!

How well IRVING is performing in that Third Act of "Coriolanus!" I've been sitting in my study watching him for the last half-hour.

My doctor seems to have got one of the machines. He has just telephoned to me to "put out my tongue." It seems strange



HER FATHER!

Stern Voice (from first-floor landing, temp. 12'10 P.M.). "ALICE!"

Alice (softly). "Yes, 'PA!"

Voice (with a threatening ring in it). "DOES THAT YOUNG MAN IN THE FRONT PARLOUR TAKE TEA OR COFFEE FOR HIS BREAKFAST—!" ["Door"—and he was gone!

and even rude, to put it out in an empty room. Still, *must* obey medical orders. Here goes! Result: doctor telephones to say, "tongue *very* bad—must not go out to-day," and orders me to send away my horse which he sees waiting for me at my front door! Isn't this despotism? Hang EDISON's machine! Spoilt a jolly ride for me.

Turn machine on to TOMMY's room at Eton. In his last letter, TOMMY said, he was "working like mad for his remove at the end of term." Satisfactory. Ha! What do I see? TOMMY engaged in secret perusal of a yellow-backed novel, *and* smoking a cigar up the chimney! Shall tell his master to whip him. After all, EDISON's invention is of some use when properly applied.

FAIR AND FREE.—SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, at the annual meeting of the Cobden Club, condemned the Sugar Bounties Convention, of course, as being opposite to Free Trade. Quite right, Free Trade ought to be synonymous with Fair Play or Play-fair.

WHIP BEHIND!

A Tale of Two Clever Boys.

"I think we have a right to expect that the Liberal Unionists shall define the platform on which they mean to appeal to the country more decisively and distinctly than they have done at present; otherwise they cannot expect Tories to vote for principles and policies which, in other circumstances, Tories would strongly and even desperately oppose, and which under present circumstances, Tories cannot be expected patiently to support."—*Lord R. Churchill at Birmingham.*

YOUNG RANDOM and young JOEY

Were two ambitious boys,
Extremely smart and "goey,"
And their respective joys
Were slating the outsiders,
And cheiving the swells;
Of discipline deriders,
They raised yahoos and yells,
And muddled up the traffic,
And scared the jog-trot nags.
JOE, with a smile seraphic,
Would stand upon the flags,
And wave his arms all wildly
Defiant of the whip.
RANDOM—to put it mildly—
Would make creation skip
To gratify his mischief,
And aggravate the Boss;
Whilst JOE would hamper his
Chief
And make him jolly cross.
They were a pair of pickles,
But Nemesis, they say,
Such monkey mischief tickles
In its peculiar way.
First place that rascal RANDOM
Determined was to find;
Whilst JOE, when running tan-
Disliked to go behind. [dem,
It was young RANDOM's glory—
His one peculiar aim—
To drive the coach "True Tory;"
Whilst JOSEPH's little game,

Of GLADDY's old four-wheeler,
Was to be owned as Whip;
But RANDOM missed his "feeler,"
And JOEY made a slip;
And, how it chanced precisely,
Is not precisely known,
RANDOM, when seated nicely,
Descended, or was thrown;
Whilst JOEY, snubbed by GLADDY,
Or tempted by the toffs,
From being a Rad caddy,
All sneers, and snaps, and
scoffs,
At SOLLY's old "True Tory,"
Came, funnily, to find
It was his special glory
To—well, *hang on behind!*
This riled young RANDOM greatly,
And RANDOM muttered, "Come!
I have been diddled lately
By this conceited Brum.
He's got his place behind there,
And I've lost mine in front.
I fancy he will find there,
I'll make him do a shunt.
If he will floor and spike me,
And on my place encroach,
I wonder how he'll like me
To boss the rival coach?
I won't be foiled and flouted,
As JOEY soon shall find."
Meanwhile he stood and shouted,
"Yah! Put the whip behind!"

A PLEASANT DUTY.

A CRITICISM on *The Headless Man* by another hand will be found elsewhere in this Number. When the present writer saw the piece on its third representation,—and by the time these lines appear it will have been taken out of the bill, and packed up along with Mr. WYNDHAM's other stock-in-trade for the American theatrical market,—he felt how keenly the masterly impersonation of the hero by CHARLES WYNDHAM, and the excellence of Messrs. GIDDENS and BLAKELEY in their respective rôles, would have been relished by his old friend the late GEORGE ROSE, better known to the public as "ARTHUR SKETCHLEY," the biographer of "Mrs. Brown," who had collaborated in the original piece, intended for SOTHERN and the Haymarket Company fourteen years ago, of which this play recently produced at the Criterion is the "revised version."

The character of *Hedley* was first drawn by the present writer in *Mr. Punch's* pages in a series entitled *Odd Men Out*, and but for the *charpente* of a plot provided by ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, in which, subsequently, essential structural alterations had to be made, it is probable that *Mr. Hedley* would never have seen the footlights and reached the Criterion stage of his theatrical existence.

Had the piece proved a failure, the surviving representative of this literary partnership, who is solely responsible for its production, would have kept his own counsel as far as possible; but as it is a success, he takes this opportunity of recording these facts, reviving a pleasant reminiscence, and paying a just tribute to the memory of his friend and collaborator.

Mr. Punch's rule for his literary Staff being anonymity, this shall be signed by

MYSELF.

Fiat Justitia!

TANNER's Contempt of Court? E'en friends admit

The Doctor's glaring faults of mind and manner,
But what enrages them above a bit

Is just the Court's contempt of Dr. TANNER.

For faction's groundlings TANNER makes some sport,
But decent England here is—with the Court;

Yet, e'en to silence a crass ass's jaw,

She would not cast contempt—by straining—on the Law.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 29.—"Well," said LOUIS JENNINGS, looking at the Front Opposition Bench to-night, "that's what I call a Happy Family! Have known something of Parties in

my time; come in contact with them in two hemispheres; as ROBSON ROOSE occasionally remarks, I was instrumental in breaking one up in New York; but I never saw anything like this. Hardly a man amongst them who doesn't feel as if he'd like to scratch his brother's eyes."

Truly a motley gathering; fragments of old friendships strewn up and down Bench. Only thoroughly happy man seems to be CHAMBERLAIN. A great occasion for him. Got JOHN MORLEY on the hip, and hugs him shrewdly. HONEST JOHN was, in times gone by, his own familiar friend. When the break-up came, hoped to carry him with him; but HONEST JOHN stood firm by the GRAND OLD MAN, and has remained with him ever since; an unforgivable crime, and CHAMBERLAIN not man either to forget or forgive. Hitherto HONEST JOHN been strenuously backed up by Gentlemen below the Gangway; now the Radicals affronted with JOHN, who, balancing his own convictions on Royal Grants question against his loyalty to GLADSTONE, has hit upon a medium



Chamberlain's opportunity.

course that pleases nobody. This CHAMBERLAIN's opportunity, and he uses it with a swiftness, a neatness, and a smiling ferocity, which is an intellectual treat.

The ball thus set rolling, the game played all night. CHAMBERLAIN attacks JOHN MORLEY; the SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate girds at CHAMBERLAIN, and, in passing, gives HONEST JOHN a sly dig in the ribs; HENRY JAMES joins in the attack on HONEST JOHN; HARCOURT bangs CHAMBERLAIN about the head; and TREVELYAN thanks Heaven he didn't have a chance of immediately following CHAMBERLAIN, otherwise he would have had to say some very nasty things. Through it all the GRAND OLD MAN sits immovable as the Sphinx; listens to CHAMBERLAIN extolling him; hears unmoved the angry shouts with which Radicals resent the patronage; hears HARCOURT repudiating

CHAMBERLAIN's compliments. A meek, mild, benevolent Old Gentleman, utterly incapable of saying an ill-word about anyone, marveling that controversy should beat about his name in this vehement manner. Haven't seen anything more genuinely affecting for years. Finally, when division-bell rang, all his friends and companions dear deserted him,—he going into one lobby with the



The Two Lions.

Government, they going into the other with bulk of Liberal Party. Only one faithful among the faithless found. LYON PLAYFAIR voted with him. When the Old Man came back from Division Lobby he took his seat by the Lyon of Scotland, and held sweet converse with him, whilst the rest of the Happy Family clustered together at the other end of the Bench.

Business done.—JOHN MORLEY's Amendment to Royal Grants negatived by 355 votes against 134.

Tuesday.—Business beginning to move a little. OLD MORALITY, amid rapturous cheers from ROBERT FOWLER, brought in Royal Annuity Bill. Innocent Stranger in Gallery, who has heard about debate on motion to go into Committee on affair, has read of debate and exciting division in Committee, thinks the business now over; nothing to be done but to pay up the money. Fact is, only just

beginning work. Thursday and Friday in last week, and yesterday's long night, only preliminaries. Bill now brought in must be read Second Time, taken through Committee, Report Stage, and Third Reading, just as if nothing had happened before. The SAGE and STOREY can, if they like, make all their speeches over again; can certainly move amendments and take divisions. We're not in a hurry at Westminster.

Annuit Bill temporarily out of way, knock off few other measures, and presently lapse into Scotch University Bill. Deep calm falls on House, broken only by the burr of Northern speech. As BRADLAUGH says (quoting from WILLIAM III. c. 10), "The 'orn of the 'UNTER is 'eard on the 'ill." HUNTER delivers, for tenth time, speech about theological tests. House divides on question, as it has divided on same point half a dozen earlier times. Only a score Members present to hear HUNTER's argument. Bell rings; Members troop in from terrace, smoke-room, lobbies, and dining-room; stand in crowd at Bar whilst SPEAKER puts question. This full of what STEPHEN WILLIAMSON calls "luminosity."

"Question is, that Clause 18 stand part of the Bill."

"What Bill is it?" Members at Bar whisper.

"Don't know; fancy it's Light Railways, Ireland."

"No; that's been referred to Grand Committee; must be Lunacy Acts Amendments."

"Fancy it's something Scotch," said Colonel MANTALINI MORGAN, giving his moustache a final convincing twirl. "See all the Scotch fellows about? There's LYON PLAYFAIR on the Front Bench, looking wiser than ever, demitit. Always reminds me of what SYDNEY SMITH said about another famous Scotchman. 'Look at my little friend JEFFREY; he hasn't body enough to cover his mind decently with. His intellect is indecently exposed.' Yes, I fancy it's a Scotch Bill; must see which way our fellows are going."

So the crowd pass into the Division Lobby, and Clause 18 is saved from destruction.

Business done.—A good deal, considering.

Friday.—On Board R.M.S. *Teutonic*, Spithead. (Wind S.W. by N., light, changeable, thunder locally, perhaps no rain.) House adjourned for Naval Review. GEORGE HAMILTON curiously annoyed if you call it a review; why nobody not even FORWOOD knows: says it's an inspection; so we've come down to inspect. A splendid view—I mean a fine 'spection. Men-of-war, fishing-boats, forts, torpedoes and smacks everywhere, the sea covered with them. They abound.

"A most exhilarating sight," I say to RITCHIE, who has come aboard in a blue serge suit, a tarpaulin hat a size too small, and walks about with a telescope under his arm as he has seen the coast-guardsmen do at Ryde. "It makes the pulses beat."

"Didn't they do that before?" he asks, pretending he can see through the telescope a felucca lying four points off on our starboard bow. RITCHIE has no soul. The red tape of the Local Government Board has bound his imagination as with ligaments of steel. A pity, for otherwise he is a very decent fellow.

JACKSON here too, also in serge, but without the telescope. In high spirits, in view of the very business he's been reeling off in the House this week. Know he's in high spirits because he looks graver than usual, and talks more sententiously.

"JACKSON ought to have gone to the Bar and risen to the Bench," says CHARLIE BERNESFORD, the only passenger from London who doesn't wear a serge suit, abandon braces, and walk about the deck with a slight lurch. "It would be an unspeakable comfort to be sentenced to death by him in that tone of voice and with that manner in which he answers a question as to when he thinks the Second Reading of the Fortingra Oil and Water Bill will be taken, or whether the Tramway (Extension) Bill will come on after twelve o'clock."

Fleet beginning to manoeuvre; expect by-and-by to see one of our ironclads run into another. DUNRAVEN who owns and sails a yacht, says it's very encouraging the way in which your true British ship will go through a colleague if it finds it in the way.

"No nonsense about them, you know. Rip them up, and down they go."

This seems very satisfactory. Don't mind other people paying taxes if we only get our money's worth.

We, I mean our ship, the *Teutonic*—is an armed cruiser. There are two guns of immense calibre on our main quarter-deck, by the mizzen hatchway as you go upstairs. When the Emperor heaves in sight, we think of firing them off.

"Better not," HICKS-BEACH says; "they may burst."

"Tut, tut!" says Admiral ISMAR, Sirdar of the *White Star* Fleet, "that doesn't matter. This ship is built in water-tight compartments." What a pleasure it is to have on board a man who knows every inch of the ship, from beam-end to lee-scupper! We all jeer at HICKS-BEACH, who pretends he was only in fun. But it was a sorry jest.

There go eleven bells. My watch below.

Business done.—Weighed the anchor; found it has lost two stuns in the night. This must be seen to, and at once.

"PULEX IRRITANS."

THAT Man is born to trouble as the sparks do upward fly, Is a truth which few, if any, would venture to deny; For misery's indigenous, whichever way one looks, 'Tis reported in the papers, we read of it in books; But of all the many troubles that, by right of birth, are Man's, Not one can hold a candle to the *Pulex irritans*.



"What cheer, Skipper!"

Above all else to spend each night at least twelve hours in sleep; But all these nice arrangements were completely changed and transmogrified, relentlessly, by the *Pulex irritans*.

The first night that I came here I retired to bed at nine, But sought in vain to find that rest which never can be mine. I tossed and twirled and twisted round, a most unhappy wight, And then I lay upon my back, then turned from left to right; I flung the sheets and blankets off, upsetting jugs and cans, But failed to wreak my vengeance on the *Pulex irritans*.

Upon the beach next morn I sat, a limp and listless wreck, With bloodshot eyes and pimply nose, sore hands and swollen neck; An outcast from society, with none my fate to cheer, Just like a bloated profligate, half dazed by drinking beer; And the girls together whispered, and grinned behind their fans, "That man's been irritated by the *Pulex irritans*."

Three nights in vain I've sought that sleep I came away to get, Three nights I've spent in agonies I never can forget, Three days I've lived in solitude my dismal fate to view, Eschewed by everyone as though I were the Wandering Jew; The very bootblack boycotts me as, horrified, he scans My face exoriated by the *Pulex irritans*.

I cannot stand it any more, I will no longer stay, But pack my carpet-bag at once and fly without delay. I hate to hear the ribald jokes of little vulgar boys, To be the butt of every dunce my troubled soul annoys; But worst of all I dread to hear the girls, behind their fans, Refer with meaning glances to the *Pulex irritans*.

On second thoughts I will not stop to take away my things, As every moment of delay fresh insult to me brings, But hurry to the railway and take an early train, And never, if I know it, shall you catch me back again; My baggage shall be forwarded, packed up in luggage vans, While I flee away to London from the *Pulex irritans*.

We may be stung by hornets or tormented by a gnat, Be bitten by a rabid dog, be scratched by savage cat; The blur-eyed bull may toss us high, bold robbers may garrote, We may be drawn and quartered, hanged, guillotined, or shot; But these are trifles merely, such as scarcely change our plans, And can't compare in horror with the *Pulex irritans*.

I came down to the sea-side for the rest I sorely need, To loll upon the sandy shore or wander through the mead, To idly throw such pebbles, as are light, into the deep,



DOMESTIC TRAGEDIES.

IS IT TOTAL RUIN, IS IT A SUDDEN AND TERRIBLE BEREAVEMENT, THAT HAS PLUNGED THE BROWNS INTO THIS STATE OF DESPAIR? NO; BUT THE TIME HAS COME TO CHOOSE A SEA-SIDE RESORT FOR THE AUTUMN, AND EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY PREFERS—A DIFFERENT PLACE!

THE LION AND HIS FRIENDS (!)

A MODERN VARIANT OF AN ANCIENT APOLOGUE.

Mr. Punch loquitur:—

No, *Æsopus*, old boy, this is not *exactly* an illustration of your own world-renowned fable. *PUNCHIUS*, the Wise Man of London (where are the other Six?) who loves you, has here taken a slight liberty with your ancient apologue to adapt it to modern circumstances. The bearings of it lie in the application.

The Old Lion? Yes! But this is the Grand Old Lion, by no means "worn out with years," and as to lying "stretched upon the ground utterly helpless," well, does he look like it? Standing there, at the entrance to his well-loved cave, with lifted head, flashing eyes, and bristling mane, Leo hardly seems a creature to be trifled with. Not *rampant* exactly. Only asses ramp nowadays, save in heraldry. But decidedly *regardant*.

Quite a quiet old Lion they thought him, a King of Beasts; yes, but of the modern constitutional sort, unknown when *CÆSUS* was autocrat of Lydia, and *AMASIS* Coptic cook o' the walk, and *PEISISTRATUS* tyrant at Athens. A leader,—yes, as a blind man's dog is his leader, tightly tethered and well within range of the stick.

But, as you say, my *ÆSOR*, even Lions grow old, and kingships become vacant, and possible reversions of crowns and revenues, of place and power and pomp, haunt the imaginations of aspirants in the year of grace 1889, as they did five hundred years or so B.C.

What more natural then than that the other animals, the pick of them at least, should have their eyes upon Grand Old Leo? Kingship, such as it is, nowadays is not of necessity restricted to the line of Lions, or even to asses in lions' skins. Other animals may perchance have what is termed "a look in"—if they look out. And *don't* they?

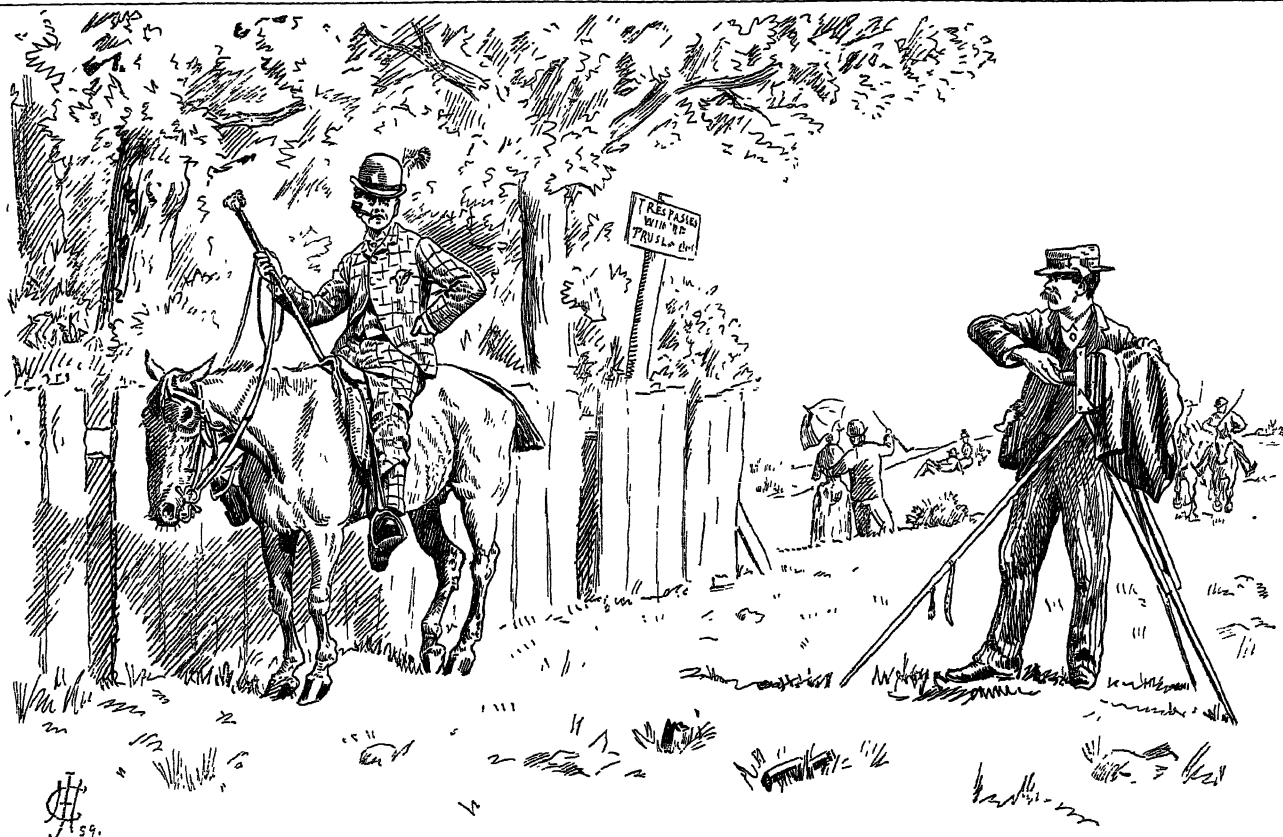
The Elephant, for instance! A ponderous brute, doubtless, as little leonine as may be, but with a keen eye, a flexible trunk, tremendous tusks, and a power of trumpeting perhaps unparalleled. In default of a successor in the true line—Lions are getting scarce—who would look better at the head of the animal host, than he?

Who? The reply of the Wolf would be cautious, but unmistakable. *Lupus* flatters himself that Leo loves—and trusts—him decidedly more than he does that ponderous pachyderm. "Jumbo," courtier-like and laudatory as he has seemed of late, has been known in by-gone days to turn upon the Grand Old Lion—a little prematurely, as it happened, but with unmistakable vigour and viciousness. Whereas *Lupus*'s loyalty to Leo has, up to now, been unquestionable, whilst if Leo has not taken a tip or two from *Lupus* in matters of policy, *Lupus* has been much maligned. True, *Lupus* is suspected of being a trifle more predatory in his tendencies than the heavy, but affable and strictly graminivorous *Elephas*. His "sombre" acquiescence in the more sanguinary excesses of carnivora on the war-path has a little perturbed the milder brutes. So much so, that even the once ruthlessly ravaging Leopard—(who, however, is suspected of a desire to "change his spots," and loll among the lilies, who toil not nor spin)—even the once rampant, ransom-demanding Leopard has rounded on him as a naughty omnivorous Nihilist. But then the jealousy between the Wolf and the Leopard is of long standing. The Leopard, as a genuine, if small-sized feline, once looked upon the reversion of Leo's kingdom as unquestionably his own. But Leo, so it is reported, rather snubbed the Leopard, and made a confidant and court-favourite of *Lupus*. So the Leopard revolted, some little time since, and what his particular little game now is, save to make things particularly unpleasant for Leo and his followers all round, is not too apparent. But *Lupus*, if a sombre, is a very superior creature, and many have highly fancied his chances—himself probably amongst them.

But *Asinus*? Ha! ha! A little time ago how all the more "serious" brutes would have laughed at the idea of *his* aspirations to leadership! Like the American 'Coon, he has always been "an amooosin' Cuss," with any quantity of cynical "cussedness," too. Unlike the misguided "Moke" in your other fable of "The Ass and the Lap-dog," my *ÆSORUS*, this particular and unusually gifted "Jerusalem" has succeeded in "sporting and gambolling about, caressing and fawning upon his master in a thousand amusing ways," without incurring ridicule or the stick, though *not* without smashing a little crockery now and again.



THE LION AND HIS FRIENDS (!)



A BANK HOLIDAY STUDY.

"NOW, GOVERNOR, SING OUT 'TALLYO!' AND 'E'LL THINK IT'S THE 'OUNDS."

But an Ass—even an Apuleian Golden Ass—Leader in succession to so authentic a Leo? Absurd! And yet behold him! Your Fox "beginning to think himself as good a beast as the Lion his master, begged to be allowed to hunt the game instead of finding it." He came to grief. Will Asinus? Neddy has notions of his own. One seems to be that Leo is a little out of it lately, and may be, let us say, calcitrated—cautiously—with no great danger. So he lifts up his voice—and his heels. Elephas is agitated, Lupus looks in a dilemma. It won't do to follow this audacious Asinus too far. But neither will it quite do to lag behind and allow him the credit of a possible success. "Hehaw!" A strident, unmusical voice, but he lifts it; an ungainly prance, but he makes it. Little taste, perchance, but some appearance of pluck. This particular Ass is obviously no "donkey." Altogether, it is exceedingly awkward—for Elephas and Lupus in particular. As for Leopard, "he larfs, he du," which makes it worse. But Leo looks up. His glance is a little alarming, and—by Jove! yes, that is the old resonant roar that so often has shaken the forest and made his foes shiver. The sound makes Elephas "sit up." It even spoils the confident kick of Asinus, converts it into a sort of spasmodic jerk. As for "Jacko," he runs up a tree.

An amusing tableau as it stands! And the issue? Well, my Asor, we all know what became of those who went out to divide the Lion's skin before the demise of the Lion!

THOROUGHLY IN THEIR ELEMENT.—It was a happy thought of the Admiralty to "place" Lord Mayor Torpedo and his following at the Naval Review. The City of London is accustomed to being "quite at sea."

WHO CARES?

(New Version of Dibdin's old ditty, improvised at Spithead, Saturday, August 3, 1889.)

If old-fashioned croakers, to common sense strangers

Curse Britain's unfortunate stars,
Why, it isn't like that with old Ocean's free rangers

Old England's invincible tars.
What odds an oak hull or a huge iron "whacker,"

Or whether we're bound here or there?
Give him sea-room, good fellowship, grog and tobacco

And, hang it, if JACK much cares *where*!

Your stupid old Quidnuncs, to hear them all clatter,

On JACK's ears extremely doth jar.
They, who don't know torpedoes from marling-spikes, chatter

About and concerning of War. [bing,
In an Iron-clad boxed or in timber hulk tub—
With duty JACK's proud to comply;

So he gives but the foes of Old England a drubbing.

Why, hang it, if JACK will care *why*!

Just look at that five miles of spankers, all lying

Along near the thronged Portsmouth shore,
With guns all a banging, and bunting all flying,

And Princes and ladies galore!

'Tain't quite as was pictured in DIBDIN's effusions;

But couldn't they *fight*? Just a few!

And whether 'tis Frenchies, or Rooshians, or Prooshians,

Why, dash it, if JACK will care *who*!

There's Emperor WILLIAM our battle-lines twiggig.

There's steel, Sir, in kelson and rib,
In hulls, and in turrets, in guns, decks, and
How like you the cut of our jib? [rigging.

There's the "tight little island;" *these* are to defend her,

Should anyone into her pitch;
Or call on her what our sires won to surrender;
And, hang it, if JACK bothers *which*!

Take a squint down the lines. Don't this show BULL's still living?

Our Fleet, boys,—I fancy 'twill serve,
And a rare good account of itself 'twill be giving.

As JACK runs his eye round the curve
Of the huge iron squadrons all lying together,
A-taunto from stern-post to bow;

He thinks "These will face any foe and all weather!"

And, dash it, if JACK troubles *how*!

Don't patter of England decaying or dying,—
Raven-croakers such racket *will* keep.

What argues funk whilst our flag is still flying,

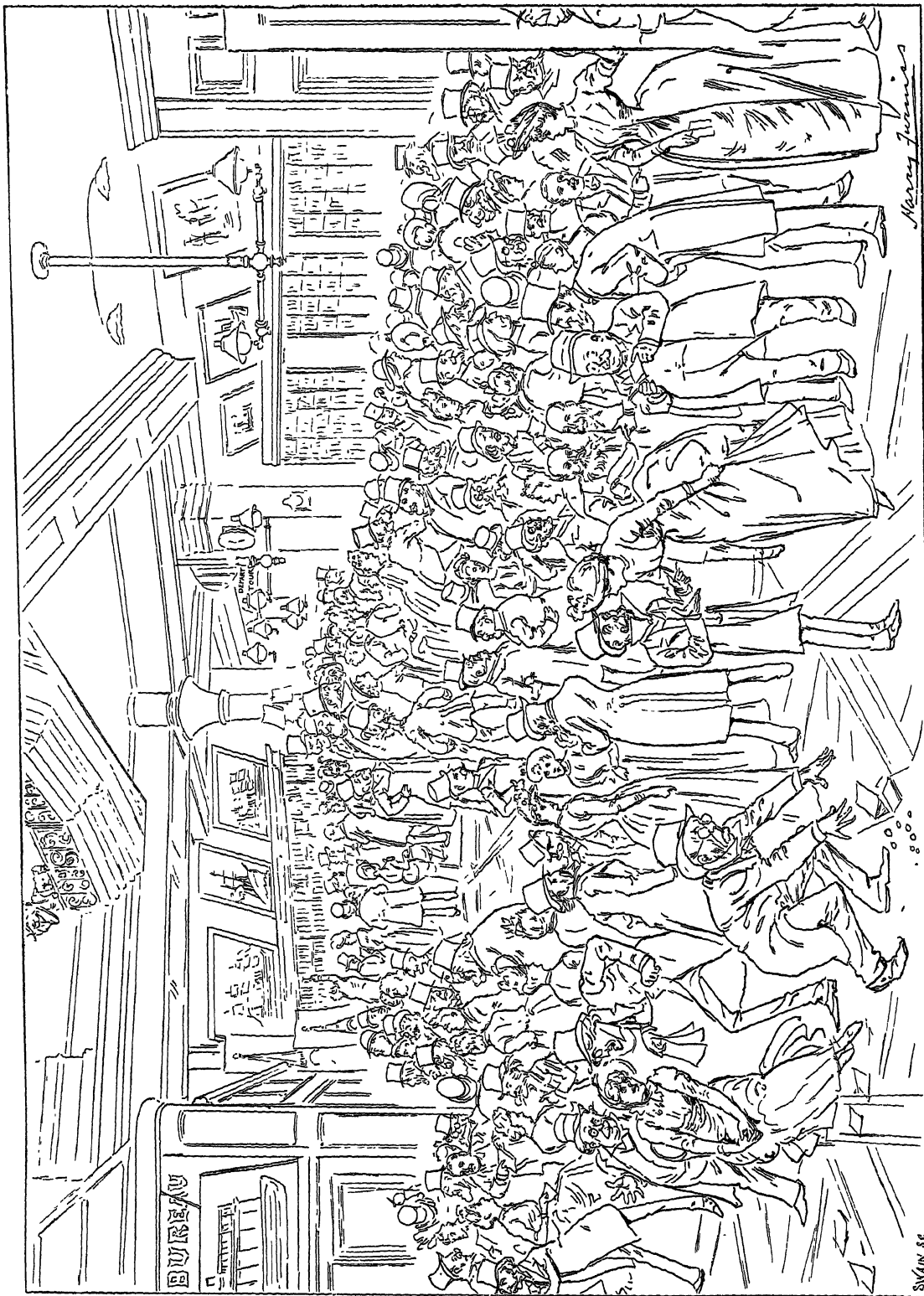
And all those big hulls throng the deep?
Of one thing I'm certain, when England's found calling

At need on her Fleet—and her Men,
They will not take long, lads, the foe overhauling;

And, cuss it, if JACK much cares *when*!

LATEST FROM THE "LIVERY" STABLE.—It is said that the Hon. Artillery Company is to supply the mounted guard to the German Emperor at Aldershot. Surely, with all our splendid Cavalry, we might have given his Majesty something better than an escort of H.A.C.'s!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 76.



COOK'S TOURIST OFFICE.

"Drawn Out" by Our Special Artist.

VOCES POPULI.

FREE SPEECH.

SCENE—An Open Space. Rain falling in torrents. An Indignation Meeting is being held to protest against the Royal Grants. The Chairman presides at a small portable reading-desk, generally alluded to as "The Nostrum;" a ring of more or less Earnest Radicals, under umbrellas, surround him. Speakers address the Meeting in rapid succession; a Man with a red flag gives it a sinister wave at any particularly vigorous expression. Her Gracious Majesty the Queen is repeatedly described as "this mis-rubble ole bein'"; an Archbishop is invariably mentioned as an "Arch-rogue," while the orators and the audience appear from their remarks to be the only persons capable of worthily guiding this unhappy Country's destinies. Policemen in couples look on from a distance and smile indulgently.

An Orator (bitterly). The weather is against us, Feller Republikins, there's no denyin' that. As we were tramping along 'ere, through the mud and in the rain, wet to the skin, I couldn't 'elp remarking to a friend o' mine, that if it had been a pidging-shootin' match at Urlingham, or a Race-meeting at Haseot, things 'ud ha' been diff'rent! Ther'd ha' bin blue sky and sunshine enough then. Well, I 'spose hany weather's considered good enough for the likes of hus! Hany weather 'll do for pore downtrod slaves to assert their man'ood and their hindependence in! (Cries of "Shame!") Never you mind—hour turn 'll come some day! We shan't 'alway be 'eld down, and muzzled, and silenced, and prevented uttering the hindignation we've a right to feel! (Bellowing.) We shall make our voices 'eard one day! But I'm reminded by my friend as I've got to keep to the pint. Well (he composes his features into a sneer) I'm told as 'ow 'Er Most Gracious Madjesty—"Booing" from Earnest Radicals—"Er Most Gracious Madjesty—as she calls 'erself—as put by a little matter of a millun an' a 'arf—since she came to the Throne. Now, Feller Republikins, that millun an' a 'arf 'as come out of your pockets!

Several Persons (who do not look as if they paid a heavy Income-tax). 'Ear 'ear!

Orator. Yes, it belongs to the People—ah! and you've a legal right to demand it back—a legal right! And I ask you—if that millun and a 'arf of money was to be divided among the Toilers of London ter-morrow—'ow many Hunemployed should we see? (Crowd deeply impressed by this forcible argument.) Yet we're arst to put our 'ands in our pockets to support the Queen's children!

A Gentleman with very short hair. Shame—never! [Puts his hand in somebody else's pocket by way of emphasising his declaration.]

Orator. Feller Republikins, if a Queen don't do the work as she's paid for doin' of, what ought to be done with 'er? I put it to you!

A Very Earnest Radical. The Scaffold!

[Looks round nervously to see if a Policeman is within hearing.]

A Fat Lady (who has been ejaculating, "Oh, it is a shame, it is!" at every fresh instance of Royal expenditure). Well, I must say that's rather strong langwidge!

Another Orator. Gentlemen, I regret to say that, on this monstrous fraud and attempted imposition known as "The Royal Grants Bill," Mr. GLADSTONE voted with the Government. [Frenzied applause.]

Orator (puzzled). Yes, Gentlemen, I am here to state facts, and I am ashamed to say, that on this single occasion Mr. GLADSTONE went wrong. [Shouts of "No! No!"]

A Fervid Gladstonian (waving his umbrella). Three cheers for Mr. GLADSTONE, what-ever he does!

[The Crowd join in heartily: Orator decides to drop the point, particularly as it does not seem to affect the Meeting's condemnation of the principle of the Bill.]

An Irish Patriot. I've often hard tell, Gintlemen, of a certain stra-ange animal they carl a "Conservative Warkin-Man" (Roars of laughter.) A Warkin-Man a Conservative! Why, bliss me sowl, the thing's absurd! There niver was such a purrson in this Ward. A Conservative Warkin-Man! why—(takes refuge in profanity.) If there was, why don't we iver hear 'um in an assembly of this sort? Why hasn't he the common manly courage to come forward and defend his opinions? We'd hear 'um, Gintlemen. It's the proud boast of Radicals and Republikins that they'd give free speech and a fair hearin' to ivery man, no matter h'what his opinions are, but ye 'll niver see 'um stip forward at ahl—and h'why?

A Decent Mechanic. Well look 'ere, mate, I'm a Conservative Working-Man, if ye'd like to know, and I ain't afraid to defend my opinions. Come now!

The Chairman (somewhat taken aback). Well, Friends, while I conduct this chair, I can promise this man a puffyckly fair 'earin', and I'm sure you will listen to him patiently, whatever you may think of his arguments. (Cries of 'Ear—'ear! "Fair play hall the world hove!" "We'll listen to him quiet enough!") First of all, I must be satisfied that our Friend is what he professes to be. We want no Sham Workin'-men 'ere. [Brandishes a foot-rule in evidence of the genuineness of his own claims.]



A MODERN WAIST.

Jones (to himself, as he offers Miss Vane a cup of tea and some strawberries). "BY JOVE! SHE TAKES 'EM—SHE'S GOING TO SWALLOW 'EM! BUT WHERE SHE 'LL PUT 'EM—GOODNESS KNOWS!"

The D. M. Am I a Workin'-Man? Well, I've made ladies' boots at sixpence a hour for three years—d' ye call that bein' a Workin'-Man? I've soled and 'eeled while you wait in a stall near Southwark Bridge seven year an' a 'arf! Praps you 'll call that a Workin'-Man? (Cries of "Keep to the Point!") Oh, I'll keep to the point right enough. There's this Irishman here been a tellin' of you 'ow wrong it is to turn his countrymen out of their 'ouses when they don't pay their rent. Ain't we turned out of our 'ouses, if we don't pay ourn? 'Oo snivels over hus?

The I. P. No personalities now! It's my belief ye're a Landlord yerself! [Uproar.]

The D. M. I told yer ye wouldn't 'ear me now!

A Socialist (in a stentorian voice). Feller Demmercrats, as an ex-Fenian and an ex-Convict, I implore you—give this man a hearin'!

The D. M. Then about this Royal Grant. (Cries of "Shut up!" "Go 'ome!" "Don't tork nonsense!") If you're going to 'ave a King and Queen at all—(Cries of "We ain't! Down with 'em!") Ah, then I 'spose you're going to put up fellers like 'im (pointing to the Socialist), and 'im (pointing to Chairman), and 'im! [Uproar.]

The Socialist. Fellow-Citizens, I appeal to you, give this man rope—he's doing our work splendidly!

The D. M. Well, all I've got to say is—(Shouts of "Get down!") Yells and booing.) Oh, you won't tire me out that way. All I can say is, I'd a precious sight rather—

The Chairman (excitedly). Fellow citizens, we've listened to this man long enough—these sentiments are an insult to the meeting!

[Yells as before.]

The Socialist (extending a billycock hat with a passionate gesture). Feller Demmercrats, if you are earnest, if you are sincere in the indignation, the just hindignation, this man provokes—show it now, by putting money in this 'at for the Plan o' Campaign!

[The storm lulls.]

The D. M. (resuming) I ask every honest man here whether—Chairman (interposing). I think, as our friend here don't seem able to stick to his point, we won't call upon him for any further remarks. [The D. M. is hustled down, amidst derisive cheers and groans; the Socialist ascends the Platform.]

The Socialist. I don't mind tellin' yer, friends and feller citizens, that in the late election in Heast Marylebone, I used all my influence—(cheers)—all my influence to deter men from voting for your Radical candidate. (Sensation, and a cry of "More shame for yer!") Ah, I did, though, and I'd do it agin, and I'll tell yer for why. I ate yer Tories, but if I'm to be it a blow in the face, I don't like it done behind my back. (Cheers.) And your precious Liberals and Radicals, they're worse nor hany Tories, and for this reason—(with a penetrating glance)—they're more hinvicious! Ah, that's it, they're more hinvicious! Traitors, hevery man jack of 'em! [And so on, concluding with denunciations of all "sending round the 'at," and appeals for contributions to the Plan of Campaign. Meeting dissolves with three cheers for the coming Republic from the victims of a Tyrannous System of Repression of Opinion.]

"A PUFF OF WYND-HAM."

DURING the past week the "many-headed" have crowded the Criterion, and have thus kept up the average in capities lessened by the appearance of

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM as the Headless Man. Certainly the popularity of the Manager of the subterranean theatre has not suffered by his change of line. Excellent as he may be, and undoubtedly is, as *David Garrick* and *John Mildmay*, no one can touch him as *Sam Hadley*. There has been nothing to approach it since *SOTHERN* was at his best in *Lord Dundreary*. It is a great pity, therefore, that



The Headless Man.

Mr. WYNDHAM is bound for America, and consequently that Londoners will have to wait until his Transatlantic trip is over before they can go in their hundreds and thousands to see one of the most amusing pieces of modern times.

But, perhaps, after all, the *relâche* may have its compensating advantages, as possibly when he does return ("he will return, we know him well"), he may be able to show us the play with an improved cast. At the Criterion last week it was not altogether satisfactory. Mr. GEO. GIDDENS was decidedly good, and Mr. W. BLAKELEY was—well, Mr. BLAKELEY, — and Miss F. PAGET was the pick of the ladies. But the rest! No doubt, Mr. STANDING, as standing counsel for the firm (gun purely accidental—shall not occur again), was "conscientious," and did what he could with the part, which, however, did not seem to be much. But then Mr. STANDING is not a LEIGH MURRAY. Again, Mr. J. ANDERSON in the rôle of *Reginald Harcourt* (a dashing young officer ready to elope at a moment's notice and set the LORD CHANCELLOR himself at defiance) was more suggestive (from a military point of view) of a Quartermaster of East-End Volunteers than a Captain of Royal Dragoons. The ladies, too, were not particularly good—in fact, they might have been better—if they had been, in fact, other ladies! Not that they were to be called sticks, although unquestionably numbering in their list a Forrest! But, after all, the piece rested upon the



Giddens the Peerless claims a Peerage.

shoulders of Mr. WYNDHAM, who carried it through with the greatest possible go and animation. However, when Mr. WYNDHAM reappears, it is to be hoped that the cast will be a little more satisfactory. In the meanwhile, the *Headless Man* has everybody's good wishes for his success in America.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Bring me my Books!" said the Baron.—(Ingoldsby slightly altered.)

"One cannot sit content with the belief that the manhood of the whole world has been conquered by a habit invented and propagated by the Red Indian of the American forests!" So protests



Mr. WILLIAM SPENCER PERCIVAL, of H.B.M.'s Civil Service, China, in his very readable book poetically called *The Land of the Dragon*. (The reader will find no drag on him, in perusing that "Record of Boating and Shooting Excursions to the Gorges of the Upper Yangtze.") Mr. PERCIVAL "cannot away with" the idea that the Pipe originated in the West. He opines that "the lotus of Greek and Egyptian lore was, doubtless, the poppy, and the juice was not eaten, but delicately inhaled." "CLEOPATRA, the beauteous Serpent of Old Nile, touched with her lips the diamond-gemmed opium-pipe, as she alternately flouted and lured MARK ANTONY." Perhaps. At any rate, it is a pity Mr. RIDER HAGGARD didn't take that view of it. If his sombre and sanguinary "Royal Egypt," had puffed even a cigarette of lotus-seeds, it might have brightened, or at least soothed her, and made her less disposed to "stick daggers and carving-knives into the gizzards" of all and sundry her slaves and temporary lovers.

Mr. WALTER HAMILTON takes another and easier view of it. In his *Lyttel Parcell of Poems and Parodies in Prayse of Tobacco* (a quaint little volume which all worshippers of the weed should possess) he says, without doubt or demur, "It is almost universally admitted that the primeval smokers of the world were the natives (so-called Indians) of North America, who had been smokers for ages before the discovery of their country by the Spaniards, and who looked upon Tobacco with superstitious awe as a special gift sent by the Great Spirit for their delectation." And then he proceeds to make a very interesting collection of *Poems in Prayse of Tobacco* from many sources, not omitting the repertory of Mr. Punch. By the way, in some lines, quoted from *Punch* of April, 1882 on a collection of "Pipes of all Peoples," made by "one BRAGGE," the bard sings:—

"Here are queer pipes from Burmah and from Java,
From Turkey, Russia, and from far Japan;
Some made of wood, of ivory, of lava;
Some that belonged to pre-historic Man.
From Mexico come pipes of terra-cotta,
That hapless MAXIMILIAN kept awhile,
And 'mid the whole collection, there is not a
Pipe that's more strange than this from near the Nile."

Can the latter perchance have come from the collection of CLEOPATRA herself? At any rate, its existence seems rather to favour the theory, or dream, of Mr. PERCIVAL. The BARON's faithful Co., improvising for the occasion, says:—

"It may be, as PERCIVAL fancies, that Lotus
Was puffed from the lips of the great Coptic Queen;
Or that we of the West were the first to devote us
To Manitú's merciful gift, Nicotine.
But whether 'twas born in 'the Land of the Dragon,'
Or nursed by the Nile till our season was ripe,
As accompaniment to rest, talk, or a flagon,
There's nothing in Nature so good as—a Pipe."

There! Let Messrs. PERCIVAL and HAMILTON put that in their respective pipes and smoke it.

It is, as Sir WALTER SCOTT and CHARLES DICKENS discovered, a more difficult thing to write up to children than down to men and women. Miss MULHOLLAND has discovered the secret in her narrative of *The Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop*. (E. WASHBOURNE.) It is a tale about children for children, and *Little Snowdrop* and her companions really talk as children do; which is not only greatly to their credit, but to that of Miss MULHOLLAND. A nice, wholesome, pretty, graphic story.

Our *Celebrities* this month in the Waléry-Gallery are appropriately the SHAH, an excellent likeness, in company with the Comte de PARIS and the Duke of FIFE, whose appearance is exactly the same as when his Lordship was Earl of that ilk.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

CHORUS OF THE ANTI-FRANCHISE-TO-WOMEN LADIES.

We don't want to vote, but by Jingo when we do,
We send the men, we have the tongues, and use the money too!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



THE MEDICI MACKINTOSH—A SUGGESTION.

OUR MARITIME REPRESENTATIVE ALL AT SEA.

(A Yarn About the Naval Manœuvres.)

PUNCH, MY HEARTY,—You did wisely to ask me to report the Naval Manœuvres for you. You knew well enough that I could distinguish 'between a marlingspike and a top-gallant yard, and was as familiar with the boatswain's whistle of a man-o'-war as a Thames Pilot plying between Cherry Gardens and Battersea Pier.

Well, you will say, What do I think of the Fleet? And if you don't, there will be others who will want to know it; for, mind you, it's valuable. It's not often you can get an old Salt who has been a sailor, man and boy, for more than a quarter of a century! So, when you do get such a one, why, hold on to him, and hear what he has to say.

But just let me tell you I am doing you credit, and may be taking credit at your tailor's. It was not likely that a veteran sea-horse like myself would disgrace you, so I have togged myself out in full rig, and those who march the quarter-deck imagine that I am a German Admiral of the Fleet, or perhaps a Russian, or may be a Portuguese. As for me, I pretend I can't speak English, and consequently can pick up a wrinkle as easy as a gunner's mate hoisting up a hammock to the mainstays of the captain's gig. For you see they do not make any mystery before me, looking upon me as it were as an ignorant foreigner who 'knows nothing about his own country and less about theirs! "Mossoo," said the Admiral, "parley voo Italiano or Dutch?"

"Nong Comprenny," I replied; and, after that, I was free of the ship.

And now for the Fleet—how about the ships? Well, first, there's the *Northumberland*, as nice a piece of iron as you would like to see on a summer trip up to Henley. She is commanded by BAIRD, known throughout the Service as "the Early BAIRD," on account of that brilliant bit of work (was it in the Baltic?) on board H.M.S. *Worm*. Next there's the *Anson*, named after a well-known actor now starring in Australia, and appropriately commanded by IRVINE, who, although I believe he plays *Macbeth* as well as any Tar afloat, must not be confounded with IRVING of the Lyceum. D'ye see, one spells his name with an "e," the other with a "g."

Then there's the *Collingwood* (made of iron), and the *Camperdown* (as light as a feather), and the *Inflexible* (which frequently doubles up), and the *Devastation* (which has made a big hole in the Navy Vote), and a lot of others. And what do I think of them all? Well, I should say much the same as the foreigners do—that we might just hold our own (with luck) against—say, the French or the Russians singly; but if so be they combined, that we might get blown out of the water before we knew where we were—unless, indeed, all our ironclads sank on their own account first, before the enemy could get at them (and more unlikely things than that might happen). If you don't believe me, just you read the papers. And now I shall not give you much more, for when we are manœuvring it's like a lazy landlubber to blab out the secrets of the gun-room's mess. Moreover, as it is going to begin to blow, I think, with your permission, I will go down-stairs! I don't feel very well!

Hurriedly Yours,

Mid Ocean, *Britannia's Realm*.

A VERY OLD SAILOR.

GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON.

(Communicated by our Special "Spook," believed to be in the confidence of the Shade of Præd.)

GOOD NIGHT to the Season! 'Tis over!
As good as defunct, anyway.
DUMFEE has sky-dunked, *viâ* Dover,
And CRAMBO is off to Cathay.
There's nobody left, worth a button,
In either the Row or the House.
Pall Mall is as chill as cold mutton:
A sputter at Portsmouth or Cowes
Won't keep up the quidnunc's enjoyment;
The penny-a-liner run's dry,
Or finds but a fleeting employment
In prattling of toffs on the fly.

Good night to the Season! The lobbies
Are thinning; St. Stephen's is left
To rowdies and riders of hobbies,
And boobies of manners bereft.
The Oirishman fitfully thunders
With eloquent anger, half sham,
Of the Marquis's eloquent blunders,
And BALFOUR's base battering-ram.
Denouncings of rents and evictions,
Packed juries, and patriots in thrall,
Couched all in the dullest of dictions,
Proceed, like the Clock, but that's all.

Good night to the Season! The Galleries,
Burlington, Grosvenor, and New,
Are shut up, like Diner-out's railerries,
Beauty's no longer on view.
No longer Lord's glitters with ladies,
"Swell" cricket like salmon is "hoff";
Young Cambridge is flirting in Cadiz,
Young Oxford is practising Golf.
And Damon is sketching in Venice,
And Pythias lonely must sup,
And RENSHEW's still Champion at Tennis,
And Trayles carried off the Gold Cup.

Good night to the Season! Sensations
About a new scandal or song;
The "movements" of militant nations,
Or highly-born turfites gone wrong;
To marriages royal and dual;
To great Golden Weddings and Fights;
Mysterious murders that shook all
Men's hearts on their couches o' nights;
To tall things in stories, and scoring,
To big things in Bridges and Towers;
To fortunes, and parachutes, soaring,
And Bull-fights and Battles of Flowers.

Good night to the Season! It tickles
Old Time on his rounds to reflect
That e'en NASR-ED-DIN and young NICKALS
Oblivion in time must expect.
Old Edax devours saints and sinners,
And quickly the memory dulls
Of those who by heads have been winners,
And those who've been winners by sculls.
Little further Wit's record-book reaches
Than tales of the prigs and the bores;
The fame of one W. G.'s speeches
Than that of another's big scores.

Good night to the Season! Another
Will come with its GLADSTONE and
GRACE.

This is gone with its swelter and smother;
I'm off now—to angle for dace.
A punt out at Pangbourne, a pitcher
Of amber-hued ale and a pipe!
Will the next find me poorer or richer?
That question for settling's unripe.
Why seek to "proticipate?" SAIREY,
Sententious old humbug, was right.
It's a "Wale," and things do go "con-
trairey."

Good night to the Season—good night!

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE HORNPipe AS NEW
NAUTICAL DANCE FOR THE BRITISH NAVY.—
The Break-down.

THE UNITED SERVICES; OR L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

"Germany has an army equal to her wants, and if the British nation has a fleet equal to its requirements, it will be regarded by Europe generally as a most important factor for the maintenance of peace."—*The Emperor of Germany at Cowes.*



SCENE—Cowes, after the Royal Yacht Squadron Dinner. Enter jovially Our latest Admiral and a Royal Colonel.

Our Latest Admiral (sings):—

"How blest are we seamen! how jovial and gay!
Together we fight, or together we play.
Our hearts are true sterling,—their worth shall be seen
We'll fight for our Country, and die for our QUEEN!"

Give me a light, Prince!

Royal Colonel. Certainly. (Does so.) But—puff! puff!—how patly you've got our nautical patter. Shouldn't wonder if you could pipe us "Poor Jack" or "The Sailor's Journal."

Our Latest Admiral. An Admiral of the QUEEN'S NAVEE who didn't know his DIBDIN would be a duffer.

Royal Colonel. Well, anyhow, you look "Every Inch a Sailor."

Our Latest Admiral. Quite so.

"A sailor's life is the life for me,
(Especially at Royal Yacht Club dinners, d'ye see.)
On the books of the Squadron I've inscribed my name,
And Prince HENRY, my 'illustrious brother's' done the same.
And you toasted me, and I toasted you,
And as messmates now we'll rollick—well, 'till all is blue.'"

Royal Colonel. Blue should certainly be your colour, Admiral;

and, as to the uniform, it suits you "down to the ground," as our philologists say.

Our Latest Admiral. Well, you don't look bad in *yours*, my Colonel. Aha! (*Sings*)—

"Now, Emperors all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your souls are not fettered to a landsman's togs,
If you'd like to haul your slacks, have a taste for
girls and grogs;

Stick close to BRITANNIA and to Grandmamma V.
And she'll make you an Admiral of the Queen's
Navee!"

Royal Colonel. What, GILBERT, too! You must have been reading up for your new part. Well, with a knowledge of "*Poor Jack*," and "*H.M.S. Pinafore*," you'll pass muster anywhere. Very touching little reminiscence, that of yours, Nephew, about your youthful yearnings for Membership of the R.Y.S., realised to-day so happily. Quite like young DICKENS and Gadshill, you know.

Our Latest Admiral. Yes, or WILSON BARRITT and Hamlet, eh, Uncle?

Royal Colonel. Another light, Emperor-Admiral?

Our Latest Admiral. Thanks, Prince-Commodore-Colonel!

Royal Colonel. Ah, yes. I'm a Commodore, too—if it comes to that. (*Sings*)—

"This is no time for a seaman to skulk
Under gingerbread hatches ashore!
In a dandy yacht, or a huge war-hulk,
At need I could figure once more.
Press-puppies as they pass
May cock a squinting-glass,
And run down the Young Commodore:—
He's a staunch Young Commodore,
A tough Young Commodore,
A fighting Young Commodore, he!
And he hasn't any doubt,
If they called the Navy out,
They would always find him trim and fit for sea."

You see our National Nautical Muse is no stranger to me, either,—though she's more in ALFRED's line, perhaps. As to Prince HENRY, with his "*Jack forward as well as aft*," and "*We all love Jack*," why, he made all the Jacks love him at once.

Our Latest Admiral. Well, yes. I think HENRY, "took the cake,"—as your philologists put it. I hope we shall enjoy ourselves as much at Aldershot as we have at Portsmouth and Cowes.

Royal Colonel. Humph! "Our poor little Army," as the Poet Laureate once called it, is perhaps—

Our Latest Admiral. Like our poor little Navy, excellent—as far as it goes, eh, *mon Prince*? Well, well, your Fleet is, as I said, post-prandially perhaps, but sincerely, "the finest in the world," whilst our Army is "equal to our wants"—for the present anyhow. Hope OTTO won't object to that remark as too panglossian. You in German military uniform, and I as a British Admiral, ought to be "a most important factor for the maintenance of peace," eh, Uncle?

Royal Colonel. As I said. "I trust the great German Army and the Fleet we reviewed yesterday will tend to preserve the peace of the world." In fact, if armies and navies could preserve it, Peace ought to be as safe as—as an Admiral's sea-legs, let us say.

"If you love me as I love you,

What change can come betwixt us two?"

as the old rustic posy-rings put it.

Our Latest Admiral. And very prettily, too, Prince. I'll tell BISMARCK and MOLTKE. Sure they'll rejoice in the *entente cordiale* neatly summarised in that couplet. Don't know that they care much for poetry, but they both like pith. Now I must be getting back to the *Hohenzollern*. But if, in our respective uniforms, we do not, in an extended sense, symbolise "The United Services," I'm a—Frenchman! *Au revoir!* [*Exeunt severally.*



PORTRAIT

OF THE FAIR MRS. B. AS SHE SITS DREAMILY WAITING HER HUSBAND'S RETURN HOME.
[N.B.—The Slippers belong to Mister B., who is a Gentleman of magnificent Proportions.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELEPHANT RAISING.—It was certainly a happy thought of yours to bring the elephant, presented to you, as a parting *souvenir*, by the Rajah of Gobo, and with which you wished to surprise your Uncle on his birthday, down to his place by the excursion train you mention, especially as the Company seem to have been satisfied with your explanation that he was your "luggage," and charged the creature only at the rate of a single fare in consequence. Still your anxiety to "produce an effect" with him on his entrance having resulted in his going through the dining-room floor, carrying your Uncle and the five guests whom he was entertaining all together along with him into the wine-cellar, where he now appears to be imbedded,—you must not be surprised that your Uncle's temper was somewhat ruffled at the incident. In getting the Vicar and the fifty villagers to which you allude to endeavour to haul the creature out with ropes, you are no doubt on the right tack, but as they appear to have been endeavouring to move him from one o'clock in the morning to three the next afternoon, without, however, any result, it will perhaps be simpler to pull down the front of the house as you suggest, and make a passage for his exit by blowing up the adjacent lawn with gunpowder. A little lighted under the elephant himself might assist him by giving him an impetus. Have you tried this? Yes, if your Uncle turns "nasty," as you fear he may, not seeing the thing from your point of view, certainly put the whole matter into the hands of a Solicitor and there leave it.

FALCONRY FOR BEGINNERS.—Having purchased your hawks, as you say, "young and wild," you had better quickly procure some shilling Hand-book, and set about training them. We do not know much about it, but believe you have to strap their legs, and attach a dinner-bell to them, attracting the birds to their feeding-place by a steam-whistle or fog-horn. Your notion of "accustoming them to try their wings" in the Reading-Room of the British Museum, if practicable, is quite admirable. The apartment is sufficiently large to enable you to test them thoroughly, and if the *habitués* are disturbed, it will only show that their work cannot be of sufficient importance to monopolise their attention. If the birds attack the officials in the centre desk, the incident should cause almost endless amusement. Your idea of practising them on the fowls in your next-door neighbours' poultry-yard is also excellent. You appear to have got "fresh" birds, of the right sort, from the fact you mention of one of them swooping down on the local milkman as he was coming on his rounds; still, it is awkward that the creature should have pecked a piece out of his ear; and we should really not be surprised if you were to hear more of the matter. We think the birds should be fed on tinned lobster; but ask any pork-butcher.

RATHER TOO HOT FOR HIM!

(A London Resident's View of Paris.)



Le Brav' Général (loquitor). "WELL, ALL THINGS TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION, PERHAPS I AM BETTER OFF WHERE I AM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 5.—Fancy very few people have heard of DUNRAVEN's little achievement. Beats the record in the yachting world. Yesterday afternoon I saw him at Spithead, skimming over sapphire sea in the *Valkyrie*. This afternoon, at five o'clock, he was at Westminster moving his amendment to Cruelty to Children Bill. It was after four o'clock when he put up the helm at Spithead, and bore away East-by-North-half-East; passed Beachy Head running free; fluttered by Dungeness; rounded South Foreland; ditto the North Foreland; sighted the mouth of the Thames at half-past two this afternoon; ran up with bellied sail and jumped ashore on the steps at Westminster just as Lords were going into Committee on Bill! This is brief outline of log of *Valkyrie* on wonderful voyage. Hope it will be published in full. Nothing more interesting or more thrilling in yachting records.

A full House; Archbishop of Canterbury, in nice white surplice, read long sermon directed against employment of children on the stage. Something like tremor passed along Episcopal Bench when Primate disclosed alarming familiarity with stage affairs; talked quite trippingly about KATTI LANNER, rehearsal, performance, wings, and flies. Archbishop subsequently privately explained that in performance of his duties had been absolutely necessary to make himself acquainted with these things. Growing coolness thus checked and harmony again prevailed. The Judicious HERSCHELL arranged compromise whereby opposition to DUNRAVEN's proposal so far modified that on a Division it was carried by 31 Votes to 24. GALLOWAY rose to explain that he had voted in the wrong Lobby.

"Don't mention it, my dear Lord," said GRANVILLE, with his sweetest smile. "It's not of the slightest consequence."

In the Commons, SWIFT MACNEILL bubbling with excitement, and struggling with larger and hotter potato than usual in his mouth, wanted to know in what vote in Estimates they would find charge for bathing-ram? Not a difficult question. Had notice been given, and question put in ordinary form, might have been answered right off. But this sudden incursion of spluttering gentleman upset

self-possession of Treasury Bench. First of all wanted to ask CHIEF SECRETARY; CHIEF SECRETARY absent. Then SOLICITOR-GENERAL for IRELAND; SOLICITOR-GENERAL knew nothing about it. Then the SECRETARY to the TREASURY; but MACNEILL, blustering around JACKSON, was something like angry sea beating about Beachy Head. Unmoved, imperturbable, with unhashten speech, JACKSON said he didn't know.

MACNEILL, the potato getting hotter than ever, turned next upon the SPEAKER. SPEAKER blandly pointed out that it was not for him to answer the question. Then MACNEILL flung himself, potato and all, upon broad bosom of OLD MORALITY, "fountain of all knowledge," as he called him.

"The bathing-ram, what of the bathing-ram?" he hoarsely whispered.

"If," said OLD MORALITY, backing out of the warm embrace, "the Hon. Member will give notice of the question, I will endeavour to answer it."

Business done.—Education Votes in supply.

Tuesday.—Whirroo! Erin go bragh!

Ireland once more. BALFOUR moves Constabulary Vote in Committee; Irish ranks close up; the British disappear. GEORGE WYNDHAM and HAYES FISHER, BALFOUR's private secretaries, quietly take up their seats on Bench behind him, with daggers in their boots, resolved to sell his life dearly. For the rest, blank spaces on all the Government Benches. Front Opposition Bench deserted save for HENRY FOWLER, who makes incisive and damaging speech on cost of Irish Constabulary, and SHAW-LEFEVRE, who furnishes BALFOUR with opportunity for one of his stinging remarks,—a passing arrow shot with charming grace and going home with cruel effect. Been loud complaints of employment of Irish Constabulary to dog the footsteps of Members of Parliament visiting Ireland for philanthropic purposes.

"It's an indignity," SHAW-LEFEVRE protested; "an altogether unconstitutional course."

"I am very sorry," said ARTHUR, "that any Member of this House should be subjected to inconvenience on his visits to Ireland, and if the police knew the Right Hon. Gentleman, the Member for Bradford, as well as I do, they would not have taken the trouble to shadow him. But it must be recollected that everybody is not as innocuous as the Right Hon. Gentleman."

Few Ministerialists present shouted with delight. Irish Members groaned in disgust. "Well, they are hard to please, any way," said Sir JAMES CORRY. "If BALFOUR had said that SHAW-LEFEVRE was noxious, there would have been fearful row. He says he's innocuous, and they are equally angry."

Later, row broke out in fresh place. SWIFT MACNEILL, having exhausted his ammunition, gone out to kitchen to get fresh hot potato. T. W. RUSSELL took opportunity in his absence to accuse



Corry-O'lanus.

him of having applied for Government appointments. MACNEILL, apprised of incident, returned in state of tremendous excitement. Could almost see the steam curling about his lips as he challenged RUSSELL for proof. RUSSELL rose to reply, but somehow or other, REDMOND glided into altercation with Chairman. When this finished, HARRINGTON, in equally mysterious manner, had come in contact with the Chair. Members popping up from all sides. ARTHUR BALFOUR, determined not to be out of it, was on his feet at same moment as six other Members.

"Order! Order!" roared COURTNEY.

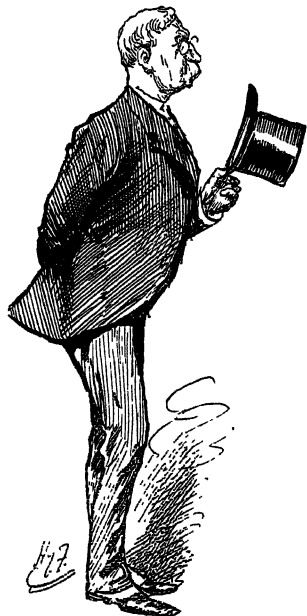
But uproar continued; firing right and left; three-cornered duel in *Midshipman Easy* a perfectly straightforward proceeding compared with this. Lasted several minutes, till, breath being exhausted, uproar subsided; Debate proceeded from point at which incursion of MACNEILL and the hot potato had diverted it.

Business done.—Irish Votes in Supply.



The Valkyrie.

Thursday.—For one mad moment thought these anguished eyes would look upon the Passing of ARTHUR. Turned away shuddering, fearing that when I looked back again I should behold ARTHUR torn to fragments, and OLD MORALITY, sitting beside him on Treasury Bench, dappled with his Gore. All came out of debate on Irish Constabulary Vote. Committee meandered through the night, Members talking against time. So little interest that at one time attempt made to Count Out House.



"Old Pease."

whilst twenty Irish Members surged around him in uncontrollable excitement.

ARTHUR, momentarily losing his temper, impatiently waved his hand towards scene of uproar. HARRINGTON, maddened beyond control, pressed forward till he reached Gangway, striding onward towards the flushed CHIEF SECRETARY. Regardless of expense, he flung his own hat on floor; seemed as if he was about to take off his coat, cross floor, seize CHIEF SECRETARY by the throat; Members seated near clung to his coat-tails; and thus obtaining interval for reflection, he decided to return to his place. Uproar subsided as swiftly as it had commenced, and ARTHUR continued his remarks just as if his life had not been threatened.

Business done.—Irish Constabulary Vote.

Saturday Morning.—The worm will turn at last. OLD MORALITY, sitting all night listening with dulled senses to Irish Members abusing Government, roused just after midnight by hearing HARRY LAWSON complaining of "the underhand and treacherous manner" in which the Machiavellian MEPHISTOPHELES, JACKSON, had dealt with the London County Council, Money (No. 2.) Bill. OLD MORALITY protested. SPEAKER submitted that "underhand" is hardly parliamentary; HARRY LAWSON withdrew; Bill read Second Time, and so home to bed.

Business done.—Irish Constabulary Vote again.

THE FOIL.

The Song of an Old-fashioned Female-worshipper.

[It is said that Fencing is the coming fashion for Ladies.]

AIR—"You'll Remember Me."

| | |
|--|---|
| When ladies' lips and ladies' hearts Shall harden into steel; When maidens playing manly parts For duelling shall "peel"; When pretty girls shall wear a mask Their loveliness to spoil, In such a moment I would ask, Won't you denounce the Foil? | When beauty and fair arms shall fight For some pot-boiling prize, Ah! won't it be a dainty sight To gladden manly eyes? Then in that strange unlvely scene Of fierce unfeminine toil, You'll think of days that once have been, And oburgate the Foil! |
|--|---|

NOT AT HOME.—Now that the Parliamentary vacation is nigh at hand, Hon. Members on all sides rejoice in the anticipation of enjoying the Summer holidays. It may or may not be that the great Liberal Party is dividing and disappearing, but all Parties unquestionably look forward with the greatest pleasure to breaking up and going away. As for the Members personally, although lost in a fog of talk, they won't be missed!

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

NINETEENTH EVENING.

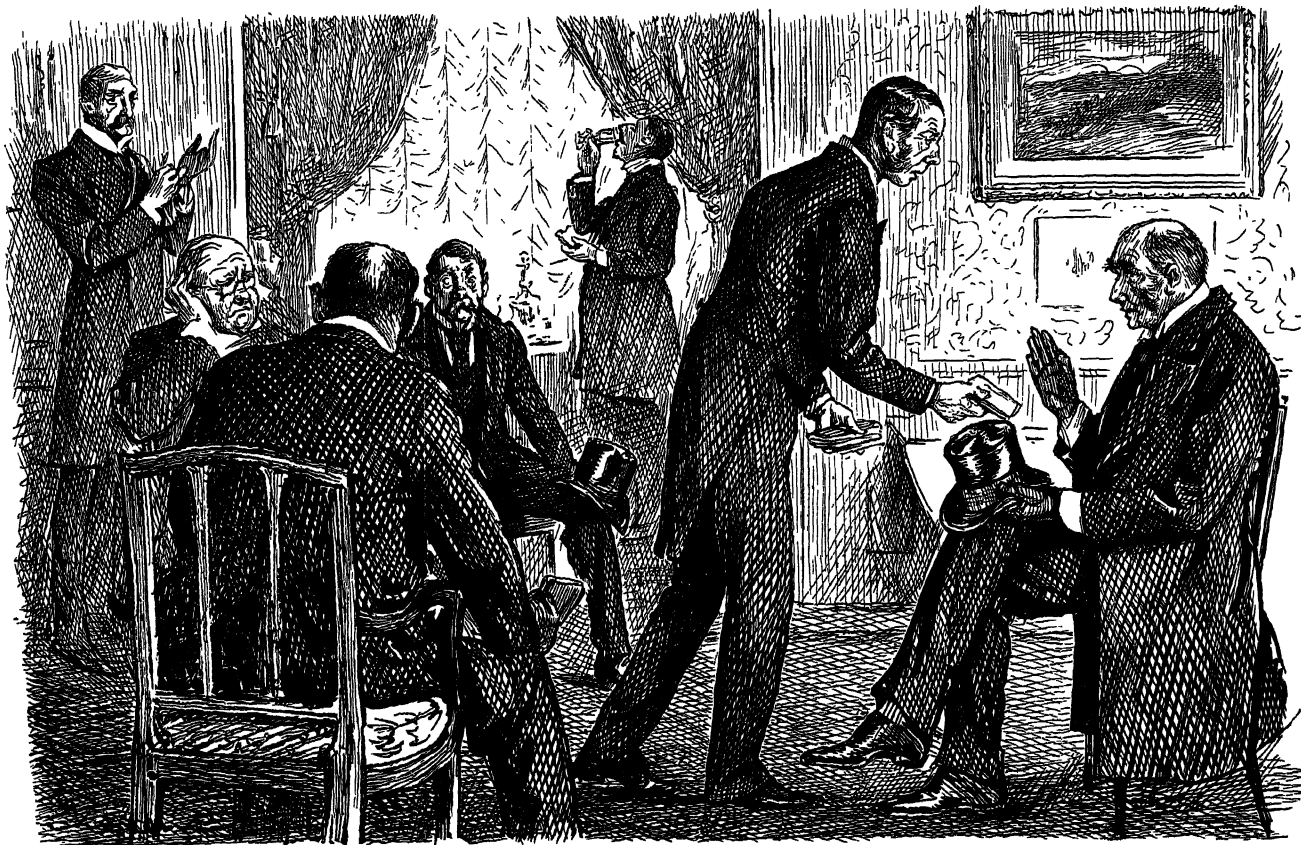
"YESTERDAY," began the Moon, "I saw a man exhibit his skill with the rifle. It was on the stage of one of your places of entertainment. The performance was certainly very wonderful; the shooter pierced cards through the middle, put out candles, and shattered glass balls with hardly a single failure. He would not have missed at all, if the hammer had not fallen too soon now and then, before he could take proper aim. Presently I heard loud joyous barks behind the scenes, and then a great dog, with a magnificent coat of hair and a waving bushy tail, came bounding on to the platform. He was so amiable and friendly that I saw



him, of his own accord, run to the edge of the stage and kiss the leader of the orchestra across the footlights. The leader wiped his mouth afterwards, but I think he was flattered nevertheless. Then they brought a chair, and the Performer ordered the dog to jump upon it, which he did. Then the dog had a band tied over his head with a small cup or socket on it, and in this socket, was placed a glass ball. I saw that the poor animal knew what was coming and secretly dreaded it, though he tried to wag his tail and appear cheerful and indifferent. The Marksman took his aim: Bang!—the dog winced,—for in his heart he was mortally afraid of firearms, but the ball was smashed, and he leaped off the chair barking with relief. However, it was not over yet, though he seemed to imagine so; his master had not done nearly enough to prove how accurate a marksman he was. Again and again, the obedient good-tempered creature mounted the chair, and various articles were put upon his head and shot in pieces with the greatest success, amidst much applause from the audience. For the last feat of all, a candle was to be extinguished. The dog did not like the lighted candle and shook his head impatiently. Ping! That shot was not quite so successful, for, though the candle flickered, it went on burning still. The dog, thinking it was all over, tried to get down, but a sharp order from his master obliged him to put his forepaws on the back of the chair again, and stand there to be shot at once more. Again the Marksman took a careful aim. I don't mind confessing that, hardened old Moon as I am, I would have given anything for a cloud just then—but I had to look on.... Ping! went the bullet for the last time.... Well, you needn't interrupt—there's no occasion to excite yourself," said the Moon, "he extinguished the candle.... Oh, the dog? No, the dog was all right. I don't suppose there was any real danger, or the performance would never have been allowed. Only—I daresay, I'm a dull old luminary and don't understand these affairs—but it did seem to me that if the only object was to show off the cleverness of the shooting, a stuffed dog would answer the purpose quite as well as a live one—perhaps even better. At all events," added the Moon, "it would be fairer if the dog could be trained to take a shot or two at his master's head. But possibly the creature would never consent to endanger the man's life, for he seemed an affectionate animal."

SOMETHING TOO LITTLE.—The innumerable readers of *Punch* at least, that is to say the Public at large, will agree with the *Times* in thinking that among the pensions to larger or smaller amount awarded to meritorious persons or their representatives on the Civil List, there are "some names with which the only fault to be found is, that they are too small. Of this class are the three Misses LEECH, the sisters of JOHN LEECH, who together receive only £180 a year. These sums may be unquestionably set down as pensions of the smaller amount, if not of the smallest, and certainly none too large for three ladies past work, and in very slender circumstances, to subsist upon with any degree of comfort. For that purpose the private and voluntary subscriptions of the deceased Artist's contemporaries could hardly have been expected to be nearly up to the mark. Would Mr. JOHN BULL consider himself in any measurable distance of being ruined if those very poor pittances could be raised to an amount which would suffice their recipients to bless themselves with a little more than the barest necessities of life?

THE PLACE FOR A "ROUND" OF CHEERS.—The "Oval." Especially when Surrey beats Notts.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

Deceased's Butler. "COPY OF BURIAL SERVICE, SIR?"

Local Doctor. "THANKS, NO. I KNOW IT BY HEART!"

"OUT IN THE COLD!"

A Song of the Civil List. AIR—"Whar the Corn-Juice flows."

Paterfamilias sings:—

My Son, before you settle down in life, and make a start,
And fix your choice on Literature, on Science, or on Art,
I have a word to say to you, it will be wise to hear:
For an unlucky genius the prospect's mighty queer.
You'll own that this conviction one's unable to resist;
If you will do as I have done, read down the Civil List.
Some things are illustrated there you really ought to know;
So take stock of the quarters

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

Civil List Pensions were, at first, intended to lend aid
To—well, *not* to the Peerage, or the Services, or Trade.
They have their little pickings in a very many ways,
And get their share of pudding, as a rule, as well as praise;
But writers who have missed their tip, or painters who have failed,
And *savants* upon whom the gifts of life have hardly hailed,
Were thought to have a special claim—but, ah! 'twas long ago!—
Upon official quarters

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

And verily, my hopeful son, the Sciences and Arts
Afford precarious footholds to poor human brains and hearts;
And you to protoplasm or Pelagic lore may yield
Your life, and find those regions far from a Tom Tiddler's field.
You may paint Ideal Pictures to a very great extent,
And find you'll have to die before they'll yield their cent. per cent.,
Like MILLER's canvas marvels; life is short, and fame comes slow,
And *that's* why the fund they started

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

That's why—at least they said so. The endowment of research,
The providing of old Genius, when down, a modest perch
Above the slime of Poverty for its declining days,
Is a thing for which humanity has little else but praise.
But then that's only theory, and theory, you see,
Is grey, as your great GOETHE says, unlike Life's verdant tree.
If you *will* try Fame's steep ascent, all right! but ere you go
Take stock of that queer region

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

It is very curious reading, as the *Times* remarks, this List,
And some singular conclusions one's unable to resist.
Twenty-five thousand annually is not a vast amount
To supply for luckless Genius a charitable fount.
It might keep a Lord-in-Waiting, and a Silver Stick or two,
But the Muses' luckless votaries must be fortunately few
If the valid claims of such of them as fortune has brought low,
Do not absorb the fountain

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

If you chanced to be descendant of a great Ambassador,
Or of Somebody distinguished in Diplomacy or War,
Or a high Police official, you would doubtless get a dip;
Or if your great grandfather was commander of a ship,
Or was murdered in Kamstchatka, or indeed if you should be
An expatriated princeling, who pursued philology,
Then the high Official Wisdom would not probably say No!
If you tried to tap the cistern

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

But if you happened only to be—say a gentle Bard,
Or retiring Scientist, with whom the ways of life went hard,
Or a subtly gifted Artist whom the coteries had ignored,
Or any genius on whom Pactolus had not poured,



“OUT IN THE COLD!”

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY (to *Unfortunate Genius*). “LET ME SEE; CIVIL LIST—LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART! H'M! I'M AFRAID, MY POOR FRIEND, YOU'RE HARDLY ELIGIBLE. YOU'RE NOT A FOREIGN PRINCE, NOR A TITLED POET, NOR THE RELATIVE OF AN AMBASSADOR, OR POLICEMAN—”



A DILEMMA.

"IT'S ALL VERY WELL, MARIA, TO SAY 'HIT HIM;' BUT IF I DO, HE'S PRETTY CERTAIN TO COMMENCE KICKING!"

Then it seems extremely likely that ambas-
sadors and peers,
Or descendants of celebrities who have been
dead for years,
Would crowd you out of any chance of having
a fair go
At that carefully fenced-in fountain
Whence

The Pensions
Flow.

And so, my Son, I fancy you had better just
reflect
On the sort of thing that genius, fate-stricken,
may expect.
If you've only modest merit, and no "private
influence,"
You cannot look for pickings, boy, it stands
to common sense.
Of merit in "the Services," there do not lack
requirers,
But this same Fund established for "poor
artists and poor writers,"
Do you think it is confined to Art and Letters?
Bless you, No!
Wealth, not worth, commands all fountains
Whence

The Pensions
Flow.

CUI BONO?—What did the French Govern-
ment expect to get by appointing a High
Court to try General BOULANGER? They
might have known that the *Brav' Général*,
on trial in his absence, would be tried and—
found wanting!

NUTS FOR THE QUEEN.—When Her MA-
JESTY was declared to be a Colonel!

LORD TENNYSON'S DRAWINGS.

FROM the Return of Civil List Pensions
moved for by Mr. BRYCE, it appears that the
venerable Poet Laureate has been for these
last forty years drawing £200 annually from
the Civil List. This discovery has given an
economical though not ungrudging contem-
porary "a slight shock of surprise." But
what wonder? Many a less accomplished
Artist than Lord TENNYSON would, if he
could get it, be capable of drawing even more
than that.

Certainly it would have been generous of
the Noble Bard if, having made a sufficient
fortune by the sale of his works, he had
volunteered to draw no longer. But then
the money would not have gone into the
empty purse of a poorer poet, but (as the
Saturday Review suggests) "would have
lapsed into the broad bosom of the Exche-
quer." Besides, an ex-Lord Chancellor draws
his thousands—some hundreds, exceeding
two. Should he come into large property,
would he be expected to resign his retiring
pension? He might then set the Lord Poet
Laureate an example of magnanimity. Is it
probable that he would? Very likely.

Impromptu.

On the occasion of the dinner given to Dr. W. G.
Grace, the Champion Cricketer, during the
Canterbury Week, August, 1889.

RIDE by S. E.
To Can-ter-bu-ree,
To give a great dinner to W. G.
He flogs the fasts,
And he leathers the slows,
And piles a big innings wherever he goes!

VENUS POPULARIA.

[One of the Sights of the Paris Exhibition is a
statue of Venus in Chocolate.]

GODDESS who rose from forth the Sea,
And didst not love the domesticities,
To think of thee with toast and tea
Scarce ranks 'midst fancy's fine feli-
The art of Advertising Trade [cities.
Has done a deal our souls to shock o' late.
But Aphrodite unarrayed
Can scarcely come out well in chocolate.
African Venus—one has heard [proper.
That phrase, which sounds a bit im-
Yet in the flesh, 'tis scarce absurd
Although that flesh be hued like copper.
But Chocolate, that mawkish "stodge,"
Which clogs the school-girls' sharp
incisors,
And whose great name we cannot dodge,
Thanks to our mural advertisers!
Chocolate which in *bon-bon* form
Is now indeed the choice of Paris!
Nay, goddess, dainty-hued as warm,
Flushed by the Loves and toned by Charis
In such a shape, so apt to cloy,
The Paphian Queen, the Acidalian,
Would never fire the Phrygian boy,
Or stir the pulses of Pygmalion.
Alas, great goddess, once of Love!
No more she melts to amorous metre,
Her sweetness now mankind will move
Not to adore her, but to—eat her!

UNMERITED ASPERSION.—Lord RANDOLPH
has been described as "a ship without ballast."
Yet his Lordship (the only "ship" in question
with relation to the Turf) must be at least
allowed all due credit for stable equilibrium.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 77.



THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL MINDING THEIR OWN BUSINESS.

PUNCH TO THE POET LAUREATE

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

POET of passion pure and tempered strength,
 Our England's pride in these hysteric days
 Of fevered fancyings, and of fretful lays;
 We bless kind fate that gave thee golden length
 Of life and singing-season. Still sing on!
 Thy manly music ill our hearts can spare,
 Fresh as the balmy breath of English air
 Rolling o'er gardens e'er the rose is gone,
 And mellow as the flutings loud or low
 That haunt the laurels round an English lawn.
 May rosy radiance as of Summer dawn
 Lighten the lingering eve whose footing slow
 Softly approaches such a son of song,
 So loyal, and so reverent, so unstained,
 As since Spring first on English meadows rained
 Largess of blossoms, scarce hath joined our throng
 Of native minstrels. Live! Our restless day
 Beholds no brow so worthy of the bay!

AT BOILING POINT.

A Possible Fragment of Coming History.

"BUT, so far as can be seen, a busy time awaits the steam department on the return of the ships from the Manœuvres, for there is no blinding the fact that no dependence can be placed upon the staying powers of the ships which have been recently added to the Navy. Not only are the *Sharpshooter* and the cruisers of the M Class in a condition of suspended animation, but the *Camperdown*, the *Australia*, and the whole group of ships fitted with double-ended boilers and steel tubes and tube plates, are in a similar state of untrustworthiness. Any of them may be expected to break down when called upon to exert their maximum capacity."—*Naval Intelligence.*

THE Vice-Admiral was pacing nervously up and down his cabin. His costume was peculiar. He wore flannel trousers, and a pale blue dressing-gown, but round his waist was buckled his sword-belt, and his head was covered by the official cocked-hat, indicative of his position in the Service. Those, however, who had served under him now for seventeen days on board Her Majesty's fifth-rate cruiser, *Leg of Mutton*, were well acquainted with the cause of the somewhat curious eccentricity of his dress; for had they not since the outbreak of the war seen him daily drenched at the head of his crew, in his efforts to stop the unceasing leakage of the hot-water pipes? And did they not know that at that very moment his three Admirals' suits were for the tenth time fluttering in the Channel breeze, hung out for the purpose of getting a drying on the yard-arm? Presently he paused, and, with a hopeless look of scared bewilderment stamped upon his anxious features, gazed in a half-fearful, half-defiant manner, from the cabin port-hole.

"This was all very well," he muttered between his teeth, "when we were playing the fool at the Manœuvres. But, by Jove, it's a different thing to be boxed up in a rascally craft like this, surrounded by the ships of the enemy in real war. I can't stand it. I feel I'm going off my head! Yeo! Ho yeo! for the life of poor JACK!" Then, with a loud yell, he dashed off his cocked-hat, and, tearing his hair out in handfuls, and kicking everything out of his path, commenced rolling all over the cabin floor.

The First Lieutenant just opened the door and put his head in. "Dear me, at it again, is he? And this is the thirteenth time I've seen him like this in the last five days. Hi! Surgeon, you're wanted!" The Doctor was passing at the moment and answered the summons. The two men got him into a chair, and after the Surgeon had made him swallow a tumblerful of brandy, a quiet smile suffused the Vice-Admiral's features.

"Thanks," he said, "I'm better now. I don't know how it was, but I've been like that, lately. Anxiety, I suppose?"

"That's about it, Mr. Vice-Admiral," responded the Surgeon, cheerfully. "The suspense has got on your nerves." At this moment a shout was heard from the deck above. The three speakers looked at each other, then rose to their feet. They had not long to wait for an explanation. In another instant the look-out man, his hair standing on end and great beads of perspiration rolling down his forehead, burst into their midst, and apparently unable to find words from sheer terror, stared at them with a blanched face.



THE LABOUR QUESTION.

Mechanic. "HULLO, JEM! NOT AT WORK! WHAT'S UP?"

Collier. "OH, WE'RE OUT ON STRIKE." *Mechanic.* "WHAT FOR, THEN?"

Collier. "AW DIVEN' KNAW, BUT WE'LL NOT GIVE IN TILL WE GET IT!"

"Well, my man?" asked the Vice-Admiral, encouragingly, "I presume you have sighted the Enemy?"

"Ay! Ay! your honour!" rejoined the look-out man.

"In force?" inquired the Vice-Admiral, with an adroitly assumed calmness.

"Twenty-three line of battle-ships, as I'm alive to see 'em! And here are we three fifth-rate, bursting cruisers to meet 'em. That ain't no odds. We must bolt for it!" was the reply.

"Right you are!" responded the Vice-Admiral. "Send me the Chief Steam Engineer at once." In another minute the required official staggered into the cabin. He had a very limp and crest-fallen appearance, and looked as if he had recently been severely scalded.

"Ha! Mr. Engineer, you're the man I want," commenced the Vice-Admiral, glibly. "The fact is I wish to inform you that, for the purpose of escaping capture by the Enemy, it will be necessary to put on all steam; and I must, therefore, look to you to see that the engines exert their maximum capacity."

"You know what that means, I suppose?" was the melancholy rejoinder. "It won't mean more leakage. That's only a symptom. Maximum capacity means 'boiling point,' and that means a blow-up."

"Come, come, no croaking, Mr. Engineer," responded the Vice-Admiral, decisively, "for 'maximum capacity' it will have to be."

"Well, with double-ended boilers and steel tubes and tube-plates, I know what will come of it: so don't say I didn't warn you," was the parting remark of the First Engineer, as he tottered up the cabin-stairs to obey his instructions.

Within ten minutes the Vice-Admiral had signalled to the *Blue Bottle* and the *Teapot*, "Put on steam to maximum capacity and follow me."

The Enemy, in pursuit, to their intense surprise, suddenly saw the three British vessels, one after the other, disappear with a loud explosion in a cloud of steam.

The First Engineer had been right. Double-ended Boilers and Steel Tubes had done their work, and, when relied upon for their maximum capacity, had answered by promptly and immediately blowing up!

MEDICINE AND MUSIC.—On the authority of a Chemist in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange, the *Pall-Mall Gazette* enumerates among the tonics generally given to City men as pick-me-ups, sal volatile, chloric ether, essence of ginger, quinine, and nux vomica; none of which, taken in moderation, are very injurious. But undoubtedly, of all tonics, the most wholesome is the Tonic Sol-fa.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. VIII.—THE DRAMATIC SCENA.

THIS is always a popular form of entertainment, demanding, as it does, even more dramatic than vocal ability on the part of the Artist. A song of this kind is nothing if not severely moral, and frequently depicts the downward career of an incipient drunkard with all the lurid logic of a Temperance Tract. *Mr. Punch*, however, is inclined to think that the lesson would be even more appreciated and taken to heart by the audience, if a slightly different line were adopted such as he has endeavoured to indicate in the following example:—

The Singer should have a great command of facial expression, which he will find greatly facilitated by employing (as indeed is the usual custom) coloured limelight at the wings.

First Verse (to be sung under pure White light.)



He (these awful examples are usually, and quite properly, anonymous) was once as nice a fellow as you could desire to meet, Partial to a pint of porter, always took his spirits neat; Long ago a careful mother's cautions trained her son to shrink From the meretricious sparkle of an aerated drink.

Refrain (showing the Virtuous Youth resisting Temptation. N.B.—The refrain is intended to be spoken through music. NOT sung.)

Here's a pub that's handy. Liquor up with you? Thimbleful of brandy? Don't mind if I do. Soda-water? No, Sir! Never touch the stuff.

Promised Mother'so, Sir. (With an upward glance.) 'Tisn't good enough!

Second Verse. (Primrose light for this.)

Ah, how little we suspected, as we saw him in his bloom, What a demon dogged his footsteps, luring to an awful doom! Vain his Mother's fond monitions; soon a friend, with fiendish laugh, Tempts him to a quiet tea-garden, plies him there with shandy-gaff!

Refrain (illustrating the first false step.)

Why, it's just the mixture I so long have sought! Here I'll be a fixture Till I've drunk the quart! Just the stuff to suit yer. Waiter, do you hear? Make it, for the future, Three parts Ginger-beer!

Third Verse (requiring Violet-tinted slide.)

By-and-by, the Ale discarding, Ginger-beer he craves alone! Undiluted he procures it, buys it bottled up in stone. (The earthenware bottles are said by connoisseurs to contain liquor of superior strength and quality.) From his lips the foam he brushes—crimson overspreads his brow, To his brain the Ginger's mounting! Could his Mother see him now!

Refrain (depicting the horrors of a solitary debauch poisoned by remorse.)

Shall I have another? Only Ginger-pop! (Wildly.) Ah! I promised Mother Not to touch a drop! Far too much I'm tempted. (Recklessly.) Let me drink my fill! That's the fifth I've emptied— Oh, I feel so ill!

[Here the Singer will stagger about the boards.]

Fourth Verse. (Turn on lurid Crimson ray for this.)

Next with drinks they style "Teetotal" he his manhood must degrade; Swilling effervescent syrups—"Ice-cream-soda," "Raspberry-ade," Koumiss tempts his jaded palate—payment he's obliged to bilk— Then, reduced to destitution, finds forgetfulness in—Milk!

Refrain (indicating rapid moral deterioration.)

What's that on the railings? [Point dramatically at imaginary area. Milk—and in a can! Though I have my failings, I'm an honest man. [Spark of expiring rectitude here. I can not resist it. [Pantomime of opening can. That celestial blue! Has the milkman missed it? [Melodramatically. I'll be missing too!

Fifth Verse (in Pale Blue light.)

Milk begets a taste for water, so comparatively cheap, Every casual pump supplies him, gratis, with potatoes deep; He at every drinking-fountain pounces on the pewter cup, Conscious of becoming bloated, powerless to give it up!

Refrain (illustrative of utter loss of self-respect.)

"Find one straight before me?" Bobby, you're a trump! Faintness stealing o'er me— Ha—at last—a Pump! If that little maid 'll Just make room for one, I could grab the ladle After she has done!

The Last Verse is the culminating point of this moral drama:—The miserable wretch has reached the last stage. He shuts himself up in his cheerless abode, and there, in shameful secrecy, consumes the element for which he is powerless to pay—the inevitable Nemesis following.

Sixth Verse. (All lights down in front. Ghastly Green light at wings.)

Up his sordid stairs in secret to the cistern now he steals, Where, amidst organic matter, gambol microscopic eels; Tremblingly he turns the tap on—not a trickle greets the trough! For the marble-hearted Turncock's gone and cut his water off!

Refrain (in which the Profligate is supposed to demand an explanation from the Turncock, with a terrible denouement.)

"Rate a quarter owing, Comp'ny stopped supply." "Set the stream a-flowing, Demon—or you die!" "Mercy!—ah! you've choked me!" [In hoarse, strangled voice, as the Turncock. "Will you turn the plug?" [Savagely, as the hero. "No!" [Faintly, as Turncock.

[Business of flinging a corpse on stage, and regarding it terror-stricken. A long pause; then, in a whisper,—

"The fool provoked me!" (With a maniac laugh.) Horror! I'm a THUG!" [Here the artist will die, mad, in frightful agony, and rise to bow his acknowledgments.

HOW TO COMBINE LUXURY WITH ECONOMY.

(Of course a purely imaginary Sketch.)

SCENE—Portsmouth Harbour Station at the close of a day devoted to a great Government Function. Enter Cool Tourist, who proceeds to occupy a large Saloon Carriage marked "reserved."

Cool Tourist. Here! I say! Is this right for London?

Official (politely). Yes, Sir. London only this train!

[Saunters down platform. C. T. Well, this is lucky! Saloon carriage for twenty people all to myself! Special express to town!

Voices on the platform (heard without). Here's an empty carriage!

[Rush of many Passengers to the door of Saloon.

C. T. (kindly but firmly). This carriage is reserved. Guard (with much suavity, introducing deputation of belated passengers). The train is very full, Sir, would you be so kind as to allow a few passengers to travel in your carriage?

C. T. (with haughty condescension). Well, ye-es, provided they do not object to smoking.

Guard (touching his cap). Very good, Sir. (Briskly, to deputation). Now then, room here for a few smokers!

[Carriage rapidly fills. Passengers regard C. T., with reverential awe. Train moves on, and ultimately arrives at Vauxhall. Ticket Inspector gets in and demands tickets.

Ticket Inspector (to Cool Tourist). Hallo! what's this! First-class saloon—third-class ticket? You must pay the difference!

C. T. (rising politely). Oh no, thank you, I can easily rectify your mistake by travelling the remainder of the journey in the right carriage! I am going to Waterloo!

(Curtain.)

SUR LA PLAGE.

Sur la Plage! and here are dresses, shining eyes, and golden tresses,
Which the cynic sometimes guesses are not quite devoid of art;



An Old-fashioned Watering-place.

There's much polyglottic chatter
'mid the folks that group and
scatter,
And men fancy that to flatter is to
win a maiden's heart.

'Tis a sea-side place that's Breton,
with the rocks the children get on,
And the ceaseless surges fret on all
the silver-shining sand;
Wave and sky could scarce be bluer,
and the wily Art-reviewer
Would declare the tone was truer
than a sea-scape from BRETT'S
hand.

And disporting in the waters are the
fairest of EVE's daughters,
Each aquatic gambol slaughters
the impulsive sons of France,
While they gaze with admiration at
the Mermaids' emulation,
And the high feats of natation at
fair Dinard on the Rance.

There are gay Casino dances, where, with Atalanta glances
That ensnare a young man's fancies, come the ladies one by one;
Every look is doubly thrilling in the mazes of quadrilling,
And, like *Barkis*, we are willing, ere the magic waltz is done.

And at night throng Fashion's forces where the merry little horses
Run their aggravating courses throughout all the Season's height;
Is the sea a play-provoker?—for the bard is not a joker
When he vows the game of poker goeth on from morn till night.

There St. Malo walls are frowning,—'twas immortalised by BROWNING.
When he wrote the ballad crowning with the laurel HENRI RIEU;
With ozone each nerve that braces, pleasant strolls, and pretty
faces,
Sure, of all fair sea-side places, Breton Dinard bears the bell!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISPOSING OF A PUBLIC STATUE.—Your enthusiastic friends in the North, who have testified their admiration of your public career by presenting you with a colossal effigy of yourself in bronze, fifteen feet high, for which, owing to local jealousy, you can find no site in your native town, appear to have occasioned you considerable inconvenience by their injudicious gift. It is very troublesome that you should have had to bring it up to London, but we are not surprised that the Dean refuses to admit it into the Abbey, although you have coupled your offer with an undertaking to make a reputation in some measure worthy of it before you die. Yes, certainly, try the people at South Kensington. Call at about three o'clock at the Museum, and leave the statue, as "a loan" with your card. Even if they can find a place for it only among the "Flesh-Producing Foods," it will at least have solved your difficulty for a time. Should this fail, why not attempt to place it somewhere on the Thames Embankment? There are several spots secluded by the local shrubbery where a monument of the kind could be set up almost unnoticed. Drive it down quietly on a brewer's dray in the twilight and see if you cannot manage this. But, perhaps, on the whole you would do better to leave it, in its present quarters, in the front area of your friend's house in the Cromwell Road, and let it embellish the neighbourhood, at least for as long a period as he is willing to let it stay there. The area-railings, apparently, only come up to the waist, and the head reaches the top of the dining-room window. Remember the extreme difficulty of finding a site for the statue of an unknown man. We should advise you to make the best of this. Sound your friend as to a permanency. Think it over.

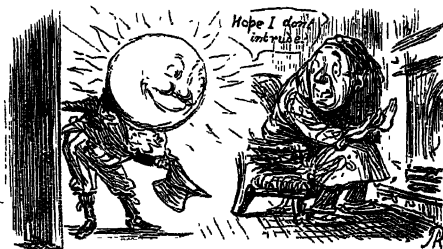
A NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—Your idea of copying Buffalo BILL'S "Wild West" show, and giving an entertainment to be called the "Savage South," appears to promise excellently, and you are most fortunate in already having succeeded in securing from Central Africa two bisons, a male hippopotamus, five boa constrictors, and twelve genuine cannibals of the Mblowawampwa tribe, though we can understand that the sudden arrival of these at your semi-detached villa residence at Battersea must, as you state, have, for the moment, seriously hampered your domestic arrangements. It is to be deplored, of course, that the five boa constrictors immediately got loose, and that the hippopotamus managed to escape, and after upsetting two tramway cars and a butcher's cart, was only run to

earth, after, "alarming the whole neighbourhood, in the back parlour of a local china shop. Awkward, again, is it for you having to appear at the Police Court in answer to the summons served on you in consequence of the conduct of the cannibal tribe; for it seems a pity that you could not, even in dumb show, have explained to them that you are not at war with your next-door neighbour, and that even if you were, it would not justify you in making a raid on their premises and eating, uncooked, seven-and-thirty fowls, a couple of mastiffs, a cage of canaries, a grey parrot, and three cats. Fortunately you appear to have secured the two bisons safely in the bath-room. On the whole, though you appear to have made rather a bad beginning, you must bear in mind that things might have been considerably worse, and you must not suffer yourself to be disheartened. With regard to organising your Show, certainly communicate, as you suggest, with the authorities at "Olympia" without delay. Meantime you might try some sort of preliminary opening at a Third-class East-end Music-hall. If you could get your twelve Cannibals to go through a short war-dance with carving-knives, and eat a sheep alive in three minutes, in the presence of the audience, as you propose, you could, no doubt, make favourable terms, and tide over the interval before the arrival of your next consignment, consisting of the fifty monkeys, nine hyenas, and three full-grown lions you mention, together with the other one hundred and sixteen members of the Mblowawampwa tribe, who are under agreement to join you at Battersea next month, and whose arrival will enable you to set about your programme in real earnest. We shall watch the progress of your enterprise with much interest.

I'M A BORE!

(A Song of Self-Consciousness. By Teredo.)

I'm a Bore, I'm a Bore; very sorry to be,
Treating others the same as I'd have them treat me.
My intentions are good, very likely, but then
I give grievous offence to a great many men,
And offend every woman almost even more.
Can't help that—wish I could; I'm a Bore, I'm a Bore!



Not to weary companions, who don't want to hear
My discourse, I am dumb; of the many keep clear.
As they please, they may mark, or not mind, what I say.
If they won't, well, I simply get out of their way.
Then they think I neglect them, whereas they feel sore,
Though I spare them; yet still I'm a Bore, I'm a Bore!

Are my sympathies narrow? That can't be denied;
Never mind; I've antipathies equally wide.
They that style me unsocial may say what they please,
I get on with associates who set me at ease;
Not like those every word I can say that ignore
When I open my mouth. I'm a Bore! I'm a Bore!

Let them snub me who list; I had rather they'd not.
As for that, one can only be snubbed on the spot.
They can snub no acquaintance behind the man's back,
Where of harmless derision resentment I lack.
Like the Stoic, the Sage, and the Sophist of yore,
Solon, too, might have sung, I'm a Bore! I'm a Bore!

NOT SO MAD AS WE SEEM.—One of the cleverest men and greatest philanthropists of the day, SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, in his Address to the British Medical Association, has declared that novel-reading, so far from being pernicious to the health, is perfectly wholesome. After this, it may be safely said that a "Shilling Shocker" cannot be accurately described as "shocking." The eccentricity of genius, SIR JAMES further pointed out, is very different from the stupidity of the insane. This will be a satisfactory reflection to the majority who live outside the houses reserved for a specially select (and selected) minority!

THE NEW CHAMPION OF CERES.

(A Present-day Pastoral.)



"It is understood that Mr. CHAPLIN has been offered, and has accepted office as President of the new Board of Agriculture."—*Daily News*.

Ceres . . . British Agriculture.

Menalcas . . Mr. CH-PL-N.

Ceres. "Your merit and your years command the choice,"
As VIRGIL puts it.

Menalcas. CERES, I rejoice
In opportunity too long deferred.
"Protection's" period I had much preferred
For my sublime appearance on the course,
But that no longer is a winning horse.
Whate'er our swiftness, weight, dear CERES,
stops us.
But I will do my best for you—ask MOPSUS.

Ceres. "How is my soul with such a promise raised!"

Menalcas. Thanks, CERES! I'm accustomed to be praised,
And when I write MY *Georgics*—as I will—
VIRGIL himself shall own my greater skill.
That pastoral poet, in his petty age,
Knew nought of phosphates, or of ensilage.



UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS.

Laura (who wishes to thoroughly master the mysteries of Cricket). "BUT THEN, EMILY, WHAT HAPPENS IF THE BOWLER GETS OUT BEFORE THE BATTER?" [Emily gives it up!]

It would have opened his calm eyes, you know,
Could he have seen our recent Windsor Show,
"Quorum pars magna fui."

Ceres. Ah! no doubt
You're the one man they cannot do without,
My modern votaries. And indeed, indeed,
I want a potent friend—great is my need.
Look at me. Do I seem the sort of thing
I did to shepherds in the classic Spring,
When thousands knelt at my uplifted shrine,
With offerings of honey, milk, and wine?
Menalcas. Humph! Hardly, if I rightly
recollect.

But after CORDEN what could you expect?

Ceres. Behold my rain-drenched robes, my
scanty sheaves!

The little chance the yawping Yankee leaves
The grasping landlord mars. A pretty go!
Stranded betwixt high rents and prices low!

Menalcas (melted). Poor Lady! Ah! Great
Goddess of the Sickle,
Our New Democracy is blind and fickle.
Even we Tories,—well, you scarce can trust
us.

I only wish we had a new AUGUSTUS,
Whom, as "Propitious CÆSAR!" I might
hail.

But SALISBURY, though his tongue is like a
flail,

Is not much of a husbandman. He's poor,
Whose only skill is in the threshing-floor.
I don't want to create a Party Schism,
But on Protection and Bi-Metallism—

Ceres (curiously). What's that?

Menalcas (dubiously). Well,—never mind.
Goddess or human,

I must confess I never knew a woman
Who understood the CURRENCY. However,
That's not the question now.

Ceres (admiringly). You are so clever,
And so commanding in your general bearing,
That I presume you're not "out for an
airing."

But "on the job" this time on my behalf.

Menalcas. Quite so! (Aside.) I hope she
don't mean this as chaff!

I hate a chaffing woman.

Ceres. Trade, the Vulture,
Gnaws at the vitals of poor Agriculture.

What aid, my Titan, will your hands afford?
Menalcas. Well, don't you see, there's
something in a Board!

Ceres (innocently). Is there? I hope 'twill
be a Board of—works!

Menalcas. No—don't say that; it smacks
of jobs and "perks."

Ceres. I mean, not one of words alone.
Menalcas. Ah, yes!

No doubt, affairs have got into a mess
With you, my CERES. But pray be content,
And keep your eyes upon your—President,
And he will pull you through!

Ceres. How nice that sounds!
Menalcas. Be hopeful, within reasonable
bounds,

I'll do my best.
Ceres. "Nor Ceres from on high
Regard your labours with a grudging eye."

So VIRGIL said about the labouring peasant.
May your toil be as hopeful, and more
pleasant!

SOME OF BRITANNIA'S HARDSHIPS.—Her
Ironclads.

GOVERNMENT BY PLÉBISCITE.

IN morals, politics, theology, and even
science, the *plébiscite* is getting recognised
as the only sure and certain method of arriv-
ing at the truth. Take a show of hands on
any issue—and there you have it. Whoshall
decide between Protection and Free Trade,
Bi-metallism and Mono-metallism? Of course
the People, in *plébiscite* appealed to.

What is the real value of M PASTEUR'S
system of inoculation against hydrophobia?
Put it to the vote. Is Darwinism a mere
speculation, or are development, evolution,
natural selection, and the survival of the
fittest, the outcome of sound induction, and
eternal verities? Take a *plébiscite* upon it.
Is the world not yet six thousand years old,
or has it existed for innumerable ages?
Wait and see what the *plébiscite* will say.
Shall the moderate use of generous liquors
be permitted to those who like them, or every-
body be compelled to abstain from them by
Local Option, or by the total suppression of
the liquor traffic? Inquire of the *plébiscite*.
Is it right and fit to investigate physiology
by vivisection, or is it cruel and inhuman,
and have any discoveries of any conse-
quence been made by experiments on living
animals—yes or no? What is the function
of the spleen? How much truth, if any, is
there in Phrenology, or is it all humbug?
Are Mesmerism and Hypnotism realities
or bosh? Whether or not are certain
contagious, infectious, and zymotic diseases
produced by microbes, micrococci, and bac-
teria? The *plébiscite* will tell you—the
eff-ctual, infallible, expeditious, and irre-
sistible *plébiscite*!

AN INTERIM REPORT FROM THE MANŒUVRES.



"WE ARE UNANIMOUSLY OF OPINION THAT THE BRITISH FLEET SHOULD BE PUT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE ON A FIRMER AND MORE STABLE BASIS!!!"

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR THE DULL SEASON.

1. HAVE you ever heard of the People's Palace? If you have, give your reasons for supposing that you might do worse than spend half an hour in it, now that the Royal Academy is closed, and all your clubs are in the hands of the renovators.
2. Give a short account of the efforts recently made to establish Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, paying special attention to the reasons given for the occasionally abrupt and seemingly erratic alteration in the programme. Do you think that music will have a better chance in this house now that the columns of the exterior have been painted chocolate and gold, and the auditorium has been converted into a sort of theatrical edition of "Ye Olde Englishe Countre Fayre," with gauze blinds in the shape of windows to the private boxes?
3. What do you know of the Victoria Steamboat Association? Give either (a) some account of the band on board the *Cardinal Wolsey* during a voyage from Pimlico Pier to Hampton Court on a wet Bank Holiday, or (b) a short essay upon the resources of the refreshment department of that excellent vessel *Citizen A.*
4. Give your reasons for supposing that most of the evening papers commence daily with a "second edition" because there can be found no one in town to read the first.
5. Who is Colonel NORTH, and why is he Vice-President of the Spanish Exhibition? Describe as fully as you can the various importations from the Peninsula to be seen at West Kensington.
6. Give shortly the derivation of the following phrases, with examples taken from the amusements of the period to illustrate their meaning:—"Dull as ditch-water," "A ghastly entertainment," "Quite too awful," and "A first-class A 1 send-you-off-to-Hanwell-raving-mad staggerer."
7. How many excuses are there for getting away from London? Select one, and trace it to its natural termination.

"AFTER THE OPERA IS OVER."—The Director of Her Majesty's Opera House has done well in associating with the production of the Grand Pantomime (due at Christmas) the name of Mr. E. SOLOMON, the Composer of the music to *Pickwick*, and *Taming a Tiger*. This Solo in the orchestra (or rather SOLOMON) is certain to be a popular feature in the face of the difficulties of the situation. It will be no easy matter to successfully rival the long-established glories of the National Theatre, Drury Lane, and the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

A WELSH ASSERTION.—Great indignation has been expressed at the line taken with regard to the QUEEN's visit to Wales by Mr. GEE. As a costermonger is wont to say to members of apparently the same family, "Gee, wo!"

A GOOD RESOLUTION.—In the House of Commons, that the Muzzling Order shall be the Order of the Day.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP!"—

(See "*L'Audace!*"—*Punch*, Volume XCIV., pp. 198, 199, April 28, 1888.)

WHAT ho! my "climbing CÆSAR,"—climbing whither?

This is exceeding awkward, is it not? Cliff-scalers count on many a slide and slither, Rased knuckles, shins abraded, fingers hot; But this *looks* like a most conclusive "cropper;" And though, perchance, "things are not what they seem,"

It is a staggerer which might put a stopper Upon the most audacious clamberer's dream. *L'Audace!* But lately have you not looked quaky, A little less tenacious in your grip, With trembling toes, and knees a trifle shaky? The other day you had a serious slip; And this—is this a catastrophe, they tell us, Your enemies, who in your fall exult. No more the "Sword of France," her great MARCELLUS, That stone, like rock from Titan catapult, Tumbles you downward from the midway station You had attained with so much cunning toil. And—is that really croaky cackinnation Comes from the crowned fowl you deemed your spoil?

Yes, "there is many a slip" for climbing CÆSAR, And slips, his friends may say, bring little scathe;

But still, a headlong tumble is a teaser Even for friends of more than Punie faith. And *his* friends—well, they make a motley muster,

Toppers and tag-rag; as they watch and wait, With clashing interests but common fluster, The progress of this challenger of fate, One thinks of a mixed pack, wolves, jackals, beagles,

Following a new Actæon—to what end? That is not the most glorious of Eagles To whose high eyrie he would fain ascend. A shabbyish bird, for all its Sphinx-like bearing, Cheap-looking, though it wears a pinchbeck crown,

Poor quarry of such craft and so much daring! How feels it, as the fowler tumbles down, That old, old bird of prey, whose battered pinions Look sleek whilst folded close, but, boldly spread,

Might disappoint sham-CÆSAR and his minions? Yes, the cliff-scaler's down, but is he dead?

"Dead as the dust of PHARAOH!" shriek his foemen.

"No, deathless as the Phoenix!" shout his friends.

"So N.A.P. appeared to stumble"—*absit omen!*—

"So wobbles a balloon, yet still ascends."

"Bah! Rabagas goes up like a fired rocket,

And then descends as quickly, like its stick."—

"A rogue who'd dip his hand in France's pocket!"—

"A charlatan whose policy's all trick."

"A scheming tyrant, a dull tool of faction,"

"Soldier dishonoured," "gentleman forsworn!"

So rings the Charivari! France's action

Meanwhile is not as clear as Attic morn.

Would she enthroned the "mountebank"—or stone

him?

That "chunk of old red sandstone" near his head

Looks formidable; has it overthrown him?

Is Humpty-Dumpty down as good as dead?

Stone-throwing is so easy from a distance.

Meanwhile this is a cropper, that's quite clear.

Can he get up again without assistance?

That question rouses rival hope and fear.

He's not a noble cragsman, this big blunderer,

And even such an Eagle for its lord,

Requires, *Punch* fancies, an authentic Thunderer,

And not a Jove *pour rire*, whose bolts are stored

In a mere Firework factory; fizz and splutter

Won't scare the Titans and maintain the Throne.

The Climber's down,—and if his fall is utter,

Mankind has little cause to make a moan.



“THERE’S MANY A SLIP!”—

(Sequel to “T’Audace ! P”.—“Punch,” April 28th, 1888.)

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTIETH EVENING.

"I HAVE just come from an old country town!" said the Moon. "Up the hill from the bridge the long High Street stretches, passing under an old gateway, where there is a clock that, when illuminated,



as it is every evening, has often been mistaken for me by shortsighted persons. Further on rises the dark red church-tower, with its weather-beaten statues, which have sat for hundreds of years in their lofty niches, and up beyond the church, the gabled upper stories of the shops project far over the pavement, and are supported by clumsy stone pillars. Crowning all is the old castle-keep, standing high above the grey roofs and tall red chimney-stacks, from which at dusk the smoke rises in a pearl-grey mist. I love to look down into the main street at nightfall, and see the old richly moulded ceilings in the upper rooms, thrown into high relief by the lamplight. There is a certain confectioner's shop, too, close to the gateway, into which I am never tired of looking; it is a queer old shop, with ancient blue and white Dutch tiles set in the brickwork under the small-paned window, and inside, on rows of shelves, are ranged tin boxes, painted scarlet and labelled with the titles of old, old confections, the very names of which would make any confectioner stare if they were inquired for at the present day. But there are the quaint names still, full of old-fashioned associations: 'Platoff Biscuits,' 'Coburg Cakes,' 'Nelson Ribs,' 'Cardamom Comfits,' 'Pippin Paste,' though I daresay there is nothing at all inside any of the boxes now.

"Outside this shop I saw quite a little drama enacted the other night. Three little girls had got a penny to lay out between them, and they had decided to spend it at this particular establishment. They could not make up their minds what to purchase, and, after a great deal of discussion, had left this delicate business to the discretion of the oldest and wisest of the three, who was commissioned to go in and choose. The other two, being too shy to accompany her, remained outside and watched her proceedings through the window, in a state of the utmost suspense. I could see their little excited faces pressed against the panes, and lit up by the smoky lamp that burnt dimly on the counter, and I could hear all that they were saying.

"She's asking her if it's lemin-cushins she wants," said the first, in a whisper, as the old woman who kept the shop fumblingly opened one of the glass jars. "There ain't no sense in lemin-cushins!"

"She won't have nothing to say to them," said the second; "it's ginger-lozenges she's after!"

"Nasty hot things!" added her friend; "run in and tell her not to, BETSY—tell her to buy pep'mints instead—quick now!"

"I shan't," was the reply; "I can't bear pep'mints."

"They were just about to fall out over this difference in taste, when one of them drew a long breath. 'She ain't goin' to have neither on 'em,' she announced. 'Oh, BETSY, look! SARAH's goin' to spend the whole penny in Parliment cake! She is!'"

"And I was relieved to find that the mingled audacity and prudence of this decision on the part of their ambassador seemed to give general satisfaction, for the third child was warmly applauded as she came out bearing a paper bag, and when I last looked they were tripping up the hilly street, munching 'Parliament' together in the most amicable of moods!"

A TEMPERATE BUTLER.

WHAT is a Butler? "One who has the care of liquors." Dictionary definition. But, as there are liquors and liquors, so likewise it seems are there butlers and butlers, ordinary butlers and butlers extraordinary. A butler of the latter sort appears to be indicated by the subjoined advertisement in the *Times* :—

WORKING BUTLER WANTED, immediately, for a country house; part of the year in town. Two footmen and odd boy kept. Must be an abstainer of standing, under 40 years of age, have good personal character, and be thoroughly up in his duties.

A butler who is also an abstainer, one would think, must be one of the extraordinary butlers; an odd butler who would be well assorted with an odd boy. The liquors he is required to take care of can hardly be intoxicating liquors. What can a teetotaler know of port and sherry, claret, burgundy, or champagne? His experience can have acquainted him only with non-alcoholic drinks. In the

capacity of a butler is he expected to preside over a cellar of soda-water and Apollinaris, and to furnish his employer's dinner-table with toast-and-water? The duties such a butler is qualified to be up to must be light, like the beverages committed to his charge. If he kept any conscience, he could scarcely answer the purpose of a master who, although a member of the United Kingdom Alliance, does not himself scruple to drink and to supply his guests with wine and spirits. To be sure, even a tippling master might think it advisable to take an effectual precaution against possibly engaging a drunken butler. Still, an inquiry for a butler pledged to sobriety may be regarded as a gratifying token of the progress of temperance principles.

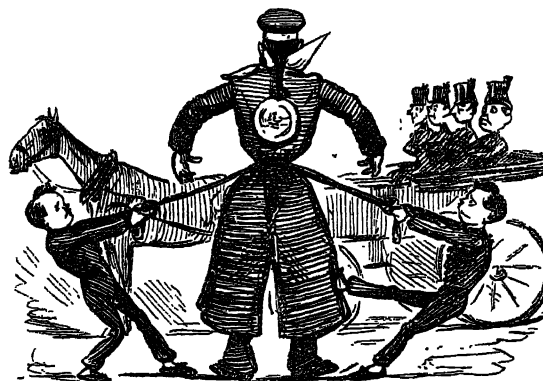
THE TAILOR QUITE AT SEA.

Now that everyone is thinking of the Naval Manœuvres, the fashions of our sailors are more than usually interesting. As some doubt has been expressed as to the meaning of the official description of the uniform great-coat, we think it advisable, at this important juncture, in the interests of our gallant tars, to explain it with pen and pencil. According to *The Regulations* the great-coat has to be of "blue milled cloth, to come to fourteen inches from the ground." So far (as our sailor-boys would observe) "all is fair sailing." However, when we learned that it had to be double-breasted, and had to have six uniform "buttons" on each side, with "flaps" across the skirt in front of the hip, we felt that we needed the assistance of our Artist to make the matter clear to the uninitiated, the more especially as there had to be a "stand-and-fall" collar. However, our accomplished colleague was quite equal to the occasion, and immediately dashed off the following :—



Front View of Naval Great-coat, showing Uniform "Buttons," Flaps, and "Stand-and-Fall" Collar.

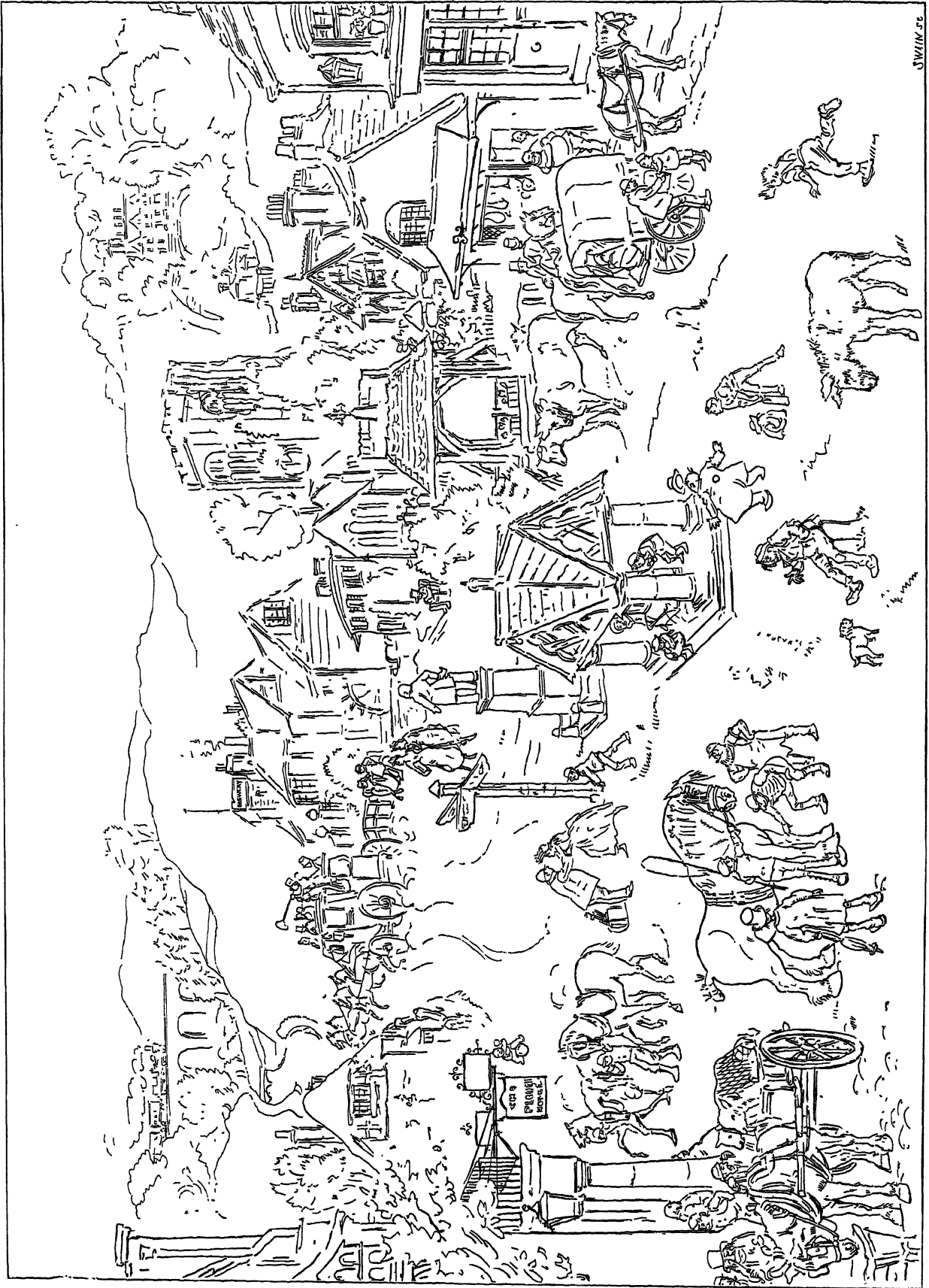
Still, this spirited sketch scarcely explained the many strange details of this mysterious garment. *The Regulations* insisted that a "plait should be worn with an opening down the back eighteen inches long." This was to be supplemented "by a fly, and four small plain 'buttons.'" Moreover, with the assistance of "two corresponding uniform 'buttons,'" the waist was to be confined with a strap. Again having recourse to our talented friend, he made another rapid drawing, which we subjoin :—



Back View of Naval Great-coat, showing "Plait," with "opening down the back eighteen inches long," "Fly and four small plain 'Buttons,'" and "corresponding uniform 'Buttons,'" confining waist.

After this short article, with its free-hand sketches, we trust that none of our readers will find any further difficulty in understanding the meaning of the words "uniform 'buttons,'" if they have, they can easily refresh their memory by referring to our pages.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 78.



OUR MODEL VILLAGE.

PUZZLED!

Policeman X Junior loquiter —

STANDS Scotland where she did? Leastways, by that I means, stands Scotland Yard? Well, howsomever it may be, hus Bobbies' fix is getting hard; [do his duty mantul, A young P. C., say such as me, who wants to Don't find his road pertickler clear. Things isn't right—not by a can-full.

Where are we now? That's what I ask; and if I get a answer, 'ang me! I find a few as plum me up, and many more as slate and slang me; But when I call for a straight tip concerning of my proper duty, I find there's scarce two thinks alike, which I consider fudge most footy.

Look at this mad-dog bizness now, this blessed muddle of the muzzle; There may be sense in it somewhere—where it comes in, though, is the puzzle. Cur-hunting, at the best of times, is not nice sport, let alone rabies; But—well, I think our bosses must be lit theirselves; they aot like babies.

If we *must* lasso the stray tykes, and take our chance of hydrophoby, We may not cotton to the work, but if it so be, *let it so be*.

But as it stands we're in a fog, the County Councillors snub and slate us, And as for them as own the dogs, females pertikler, they just hate us.

A. P.C.'s a Pill-garlic now, a general martyr, —that's a moral.

And why? Becos the various parties what should *rule* do naught but *quarrel*.

MONRO's and ROSEBERRY's little lots are at it cats-and-dogs already.

And while it's so, can you expect us Peelers to be straight and steady?

I don't care much who bosses us, so as the bossing is done clever.

And ain't all shift and shindying. This style though can't go on for ever.

There'll be a bunnick up one day, a general row, all sects, and sexes;

That's the opinion of some toffs, anyhow it's Policeman X's.

Mister MONRO's a decent sort, and Mister ROSEBERRY's another;

But party sperrit mucks up all, and makes a brother hate his brother.

Can't *someone* settle the whole thing upon a basis sound and stable;

And not keep up this bad old game of Pot and Kettle, CAIN and ABEL?

If I lets a Street-spouter, rave, Property drops on me a smasher,

Whilst if I land him on the nob, Poverty calls me "brutal basher."

If a Beak backs me from the Bench, scribes bully me in every journal;

And, if the papers praise me, I may get the sack. The game's infernal

I do not want to brain stray curs, or *bâton* Socialists or Paddies;

That's a wild fancy of the raving Reds, fierce Rads, and frothing faddies.

Salvationists may spout their fill for me with banner, drum, and trumpet,

But I object to being blamed all round, or bashed into a crumpet.

Gents, settle it between you, please! I simply asks you, on the Q.T.

What in these most peccoliar times is Policeman X Junior's duty?

At present it's a Will-o'-the-Wisp, and I am weary of pursuing it.

Jest tell me what my bizness is, my lords, and—*back me up in doing it!*



'HOPE DEFERRED.'

The Rev. Mr. Quiverfull. "AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL, MR. WURZELL, TO SAY YOU'LL PAY YOUR TITHES SHORTLY—ALL VERY WELL! BUT YOU'VE SAID THAT EVER SINCE LAST CHRISTMAS, AND I REALLY CANNOT WAIT UNTIL THAT SACRED FESTIVAL COMES ROUND AGAIN!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, August 12.—Pity the MARKISS couldn't have been accommodated with seat in Gallery whilst Debate going forward to-night on Tithes Bill. "Can't be done," OLD MORALITY protested, when, one evening little more than fortnight ago, MARKISS said, "We shall want the Tithes Bill pushed through;" "None of our men like it; the other side, of course, won't have it; we shall be kept sitting into September; and then I doubt whether we can carry the Bill."

"Oh, yes, you will," said the MARKISS, drawing down his beetleblack brows in manner that makes OLD MORALITY's heart sink within him. "You must go on. Say the thing must be done; and we'll take a little holiday."

So it came about. Lords adjourned from to-night till Thursday, and OLD MORALITY left to struggle against friends and foes on behalf of Tithes Bill. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER moved first of series of Instructions to Committee. HARCOURT, fresh from self-communing

in New Forest, returns after ten days' absence; finds all the other Leaders gone away; only himself left in undisputed possession; spreads himself out on Front Bench, prepared to make things hot for Government. Welsh Members gather under banner of OSBORNE AP MORGAN, and harass Government on flank. Irish Members turn up in full force; a rarely united Opposition; strangely hesitating Ministerial force. Not a man to say a good word for the Bill. HARTINGTON sleeps through speech-making; goes into Lobby with Government in Divisions, and thinks nothing more can be expected from him. His own men Vote in other Lobby; even WIGGIN—"The WECKLESS WIGGIN," as CHRISTOPHER SYKES calls him—revolts.

"I have travelled a hundred miles," he said, "to come here to-day and vote against this Bill."

A hundred miles! Stupendous! Wish the MARKISS could have heard this. But the MARKISS gone cheerfully off to dinner, and left OLD MORALITY to struggle against odds. One time seemed as if Ministry would be defeated on GRAY's Amendment. Whips from either lobby come in almost at same moment, indicating equality of numbers. When figures announced it appeared defeat averted by majority of four.

"And when we started in business," said OLD MORALITY, "our majority was 114."

Business done.—The Tithes Bill's—very nearly.

Tuesday.—This was HANDEL COSSHAM's opportunity. Been in House a year or two now; never found appropriate opening for his superior talents. As he says, with his pleasant humour, "I'm really only man in House with a HANDEL to my name, and I ought to live up to my natural advantages."

Ministry in increasing difficulties with Tithes Bill; majority gradually disappearing; got down as low as four. This was on Instruction moved yesterday by GRAY. That's all very well for him; but supposing a man of commanding eloquence, of profound knowledge, of graceful bearing, deep sympathy with the people, should appear in the lists and run atilt at the shaken Ministry, where would they be?

"I'll do it," said HANDEL COSSHAM.

So put on radiant white waistcoat, pair of carefully selected sixteen-shilling summertrousers, and early repaired to House. Great thing when you're going to make important speech, probably leading to overthrow and resignation of Ministry, to get a corner seat. COSSHAM secured this; borrowed copy of Orders; found his Instruction set forth in beautiful print: the very first on list; no mistake about that. As soon as Tithes Bill reached SPEAKER must call upon him; then he would rise majestically, throw back the lappel of his coat so that the waistcoat could be seen of all men, and stretch out his right leg, with eight shillings' worth of trowser on it.

(Sketches on the spot, after the Speaker had ruled out his Amendment.)

Meanwhile, sat in corner seat; listened impatiently to long string of questions; then TIM HEALY got up with nonsensical Bill about Courts of Appeal in Ireland; but longest lane has a turning. SPEAKER called on Orders of the Day; Clerk read out, "Tithe Rent Charge Bill, Committee." Now was COSSHAM's time. Rose, holding in right hand bundle of notes which, presently enlarged on, should convince the House, convulse the country, and coerce the Ministry. At same moment SPEAKER moved in Chair.

"Going to call on me," said COSSHAM to sympathetic neighbour; "name first on list, you know; save him trouble."

Got up at once; rose to full height,—just in time to hear SPEAKER rule Instruction out of Order; could not be moved. SPEAKER turned and left Chair, and before COSSHAM quite realised situation, COURTNEY in Chair, House in Committee, and somebody else moving Amendment.

Business done.—Tithes Bill in Committee.

Wednesday.—This the day set apart for WINTERBOTHAM's Repentance. Last time Bill on to prevent children under ten earning an honest penny on the Stage, WINTERBOTHAM run a-muck at an honourable profession. In name of Morality (not our dear Leader), cast aspersions upon an indefinite number of Ladies with whose names or individual existence he was not acquainted. The Ladies, or some of them, subsequently remedied this omission;

wrote a few frank lines to Hon. Mem., which, with other things, convinced him he had made mistake. Came to conclusion had better put things as straight as they would go. This afternoon, when Bill came on for consideration of Lords' Amendments, WINTERBOTHAM withdrew his charges. House (which had not been assailed) cheerfully accepted apology, and Lords' Amendments agreed to.

Business done.—Right-about-face on Tithes Bill.

Thursday.—"TOBY," said OLD MORALITY, as we walked down to House this afternoon, "why is a dewdrop round?"

"I think, Sir," I observed, "the Right Hon. gentleman had better give notice of the question."

"Ah, yes, I know; that's what ARTHUR BALFOUR says; and perhaps you are right. I'm a little bothered just now; things not going straight; end of Session fully due; haven't done badly; passed good many more Bills than the public bear in mind; should have insured a very fair record; then comes along the MARKISS with his Tithes Bill, which he insists upon passing. Well, we try to pass it in one way. Fix the liability for tithes upon occupier of land; that doesn't please Opposition; say landowner should be liable. Very good; I'm a man of peace; anything for a quiet life; let it be the landowner. So yesterday put up ATTORNEY-GENERAL to give notice of Amendments which shall fix liability on landowner. Specially chose ATTORNEY-GENERAL for work, because on Monday he was the man who most prominently and persistently argued in favour of the occupier. Only fair to give him a chance on Wednesday to appear on other side. What follows? Here's HARCOURT bouncing about all over premises, declaring that, on the whole, Bill is a little more impossible than it was before. It's a hard life, and sometimes I wish it were otherwise. Whether the composition of the dewdrop has anything to do with it, who shall say? A dewdrop is round because every part of it is equally balanced, and therefore there is no cause why one part of the drop should be further from the centre than another. The great globe we inhabit is, if I may say so, an enlarged dewdrop. The same causes operate upon its rotundity, and—there you are. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," I said, dropping a few paces to the rear. I always like, as far as is possible, to combine strict veracity with beaming urbanity. OLD MORALITY always most delightful when deep thoughts stir him, and he grows mystical. But in this mood one has to take time to think him out.

Business done.—Tithes Bill postponed.

Friday.—Crowded House. No one looking at it would think grouse has been daily on dinner-table since Tuesday. Questions over, HARCOURT rose, and put supplementary one to SPEAKER. Was it in order to proceed further in Committee with Tithes Bill upon Amendments that made it quite a new Bill? Should it not rather be brought in as new Bill?

"Why, certainly," said the SPEAKER. Then OLD MORALITY came up tearful. In circumstances no alternative but to withdraw the Bill. But no one could fathom the poignant regret with which he yielded to circumstances. HARCOURT rose from other side of table. Yes, he understood OLD MORALITY, for he, too, was heart-broken at fate of Bill. Was it too late, did OLD MORALITY think, to resuscitate it? Yes—OLD MORALITY, in broken voice, thought it was. Then HARCOURT, breaking down, wept over the Bill, and OLD MORALITY mingled his tears with those the fall of which sobered the whilom jubilant countenance of HARCOURT. "A most affecting scene," said J. G. TALBOT, suspiciously sniffing; "Reminds me of the words of the Poet:—"

"For when we came where lies the Bill
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears."

Business done.—The Tithes Bill's—quite.

SCARCELY WORTH ITS "SALT."—The Standing Committee on Trade.



Winterbotham's repentance.



Sir Handel Cossam.



OUR CURATES.

"MY VICAR'S AWAY! I PREACH THREE TIMES ON SUNDAY, AND BOSS THE ENTIRE SHOW!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

"I KNOW a country village," said the Moon; "it lies in a pleasant hollow, clustering round the tall grey church tower. For several years now have I looked down on the humble thatched roofs, and peeped through many an open door, into the neat little room, with the Dutch clock ticking busily on the wall,



and the best china and painted tea-trays set out on the dresser. I know all the inhabitants, too, and often watch them digging in their gardens, or sitting in their porches of an evening after their hard day's labour in the fields. They are kind, simple folk; and though they are poor enough, some of them, there is nothing ugly or sordid in their poverty, and I do not think they are unhappy or discontented like too many of their brethren in the great cities and towns. The children, too, have sturdy legs and rosy faces, and shout merrily when they are let out of school. Just now, however, I notice faces amongst them that are pale and legs that are very far from sturdy, but these belong to children who have lived all their little lives in the smoky slums of this great London of yours. Some philanthropic people have had the idea of sending them away, for a fortnight or so every summer, into the fresh sweet air and the novel sights and sounds of the country. The cottagers are always glad to have them, and the half-crown a week which is paid for each child's board and lodging represents an amount of kindness which no money could ever purchase. The hearts of these good country people are touched by the wasted limbs and white faces of their little London guests, and they are never easy till they see them looking healthy and ruddy, like their own children, as is generally the case before they go back. But these small boarders often earn a welcome on their own account, for they are sharper than the little rustics, and have more to say

for themselves. You would be amused if you could look in sometimes through the laticed window, as I do, and see some little London urchin, ensconced in the only armchair, enlightening the family on the ways of the Town, while the flaxen-headed children stand by, open-mouthed or eyed, and the cottager's wife exclaims, 'Lar, now!' 'Marcy me!' 'Well, to think o' that!' and the cottager says nothing, but smokes his pipe on the settle, marvelling at the wisdom and knowledge of his youthful guest, and receiving enough new ideas to last him for a twelvemonth to come.

"Unfortunately they are not all like that. Not very long ago I saw a painful little scene at the garden-gate of one of the cottages. The Vicar's Wife was seated in her pony-carriage, while a stout, pleasant-faced woman was denouncing the conduct of the small boy who had been billeted upon her. They could do nothing with him. The first night he came, he had refused to sleep in the room upstairs, because such a smell came through the window—and it was only honeysuckle, too! Then he had stoned the hens, and beaten the pig, and pinched her little girl till she cried, and behaved generally like the turbulent little ruffian he was. There he stood, listening sullenly to the charges against him, with an impenitent scowl on his hardened, low-browed countenance—he was certainly not an engaging-looking boy. So the Vicar's Wife told him that he did not deserve to stay where he was, and that he should be sent back to London the very next day. He made no answer, but I knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that he had thrown stones and ill-treated the animals because he felt bad and didn't know of anything else to do; that he had hurt the little country girl because she had made him feel how bad he was. That the little girl hated him, but he didn't care. That when he got home next day, his father would beat him, and he didn't care for that either. That everybody was a beast, and he wished he was dead. The cottager's little daughter was standing shyly by, her round freckled face very flushed under her sunbonnet; her mother had made her show the bruises on her arm where the naughty boy had pinched her, and she felt sorry and ashamed, particularly when the Vicar's Wife said that he would have to be sent away. The lady was just taking up her reins, having settled the train by which he was to go, and her mother was just getting ready to curtsy, when the little girl could stand it no longer. She rushed down to the carriage.

"If you please, Ma'am," she began, 'oh, if you please'—then she burst out crying. 'What is it, little girl?' asked the lady; 'has this wicked boy done any other mischief? Don't be afraid—tell me all about it.' 'No, no, it beant that, Ma'am, please—he didn't hurt me—leastways, he didn't goa fur to 'urt me, an' he didn't know as it was cruel fur to 'it the peg... he's main sorry now, and he woant niver throw stoans at the 'ens noa moar, he woant. Doan't 'ee send 'im away just this time, Ma'am! Mother'll let 'im stay, an' he'll be good and beyave proper if he's let to stay, woan't 'ee, JIMMY, now? tell the lady!' And here she threw her small bruised arms round the boy's neck, and cried on his sulky shoulder. I saw his narrow eyes blink and his face twitch at this unexpected intercession, and then he drew his ragged sleeve across his face and turned away. 'Tain't o' no use!' he growled. 'I'm a bad 'un, I am. A right down bad 'un... I'd better go back 'ome, I'ad!' 'No, no,' sobbed the child; 'stay, JIMMY, stay and be good. I'll show you how!'

"So the end of it was, he was given one more chance, and, as the pony-carriage drove away, I saw him kiss the little girl roughly and rather sheepishly under her sunbonnet, and break away into the back yard. I don't think he will do her or the animals any harm again, somehow, however long he is allowed to stay," said the Moon.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS. — *Mr. Punch*, Sir, wy is that stupendous eddifs of ingearin enterprise the Eiffel Tower, which has just bin struck by a violent flash of lightning without being urt—cos wy, its made of ion—like yours truly? Cos being a chap on the footboard at the back of a 'bus, I ope I, too, may call myself,

A GOOD CONDUCTOR.

BARRICADES IN LONDON.—For further particulars see the Strand and Piccadilly.



"CANNIE!"

Ticket Collector (to Farmer, who is constantly without a Ticket, and pays at the end of his Journey). "AH SAY, MR. TAMPSON, HOO IS IT THAT YE AYE TRAY-VEL WITHOOT YER TICKET?"

Farmer. "WEEL, YOU SEE, WULLY, AH TOOK AN AITH, THAT NANE O' THE DIRECTORS O' THIS LINE SHOULD EVER TOUCH A CURDY O' MA SILLER!—AND AS LANG AS YE'RE COLLECTOR HERE AH DINNA THINK THEY WULL!"

UNTILED;

Or, The Modern Asmodeus.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."—"Le Diable Boiteux."

I.

NIGHT, and that nebulous mood, half thought, half dream.

Through which the Ivory Gates are apt to gleam

Most like substantial portals;

'Midst which the solid bounds of sense dis-
And visionary flights of vagrant whim [limn,
Seem gifts from the immortals.

"If in purblind humanity's behoof
I, like old *Asmodeus*, might unroof
The dwellings of our City;
On lurid London I might throw some light,
And mend,—but 'tis impracticable, quite,"
I muttered,—“more's the pity!”

In audible soliloquy, I spoke,
As I addressed me to my evening smoke,
In dressing-gown and slippers;

Regretting dreamily the good old days
When supra-mortal guides to modish ways
Were common as cheap-trippers.

"Impracticable? Nay!" a voice replied,
And Something Shadowy wavered at my side,
Its lineaments fantastic
Seemed to suggest *LESAGE's* imp refined,
Modified by the modern march of mind,
To Art's late impulse plastic.

"Who may you be, and what is it you want?"
I asked. "Well, not a fiend noctivagant!"

Replied my vaporous visitor.
"No; demon-guides are wholly out of date;
Trust me, as though I were a friend sedate,
Or family solicitor.

"A philosophic gentleman like you,
Who humankind would intimately view,
As you erewhile suggested,
May find me useful; but remember, please,
I'm no soul-snaring *Mephistopheles*,
Nor with black arts invested."

I gazed awhile into that phantom face,
And little in its lineaments could trace
Of darkly melancholic.

"Suppose," said I, "that on your aid I call,
Pray tell me, is your meaning literal,
Or merely parabolic?"

"*Voyons!*" he cried. And lo! my slippered
toes
Swiftly forsook the hearthrug, and we rose,
My guide and I together,
Sheer through the parting roof. It did not
hurt,
Nor did we suffer disarray, or dirt
From shock or the vile weather.

"You wish to see this City-world"; he
smiled,

"When, as Club scandal-mongers say, 'tis
'tiled,'

With none to 'blow the gaff' on us.
Well, you shall find when voyaging with me
Stone walls and stucco will transparent be,
And brick and slate diaphanous.

"Behold!" I looked, and through the murky
night

A crystalline, cold, clear, pervasive light
Seemed all things to illumine,
As though some giant glow-worm's phospho-
rescence

Made lucent with its penetrative presence
All haunts of men and women.

"Scene First!" my comrade whispered.
Scattered gold

Across a gas-illuminated table rolled,
Clutched at by hands fierce-crooking,
Glanced at by avid eyes. A callow youth
Whose face might move Sir MULBERRY HAWK
to ruth,

Well-bred, well-garbed, well-looking,
Shook back impatient from a forehead pale
Damp curls dishevelled. SHYLOCK with his
scale,

And hungering steel, looked never
More eager than the wolfish faces drawn
About that board; some broad with sensual
brawn

Some Cassius—lean and clever.

Others there were set in the vapid smile
Of vacuous folly vain of fancied guile.

The modish ape's grimacing, [worn
Made up like histrion's masks, to pattern,
Like coats and collars. How those cold hawks
scorn

The quarry they are chasing!

The pretty plume-soiled pigeons that would
play

The subtle serpent in their simple way.

"London's obscure recesses,"
My cicerone murmured, "hold some shrines
Of Eleusinian secrecy. Good wines,
Fair manners, modish dresses."



AFTER THE HARDSHIPS OF (EXCEPTIONALLY) CIVIL WAR!

First Lord of the Admiralty (suppressing his emotion). "BLESS YOU, BLESS YOU! IN SPITE OF ITS BEING QUITE ROUGH, YOU BOTH BEHAVED LIKE HEROES!"

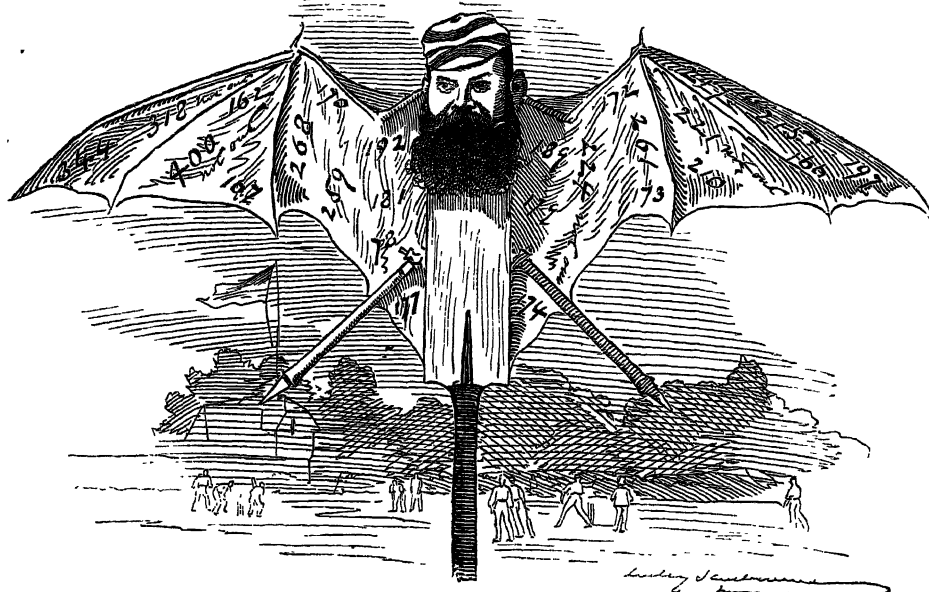
"All here you see! And in addition—
what?"—
Presto! 'Twas morn in a green nook. A shot
Cracked like whip-lash loudly.
There by the grey slow-gliding stream he
lay,
Pallid and prone.—"At Lord's, the other day,
"He scored his 'century' proudly!"

My guide commented thus: Nor seemed there
need
Of ampler explanation. "Mammon-greed
Has many stranger phases,"
Pursued the Shadow. "Gold and gilded
youth
Fill out *this* scene on which satiric truth
Our curtain fitly raises.

"But other scenes and actors crowd the stage,
Sardonic humours of a Golden Age,
Saturnine not Saturnian.
We'll mark the puppets dallying. Ours the
gift [swift
From dim Whitechapel rookeries shifting
To palaces Tyburnian."
(To be continued.)

THE "LEVIATHAN BAT,"

Or Many-Centuried Marvel of the Modern (Cricket) World, in his high-soaring, top-scoring, Summer-day Flight. (Dr. William Gilbert Grace.)



AS CHAMPION HIM THE WHOLE WORLD HAILS.
LORDS! HOW HE SMITES AND THUMPS!

IT TAKES A WEEK TO REACH THE BAILS
WHEN HE'S BEFORE THE STUMPS.
"Cherry Chase" (revised).

A NOVEL MEDICINE.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to an Able Defender of Fiction.)

THOUGH life's burdens may be
In Imagination men [chronic],
Find a wondrous mental tonic
To recur to, now and then.

Every weird and wild narration
Exercising potent charm
Over our imagination,
Quoth the savant, does no harm.

Even able men of science,
Those who scaled her topmost
heights,
So they tell us, placed reliance
On imaginative flights.

DAVY, NEWTON, teste TYNDALL,
Mighty men, well known to fame,
Felt imagination kindle
Ere their great discoveries came.

CRICHTON-BROWNE then has no
Of a very active brain, [terror
Holds it is a vulgar error
That such folks become insane.

Give us then our curdling fiction,
Though the moralist may frown;
Since it gains the benediction
Of our wisest, CRICHTON-BROWNE.

THE PROFIT OF THE LAST STRIKE.
—Docked!

WAX-WORKERS AT PLAY;

Or, a Day in the Country for Madame Tussaud's Collection.

At a time when charitably-disposed people are busying themselves on all sides in organising "a day in the country," for the benefit of those helpless classes of the community who would not otherwise



enjoy the chance of spending a few hours in the green fields, away from the gloom and smoke of the Metropolis, it is satisfactory to learn that the Proprietors of those most deserving of all caterers for public amusement, the wax figures of Madame Tussaud's Collection, have not been behindhand in the movement, but have afforded their establishment an "outing," which appears to have come off the other day, under most enjoyable conditions, and to have been unanimously pronounced by all concerned a distinct and notable success.

The news had been whispered among the Effigies during the course of the afternoon, and no sooner were the doors of the Marylebone Road Emporium closed at the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, than there was a sudden rush of all of them from platform and pedestal to the Central Hall, and a hurried and excited discussion held for the purpose of settling the programme of the projected holiday.

A good deal of time was consumed in fixing on a suitable locality, many of the Effigies wishing to turn the occasion into an opportunity of visiting some familiar spot. GEOFFREY CHAUCER suggested Canterbury as a delightful place in which to spend a happy day; but this had to be abandoned, not only on account of its distance, but also owing to the very strong objection felt by all the Plantagenet kings to travelling by railway. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR then asked if they could not run down to Hastings. To this NAPOLEON replied that, if a visit to the field of an over-rated battle was to be their guide, he might as well propose dragging the entire Collection to Austerlitz, a suggestion which brought from BISMARCK the rejoinder that "they possibly would find 'Waterloo Bridge' more handy," which was greeted with much laughter. CHARLES THE FIRST then made some cautious inquiries about Rosherville, but

was assured by SHAKESPEARE and ARABI PASHA that it was not at all the sort of place he would like, to which QUEEN ELIZABETH added, that its only merit consisted in being opposite to Tilbury, but, that if they wanted to spend their outing on the river, she would certainly suggest their going up-stream and fixing on Hampton Court. This proposition seemed to give general satisfaction, especially to HENRY THE EIGHTH, who, said he should enjoy looking up "the old place" again above anything, and seeing that he could now ride down in a pleasure-van with all his six wives together, "Bless their dear hearts!" he hoped they might consider Hampton Court as settled. After a little further discussion this arrangement was finally determined on, and it having been intimated that for psychological reasons the start would take place in the early hours of the dawn before cock-crow, the Effigies proceeded to make their preparations accordingly.

At the appointed hour the next morning about ten vans and two police omnibuses started on their westward journey. The last named vehicles had been provided for the special accommodation of the occupants of the Chamber of Horrors, whom, spite a strong feeling on the part of a large portion of the Effigies, that their presence would degrade the pic-nic, it was not thought quite fair to leave behind. Some little judgment was necessary in the fitting selection of the occupants of the several vans, so that no jarring theological, political, or historical elements should have a chance of introducing any discordant notes into the general harmony of the day's proceedings. Indeed, the Effigies themselves seem to have had a keen appreciation of the situation, for OLIVER CROMWELL, having by some mistake found himself seated between CHARLES THE FIRST and CHARLES THE SECOND, carefully avoided any allusion to White-hall or the Long Parliament, but adroitly interested both the Monarchs by an exhaustive account of the prospects of the London General Omnibus Company, and a brief summary of the latest accounts of the Naval Manœuvres. Equal tact and good taste was displayed by a group of Churchmen. For Cardinal WOLSEY, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, the Metropolitan of Moscow, and JOHN KNOX, who had by some mismanagement been placed together in the same van, purposely avoided ecclesiastical matters in their conversation. Indeed, so much did they seem to be seeking a common ground of agreement, that they were all apparently deeply interested in the durable qualities of wood-pavement, the advantages of which, when compared to the ordinary Macadam road, DANIEL O'CONNELL happened to be explaining with much earnestness of manner to JAMES THE SECOND and MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. Nothing of any note occurred on the drive down. WILLIAM THE THIRD pointed out the windows of the room he occupied as they passed Kensington Palace, and QUEEN ELIZABETH said she found Hammersmith so altered "she shouldn't have known it."

Bushey Park, however, was reached at last, and the occupants of the vans descended, and proceeded to enjoy the delights of strolling in groups beneath the cool green shade of the great trees, and thus leisurely spinning out the time till the supreme hour of the undoing of the hampers arrived, and the more festive portion of the pic-nic commenced in good earnest. Then a scene altogether quaint and striking would have met the gaze of the chance spectator. Such a pic-nic is not to be witnessed every day. Here was GEORGE THE THIRD gracefully offering some lobster-salad to JOAN OF ARC, and QUEEN ANNE accepting, with a kindly smile, the wing of a chicken from GEORGE WASHINGTON. There, ISABELLA, wife of EDWARD THE SECOND, held her glass to HOUQUA, the celebrated Chinese Tea Merchant, who was filling it with Negus, while QUEEN ELIZABETH and MARIE ANTOINETTE playfully declined the sandwiches offered them by LOUSHKIN, the Russian Giant. Contrasts presented themselves in every direction. On all sides extremes seemed to meet. But silence is called, and a hush falls upon the scene. General TOM THUMB is upon his legs, and is about to make a speech. On rising, he is received with cheers, and says: He concludes that this meeting, though of no formal character, will still hold fast to the good English tradition, and not separate at least without the proposition of one toast—"Hear, hear!"—and that toast is, "The Crown!" (Cheers.) But in a gathering such as he saw around him, comprising so many Royal Heads, he thought he could not do better than join to it the name of the oldest Sovereign present. ("Hear, hear!") He had much pleasure in proposing the health of his Gracious, but extinct Majesty, WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. (Cheers.)

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, rising, said, when he saw so many Crowned Heads around him he felt a little shy at being thus singled out for special mention. ("Hear, hear!") He could assure them he thanked them for their kind thought of him (cheers); but there were other thanks due on this occasion—(prolonged cheering)—and those, on the behalf of himself and all his confrères, he begged most heartily to offer. (Cheers.) He alluded to the gratitude they all felt to the Proprietorship of the Establishment for the very delightful outing they had all had, and which he trusted they had all enjoyed as much as he had. (Prolonged cheering.)

The Effigies then separated, breaking up into groups until the time of departure, a large party following HENRY THE EIGHTH, who undertook personally to conduct them over the Palace apartments. The sun beginning to gain power, and some of the Effigies showing signs of an inclination to melt, and there being also some apprehension of rain, which would have seriously interfered with their complexion, it was decided to return to town. The vans, therefore, being again packed, the cavalcade took its departure, and by its quaint singing of snatches, madrigals, and rondos of the last eight centuries, on its way back, attracted a good deal of attention on its passage through the suburbs, arriving at length once again in the Marylebone Road in high spirits, conscious of having had the experience of having passed a most enjoyable "day in the country."

SEWER GAS-TRITIS.

(Jottings by a West-End-er.)

CURIOUS that I should feel so languid just now. Call in Doctor, who says I am "bilious and want active exercise." Recommends boating. Take a boat to Kew, and am found two hours later asleep and delirious by a kindly waterman, who conveys boat back for me, and sees me into train home. Fancy there is something really wrong with me.

Langour increasing. Butler, invaluable man, whom I've had for twenty years, just given notice. I merely said, "All right!" and told him not to bother me. He seemed both surprised and offended. Under ordinary circumstances I know that I wouldn't part with him for worlds. Doctor comes in again. Says "he thinks it's not biliousness, but slight disorder of nervous system." Recommends salmon-fishing in Norway. Get Continental *Bradshaw*, and go to sleep over it. No appetite. Limbs feel as if beaten with sticks. Hot and restless. What is the matter with me?

Break out in a rash. Summon Doctor hurriedly. Orders me to bed. Says this time, that he thinks it's "neither biliousness nor nerves, but form of complicated gastro-enteritis." I think it must be. "But why the rash?"—I ask. Doctor says, rash a symptom of an "eruptive fever." Then have I got an eruptive fever? Doctor, who evidently feels he has become too communicative, says "No, not at all." Believe he does this to comfort me. Hear him asking servants down-stairs if sanitary state of house is satisfactory. Why, of course it is. Don't I live in the most fashionable part of London, and in one of the best houses in it?

Am allowed to read papers in bed. Ha! What do I see? Question in Parliament as to "outbreak of typhoid fever in Mayfair." And I reside in Mayfair! Send for Doctor. Ask him peremptorily if I've got typhoid. He replies quite blandly that I have, and "didn't I know it?" No, and I don't believe he did, till I told him. Any-

how, am obliged to have a couple of nurses. "Can't my drains be looked to?" I want to know. "No, not till I am convalescent," Doctor austere replies. "When I am better, drains can be trapped." At present I seem to be trapped.

(A few Weeks later.) Better. Five sanitary experts have been sitting, as a sort of jury, on my drainage system. Six large cesspools discovered under kitchen floor. Perhaps this accounts for so many of our servants having retired to hospitals soon after quitting our situation. Send to landlord, and tell him of scandalous state of the premises. Ask him what he intends to do. He replies by "referring me to Mr. RITCHIE's statement in Parliament, that the tenant usually paid for repairs of drains." Adds that my lease will soon be up, and he will be happy to grant me a renewal, "on the old terms." And on the old cesspools! I suppose he would call this a "happy re-lease." I nearly had mine a few weeks ago. What nonsense to talk of Continental drainage being so much worse than English! Shall give up my house in Mayfair, and live in Paris for the future.

THE VERY LAST OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I AM writing these few lines before starting for the Fleet, and shall send you the packet that will contain them when the Manœuvres are over. By this means you will receive a full account of one of the most interesting events of modern times. I break off now to go on board.



Gnaw thumb—Earl 'and!

Oh dear! Such weather! I must write to you—must keep my word! Oh dear! I never was meant for the sea!... However, that you may not be disappointed, I inclose some sketches of the ships engaged in the naval tactics. . . . Has taken me ten minutes to get so far! Little better! But such a headache! So very ill! I can scarcely see! . . . Inclosed sketches are by one of your Staff—Mr. D.



Howe?



De vast A shun!

CRAMBO, JUN. So know they're safe! Sure to be like the ships—sure to be! Take my word for it, the very image of them! Fit them into the article in their proper places—and I say—I am so ill!—write the article yourself!

Yours in a hammock,

AN UNABLE SEAMAN.

Somewhere On-the-Sea.

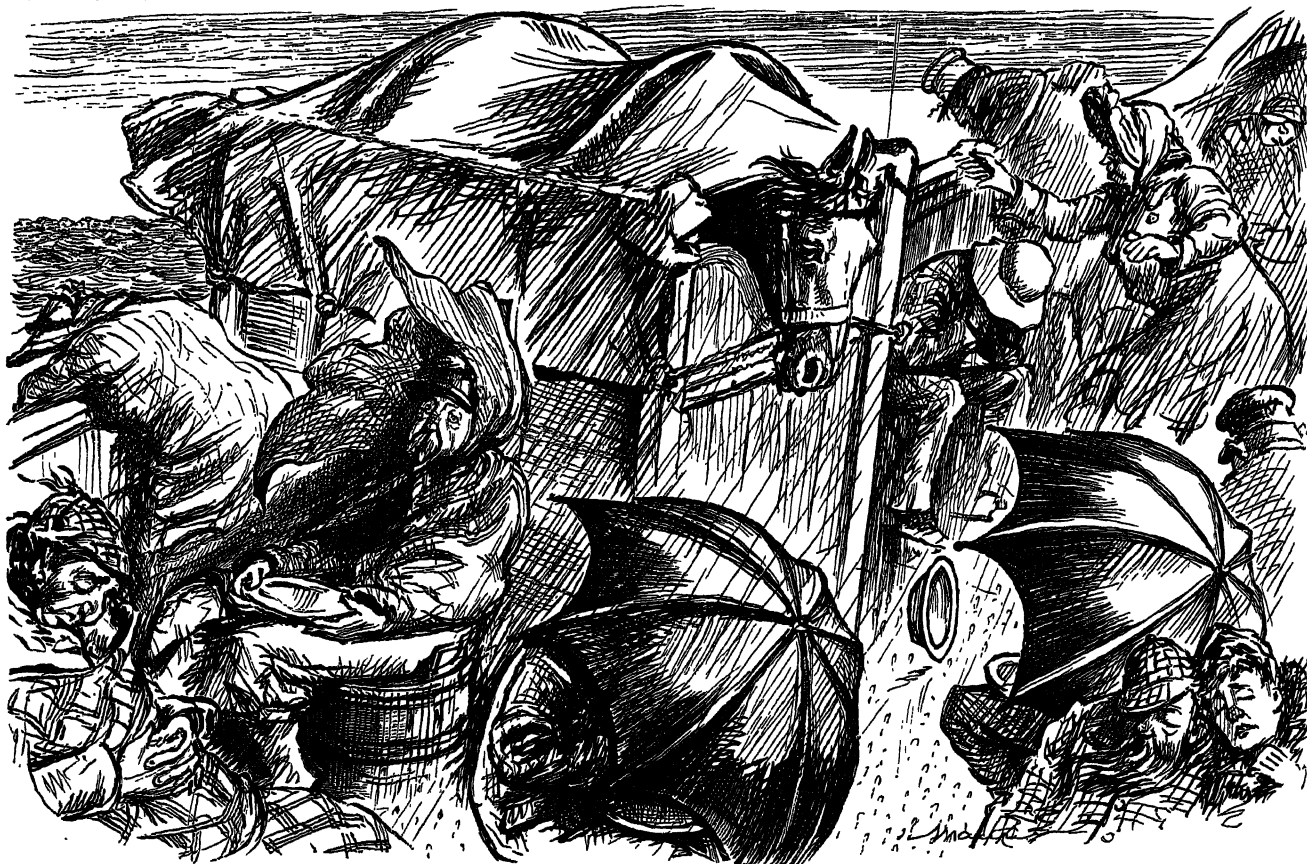
[We fear our unfortunate Correspondent has been hoaxed. However, as there is no time to obtain substitutes for the sketches, we insert them for what they are worth—from an historical point of view, of course, not much. As to writing the article ourselves, that is too absurd. Besides, the subject has been (admirably) done to death in the columns of our daily contemporaries, and we unfortunately have had no time to read the matter up.—Ed.]



Her cool ease!

THE CRICKET ON THE BENCH.—When is a Metropolitan Police Magistrate like a well-bowled ball at the Oval?—When he consents to take bail.

FENS AND PENS.—At the Holland (Lincolnshire) Sessions a poulterer was fined 18s. for plucking forty-eight live geese. For the future, live geese will only be legally plucked at the Universities.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF A "HOUYHNHNM."

(Our Artist means to illustrate "Gulliver's Travels.")

LAW FOR THE LAWYERS.

SCENE I.—Interior of a Police Court. Prisoner in the dock. Magistrate on the Bench. Listless audience.

Magistrate. Now, I think it has been pretty clearly proved that you stole a pair of boots. Shall I deal with it at once, or send it for trial?

Prisoner. If you please, Your Majesty, I think I would rather you— [He is interrupted by a Solicitor, who enters Court hurriedly.]

Solicitor (to Magistrate). Your pardon, your Worship, but may I speak to the Prisoner? [Whispers to Accused.]

Prisoner (in an ecstasy of joy). What! A legacy of five thousand pounds! Then—

Solicitor (promptly). Exactly. We reserve our defence! [A short pause.]

SCENE II.—Central Criminal Court. Verdict has been received. Prisoner has been brought up to receive judgment.

Presiding Judge. And now, all I have to do is to sentence you to two years' imprisonment, and I may say that the Jury—

Counsel (interrupting). Your pardon, my Lord, but we propose to appeal to a greater Jury yet.

Presiding Judge. Oh, certainly. Appeal Court No. 1. We will proceed to the next case.

[A longer pause than before.]

SCENE III.—Appeal Court No. 1. Five Judges in a row. Strong Bar.

First Judge. We have listened with great pleasure to the able arguments we have heard on both sides, and have come to the conclusion that the decision of the Court below must be maintained.

[Looks at Colleagues, who gravely bow acquiescence.] Queen's Counsel (collecting his papers). Just so, my Lord. Of course we shall appeal.

First Judge. Certainly. Appeal Court No. 2. [A pause of some length.]

SCENE IV.—Appeal Court No. 2. Lords Justices of Appeal discovered in imposing numbers.

Master of the Rolls. With every desire to give the appellant the

benefit of the doubt, we do not see our way to afford him relief. The decision of the Courts below must be maintained.

Queen's Counsel. As your Lordships please, but we must appeal to a greater Jury—one who—

M. of the R. (smiling). Thank you—*nisi prius* eloquence is superfluous. Of course you can take the matter to the House of Lords. [A very long pause.]

SCENE V. AND LAST.—The House of Lords. The matter has been argued before the Judicial Members, and the LORD CHANCELLOR has delivered judgment.

Lord Chancellor. So having maintained the decision of the Courts below, we have nothing more to do than to order that the sentence shall be carried into effect. Where is the Prisoner?

Queen's Counsel (after consultation with his clients). May it please your Lordship, I am given to understand that the Prisoner died two years ago (just after I received my brief, in a workhouse!)

Curtain.

HOLIDAY TASK REFORM.

* DEAR MR. PUNCH,—as usual—we've got to do a chunk of TENNYSON into Latin Hexameters for part of the holiday task! Here we have our poets with infinite pains making their lines scan, and with a fair lot of sense considering, and then we are set to knock them all out of shape, and make them read like a *verbatim* translation of themselves in a common crib.

Now, I've invented a far better dodge, which keeps the sense, while enforcing the use of the Latin Dictionary, and at the same time preserving the rhyme and metre sacred by a thousand tender associations. Young BROWN is staying here, and last night we turned "*How doth the little busy Bee*" into the new kind of Latin verse. This is how it begins:—

"How doth the parve, assiduous ape | And collige mel the total die
Carp quisk nitescent hore, | From quisk aperient flore."

If you remember the sort of stuff you used to have given you as a "prepared version" in the verse-books, you will, I know, acknowledge the superiority of this dodge, in sound and sense, and I am not afraid to say, in real scholarship.

Yours truly,
CLASSICAL SIDE.



“COME BACK TO ERIN!”

THE COLLEEN. “IF YE PLAISE, YURE MAJESTY, AS YE’VE SEEN ME SISTHERS AT HOME, SHURE WON’T YE COME AN’ SEE *ME*?—YE’LL BE VERY WELCOME!!”



SCENE FROM THE FARCE OF "THE SESSION."

(Comic business invented by W. H. Smith and talented assistants.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF EXPLOSIVE RESEARCH.—That you should have been petitioned by your neighbours either to remove your residence to some other locality, or else resign your post as "Scientific Examiner and Advising Analyst to the Anglo-Continental Hydro-dynamite Explosive Company," though naturally occasioning you some personal annoyance, can, we fear, hardly surprise any disinterested person who has read your own account of the circumstances which appear to have given rise to the agitation of which you complain. We fully understand the obligations forced upon you by your official position, "to test," as you say, "fully and completely the explosive value of the various compounds submitted for approval to the Company;" but would not some blasted heath, far removed from human habitation, be more suitable for our purpose than the back garden of your little semi-detached villa at Betchingham? That you should have started with an accident, and ignited by mistake seventeen hundredweight of a composition an ounce of which you yourself allege would be enough to blow the dome off St. Paul's, only shows you how accidents may occur, spite all your precautions; and that you should, therefore, in the space of a fortnight, have managed to wreck twenty-three houses in your immediate vicinity, bring down the church-steeple, unroof the National Schools, and blow your next-door neighbour completely out of his own premises to the opposite side of the road, though, under the circumstances not a matter for surprise, is still one that you must admit cannot be regarded without regret. If the Vicar brings his threatened action for damages for "shattered nerves, owing to unceasing shocks to his system," you had better hand the matter over to some sharp bullying attorney, who may frighten him into silence. With regard to other matters, you might certainly at present ignore the claim of the gas company for the alleged damage to their main by frequent concussion. You had better get out of Betchingham quietly. Do not, by any means, attempt to test, as you seem rather inclined to before you go, those high-pressure shells you mention that have been submitted by the South American artillery officer, and one of which, as the inventor affirms, "would bring an arsenal about your ears." If you must report on these to the Company, you had better defer your examination till you have moved into that suburban terrace of unoccupied houses to which you refer; for if you bring a few dozen of these down, you will, at least, do so without fear of danger to life or limb. Candidly, we should advise you to resign your appointment, but as you seem disinclined to do this, we should say that the only way in which you could discharge its duties with any degree of safety, would be to hire a coal-barge, and get a tug to post you somewhere in the mouth of the Thames, about five miles off the coast every way. The Betchingham folk have, we fear, rather a strong case against you. But, if you will take our advice, you will retire from the situation speedily and quietly.

SPORTING SUBSTITUTES.—That, after inviting a distinguished party, including, among others, a Peer, two well-known shots, and a French Marquis, who has come over to see some English "sport," to the place you have rented, as you thought, "cheaply," in Suffolk, "to have some shooting," to find at the eleventh hour that you have taken it under a total misapprehension, and that not a single acre of shooting goes with the letting, is indeed a trying and awkward situation in which to find yourself placed, and one that will test all your ingenuity and resource to meet with equanimity. Your first idea of buying up all the available pigeons in the neighbourhood, turning them brown by dipping them into Condy's Fluid, and letting them loose in the adjacent fields, and trying to palm them off as a peculiar sort of "local partridge," might perhaps have passed muster with the French Marquis, but would have been sure to have been detected by the British Peer and the other practised sportsmen of which your party consist; and we think you did wisely in abandoning it. Your purchase of the thirty-five young turkeys you mention, which, with a view to making them savage, you are fattening up on a diet of dog-biscuit, gin, and Cayenne pepper, seems a happy thought; but whether you will be able to persuade your guests, as you hope to do, that they come of a stock of genuine American wild turkeys, which you yourself introduced into the local woods some seasons since, remains to be seen.

THE PROPER WAY OF MAKING "A HAGGIS."—Your recipe for making "A Haggis," since it was confided to you, as you say, by "the Head of a Highland Clan," must undoubtedly be correct, though we admit it strikes us as possessing some novel features. The five pounds of pork chops, chopped up fine, half-a-dozen Spanish onions, quart of oatmeal and bottle of whiskey all tied up in a sheep's stomach, strike us as correct, the only unfamiliar additions being the two pots of marmalade, two-pound can of tinned lobster, conger-eel, pint of olives, tin of dog-biscuits and jar of anchovies. You are quite correct in saying it should be boiled to bursting point, for when the carving-knife is inserted, the helper, and indeed everyone within measurable distance of him, should be deluged with the scalding gravy. It should be eaten boiling from soup-plates, with one leg planted on the table the other standing on the chair. This at least is how the national dish is disposed of in the best circles and highest ranks of Edinburgh Society. While it is in process of being swallowed, the Pipers should be admitted and give "a gude screeel o' the pipes" to accompany the ceremony; at least we think so.

FOOD FOR INFANTS.—It is certainly to be regretted that, before purchasing the proprietary rights of the "Infants' Flesh and Fat-forming Food Company," you did not take the precaution of submitting a specimen of the composition in question to some well-known analyst, and having his opinion upon it. Had you done this you would at least have been spared the numberless letters you mention that you are daily receiving from indignant mothers, complaining in bitter terms of the results of its administration, and reviling you for the series of fits and convulsions which appear as a matter of course to follow immediately on its use. That one indignant father should write and say that a couple of tea-spoons of "the beastly stuff" had the same effect on him as "a stiff glass of rum-and-water, and fairly knocked him over," seems to point to the fact that perhaps, if you failed in the Nursery, you might try it in the Prize Ring. Meantime, how would it do as a *Dog Biscuit*. Think this out.

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES."



UNDER THE SCAFFOLD. PARIS, 1789.



IN FRONT OF THE DOCK. LONDON, 1889.

ROBERT ON THE RIVER.

It was only a week or so ago as I was engaged perfeshnally on board a steam Yot that had been hired for about as jolly a party as I ewer remembers to have had on board a ship, and the Forreners among 'em had ewidently been brort for to see what a reel lovely River the Tems is. I must say I was glad to get away from Town, as I 'ad 'ad a shock from seeing a something dreadful on an old showboard outside of the Upraw which tells me is now given up to Promenades. So we started from SKINDEL's, at Madenhed Bridge, and took 'em right up to Gentlemanly Marlow, and on to old Meddenham, and then to Henley, and lots of other butiful places, and then back to SKINDEL's to dinner. And a jolly nice little dinner they guv us, and sum werry good wine, as our most critical gests—and we had two Corporation gents among 'em—couldn't find not no fault with. But there's sum peeples as it ain't not of no use to try to satisfy with butiful scenery—at least, not if they bees Amerrycains. They don't seem not to have the werry least hadmiration or respect for anythink as isn't werry big, and prefur size to buty any day of the week.



"Well, it's a nice-looking little stream enuff," says an Amerrycain, who was a board a grinnin'; "but it's really quite a joke to call it a River. Why, in my country," says he, "if you asked me for to show you a River, I should take you to Mrs. SIPPY's, and when we got about harf way across it, I guess you'd see a reel River then, for it's so wide that you can't see the land on either side of it, so you sees nothink else but the River, and as that's what you wanted for to see, you can't werry well grumble then." I shoood, most suttenly, have liked for to have asked him, what sort of Looks they had in sitch a River as that, and whether Mrs. SIPPY cort many wales when she went out for a day's fishing in that little River of hers, but I knows my place, and never asks inconvenient questions.

However, he was a smart sort of feller, and had 'em I must say

werry nicely indeed a few minutes arterwards. We was a passing a werry butiful bit of the river called a Back Water, and he says, says he, "As it's so preshus hot in the sun, why don't we run in there and enjoy the shade for a time, while we have our lunch?" "Oh," says one of the marsters of the feast, "we are not allowed to go there; that's privet, that is." "Why how can that be?" says he, "when you told me, just now, as you'd lately got a Hact of Parliament passed which said that wherever Tems Water flowed it was open to all the world, as of course it ort to be." "Ah," said the other, looking rayther foolish, "but this is one of the xceptions, for there's another claws in the hact as says that wherever any body has had a hobstruction in the River for 20 years it belongs to him for hever, but he mustn't make another nowheres."

The Amerrycain grinned as before, and said, "Well, I allers said as you was about the rummiest lot of people on the face of the airth, and this is only another proof of it. You are so werry fond of everythink as is old, that if a man can show as he has had a cussed noosance for twenty years, he may keep it coz he's had it so long, while all sensible people must think, as that's one more reason for sweeping the noosance clean away." And I must say, tho he was a Amerrycain, that I coodn't help thinking as he was right.

It's estonishing what a remarkabel fine happytigh a run on the butiful Tems seems to give heverybody, and wot an advantage we has in that partickler respect over the poor Amerrycains who gos for a trip on Mrs. SIPPY's big River, with the wind a bloing like great guns, and the waves a dashing mountings hi. But on our butiful little steamer on our luvly little river, altho the gests had most suttenly all brekfasted afore they cum, why we hadn't started much about half-a-nour, afore three or fore on 'em came creeping down into the tite little cabin and asking for jest a cup of tea and a hegg or two, and a few shrimps; and, in less than a nour arterwards, harf a duzzen more on 'em had jest a glass or two of wine and a sandwich, and all a askin that most important of all questions on bord a Tems Yot, "What time do we lunch?" And by 2 a clock sharp they was all seated at it, and pegging away at the Sammon and the pidgin pie, het settera, as if they was harf-starved, and ewen arter that, the butiful desert and the fine old Port Wine was left upon the table, and I can troothfully state that the cabin was never wunce quite empty till we was again doing full justice to Mr. SKINDEL's maynoo.

ROBERT.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.
Extracted from the Diary of TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, 'August, 19.—As many pages of this Diary bear record, I have profound respect and admiration for JOSEPH GILLIS. His simplicity of character, his directness of purpose, his genial bearing, his enlightened mind, and his oratorical gifts ever attract me. JOEY B., as was written long ago, is sly—dev'lish sly. No use impecunious member of the community whose financial interests are entrusted to his care coming round him with pleas about drawing a month's, or even a week's, salary in advance. JOSEPH, without causing wing of friendship to moult a feather, ever understands their blandishments. He knows what he's about, and generally accomplishes his end, performing the maximum of public good with the minimum of personal estrangement.

To-day JOSEPH shines in new and brighter light. BALFOUR, desirous of mixing little treacle with the brimstone usually administered to Irish Members, brought in series of Bills appropriating Imperial funds for local works in Ireland. Irish Light Railways Bill one of group. Proposes to advance over half a million sterling towards cost of Irish

railways. Patriotic Irish Members in a dilemma. The tempting bribe is offered from BALFOUR's hands. Shall they grip it and take the money, or shall they contemptuously beat it back in ARTHUR's face? After long struggle majority decided to turn their head away so that they shan't see the donor's face, stretch out their hands and take the money. Even TIM HEALY yields to temptation of moment. Evidently uncomfortable; perhaps a little ashamed of the situation; justifies himself with some ferocity of manner. British taxpayer, he says, extracted hundreds of millions from Irishmen; why shouldn't Irishmen take this half a million now, albeit BALFOUR proffers it? So TIM and great majority of Irish Members go into lobby with Government, rubbing shoulders with BALFOUR, hob-and-nobbing with OLD MORALITY. But JOSEPH GILLIS stands aside, Sea-green and Incorruptible. In vain SOLICITOR-GENERAL for Ireland, with left hand argumentatively extended and right hand gracefully disposed on hip, discusses the question with him. JOSEPH will have none of it, and,



Mr. Solicitor (Ireland).

when the Division-bell rings, walks forth to register anew his renunciation of BALFOUR and all his works.

Business done.—Irish Light Railways Bill forced through.

Tuesday, 2 A.M.—Over at last. Irish Light Railways Bill reached terminus; a slow journey; many stoppages; frequent attempts to shunt it. Half a dozen times sleepers found laid across rails, with intent to upset it. But ARTHUR driving; generally understood that, when he says he is going somewhere, he arrives.

"Must say," RICHARD TEMPLE hoarsely whispered, mopping his forehead, "think we might usefully have illustrated subject by laying light railway round Division lobbies. Been on the go since four o'clock yesterday afternoon; for nearly half that time trotting round the lobbies; seventeen divisions; taken part in every one; send my record up with a bound. Shall beat everyone this year; earn a niche in history as the Member who through long Session only missed single Division. Very interesting work; plenty of experience; no end of variety. What I do is, always vote with Government. Supported them in all Divisions on their first Tithes Bill placing liability on occupier. Should have voted with them in favour of second Bill, had it come on; that, you know, was on exactly the reverse principles, making landowner liable. So, you see, TOBY, dear boy, on one hand or the other, I should have come out all right, besides totalling up my record of Divisions. You've been in House longer than me, I know; but you have other things to think of; so, perhaps, you'll excuse me giving you a little advice. It is, always vote with the Government. Keep your eye on OLD MORALITY, and OLD MORALITY will pull you through. You've no responsibility, no anxiety; and, as I have shown, you have plenty of variety. Besides, look at the exercise! A Division, as you know, takes from twelve to fifteen minutes. I've walked through seventeen. Call it four hours; say we didn't exceed pace of two miles an hour; and there you have eight miles I've walked. That's the thing to keep your wind sound, your flesh down, your friends in office, and your country prosperous and free."

Midnight.—Irish Votes in Supply; worrying round the Land Commission; trotting up and down Lord Lieutenant's backstairs; stuck in office of Chief Secretary when Progress reported. ARTHUR, with his back to the wall, parrying the attack with usual pluck and skill, and more than usual urbanity. Almost deferential in his bearing towards Irish Members. Implores them to say which they will take first, Land Commission, or Lord Lieutenant's Household? Chief Secretary's Salary, or Prisons Vote? Only desire in life is to accommodate himself to the fancy of Irish Members. Will they take the Prisons Vote? No?

"Then," says ARTHUR, momentarily putting on the alluring air of a Waterloo-House-Young-Man, "here's the Land Commission Vote, highly recommended; or the Vote to complete the sum for the Lord Lieutenant's Household, which we are now making a leading line. Or there's the Chief Secretary; Chief Secretaries very cheap to-day."

Irish Members nonplussed at this urbanity. Angry with themselves and ARTHUR that there's nothing to quarrel about; say they'll take anything. TIM HEALY discourses at large on Land Commission. ARTHUR likes TIM, in spite of all his roughness of tongue and boorishness of manner.

"Knows what he's talking about," ARTHUR says; "always something to say, and has the right to speak. Only wish he wouldn't think it nice thing to thrust both his hands in trouser-pockets when he addresses House."

ARTHUR's face and bearing changed when SHAW-LEFEVRE appears on scene. A man of few prejudices, but can't abear Member for Bradford.

"What right has he poking his oar in here?" ARTHUR says, with something like a scowl on his fair countenance, "always reminds me of the little boy that howls at safe distance on skirts of a scuffle, and then goes away and tells big fibs of his prowess and his hair-breadth 'scapes. Would have clapped him in prison when he was in Ireland if I had got the chance. But he was too wily; always kept just out of harm's way whilst making as much noise as was safe. But I'll have him yet, if he doesn't mind."

Business done.—Irish Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—Another long night in Committee of Supply. Chiefly Irish Votes; TIM HEALY making up for lost time; when Courts are sitting must be in Ireland looking after business; in vacation, at leisure to look after BALFOUR. Does it with great zest; up half-a-dozen times to-night, giving it 'em hot all round.



Benches nearly empty. AKERS-DOUGLAS got half a hundred men pledged to see thing through. But they prefer to see it from the Terrace, smoking-room or reading-room. Sometimes Member thinks he's had enough of it; done his duty to House and country in manner that could leave even OLD MORALITY nothing to desire. Thinks he'll stroll home to dinner; makes his way safely into Lobby; strikes bee-line for door; in half a moment be outside, on the way home; quiet dinner; leave others to sit up and outvote Irishmen; almost at door when figure slowly uncoils itself from Bench in recess. When process finished, and figure fully unwound, hapless Ministerialist discovers ARTHUR HILL on guard.

"Are you paired?" he asks.

No; hapless Member wishes he were. Can't get a pair.

"Ah, very sorry," says HILL, quite casually spreading himself across doorway.

Hapless Member looks him up and down. Couldn't, without ropes, climb over him; can't very well get round him; so concludes he'll dine in House, and wait for Divisions.

"Call him ARTHUR HILL," says hapless Member, "I call him HIMALAYA MOUNTAIN."

"I always plant HILL at the doorway on dull nights, when Divisions are threatening," says AKERS-DOUGLAS. "Saves us at least a dozen votes; much better than a palisade fence, or an extra bolt to the door."

Business done.—More Irish Votes.

Friday.—Everybody, more or less, in a good temper. OLD MORALITY's appeal to finish Supply that night favourably received. He explained that procrastination was the thief of time; or, to put it less like one of the headings in his favourite copy-book, at least, twenty-four hours of the holidays would be saved, if Votes could be rattled off amicably that evening. OLD MORALITY quite in new character as amusing rattle. Rattling commenced, and only interrupted by case of another amusing rattle—CONYEBARE, or, as he might be genially called "the good old Curse." Of course, his honoured name could not be left out when the Irish Prisons Vote was on. ARTHUR BALFOUR quite interested and sympathetic. Appears that good old Curse has quite recovered from his distressing ailment, and CHIEF SECRETARY intimated that "if there was the slightest chance that he would incur it again, would not hesitate to order his removal to another prison." Very kind and thoughtful. Several Hon. Gentlemen give their experiences of Derry Gaol, which to put it prettily, seems to be in very bad odour with everyone. Then remaining Votes agreed to.

Business done.—Supply.

Saturday Morning.—I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose guests are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed. House sitting to-day winding up things generally. Only such small matters as Indian Budget to be left to next week. Business of Session practically over; Benches empty; Corridors resound to door-keeper's stentorian shout, "Who goes home?" Well, I will.

Business done.—All.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

II.

"OUR Gilded Youth once more!" observed my Guide. Two friends, as men count friendship, side by side On a silk couch were sitting, Within a draped chamber's mellow gloom, [room Of our intrusion in that cosy Complacently unwitting.

Tall striplings, well set-up, and quite "good form," That is, with icy manners, passions warm, And utterance slowly cynical. Dwellers in that strange "world" whose bugbear's fuss, [scrupulous, Where purposes may be un- But manners must be finical.

"These two," remarked my Guide, "would not approve An unseen auditor. They talk of Love, In *causerie* confidential. These chambers have no Dionysius' Ear, Save that soft-footed valet hovering near, Discreet and deferential.

"If he should speak as freely to the world As to his 'chums,' some idols might be hurled From social shrines to-morrow. Nice rooms; with all of cosy and of chaste That Midas' power, helped by modish taste, From the Art-world can borrow.

"Listen!" And I lent ear. From polished lips What callous ribaldry serenely slips, When friendly ears are listening, Most of us know, but none may dare reveal. These boys have brains of ice and souls of steel, And eyes like satyr's glistening.

One holds a rose. He had it from her throat To whom he has despatched that tiny note, Whose burthen he is telling, With many a dulcet chuckle, to his "friend." DAMON a sympathetic ear will lend When PYTHIAS is telling—

His love? his pain? his aspiration? Nay, But the nice tricks of passion's mimic play Upon the boards of Folly. The jungle tyrant toying with its prey, And the heart-chasing Lovelace of the day, Both find their sport "so jolly!"

"You hear their talk!" the Shadow whispered low.

"Report it to a polished world? Well, no. I see it makes you shiver.

To Caste's cold zone you're scarce acclimated, Or chat that CASANOVA had surprised You'd hear without a quiver.

"Let's follow that note's course!" — A chamber smart,

But in the style of cheap suburban Art. Those chintzes need some chastening To fit them for the nobly-born æsthetic; Yet he might own that girl is fresh and sweet Into its covert hastening.

One of those native Hebes Nature's whim Will waste upon the purblind dull and dim Of Battersea or Brixton.

But Mayfair seldom sees a softer throat Or sunnier eyes than those which that pink note

So radiantly are fixed on!



What warmth in those few words, so coldly schemed

Flushes into her face? She long has dreamed Of some such princely lover.

And now? Heaven's dawn is in her cheek's soft hue.

Is the mist merciful that from her view The sequel dark can cover?

A foolish flush of ill-bred fondness? Yes! But how should she the strange vagaries guess

Of highly-cultured Honour? Or, born in prosy haunts of petty thrift,

See in the lavish glitter of love's gift The treachery of the donor?

She kneels, poor child, by the white coverlet. "Prayer for a Prince who calls her 'peerless

Is pretty if plebeian," [pet] Remarked my Guide. "Enough! We'll

pass, and pay One visit more, before the flush of day,

To Fashion's empyrean."

Another chamber! Ay! Art's ruling taste Rules here; the queerly quaint, the choicely

Impeccably are mingled. [chaste, No Hebe this,—a Juno,—and her hand

Bears, newly-placed, a jewelled golden band. "How her proud pulses tingled!"

My Guide's low laugh fell harsh upon my ear. "Tingled?" I cried. "Did ever happy tear

Linger on those dusk lashes, Or dim those eyes as dark and chill as night?"

He smiled. "Softness, in which love finds delight,

With hard ambition clashes.

"Tingled? Ah yes, with triumph. Such a catch!

The Town's exclusive talk, the Season's match! Yes, friend, 'tis genuine passion

Gleams in those eyes to-night; an ardour Of exultation and patrician scorn, [born

The Eros most in fashion.

"No touch of tenderness will bring a flush To those pale cheeks in this warm chamber's

hush. Poor cockney Hebe yonder Has that; hers is the joy, shall be the shame,

When Juno coldly bears a 'splendid' name. A picture this to ponder?

"Ay, if you care for such wild waste of time, To chafe at cruelty which is not crime—

By modish codes—is madness. If that patrician stripling spoil two lives,

What then? The fancy that with Fashion strives

Breeds only helpless sadness."

(To be continued.)

"RECREATIONS OF A (WELSH) COUNTRY PARSON."

WHAT induced Government to abandon that Tithes Bill, I can't imagine. Fatal to us poor Welsh Clerics. Fed myself and family for last week on rice-pudding. Better than starvation.

Sunday.—Fainted to-day in pulpit owing to want of food! Perhaps rice not nitrogenous enough. Shall try oatmeal next week. Am sure Farmer EVAN GRIFFITHS (who won't pay his tithe) feeds his cattle on better food than I give myself. [G359]

Week Later.—Matters getting desperate. Children have taken to oatmeal porridge so ravenously that I can't afford to buy enough for them. Asked for a subscription (by local Conservative Club) for "reception of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL." A sorry joke. Hope RANDOLPH will pitch into Lord SALISBURY. Feel that I am becoming quite a revolutionist. If still surviving at next Election, shall certainly not vote Tory.

Monday.—Too weak to attend Church yesterday. No services held. Receive note from Farmer GRIFFITHS threatening to report me to Bishop! And he is a Dissenter! Think if I get much more emaciated I might earn enough to support wife and children by appearing at fairs as a Skeleton. Or why not a Welsh Fasting Man?

Thursday.—Driven to desperation. As no Sheriff dares come near the place, I determine to collect tithe myself! Sally out to Farmer GRIFFITHS' farms at Llanglwlch, and faint twice on road. Try to levy distress on an active cow. Cow far less distressed than I am. It eludes all my attempts to capture it. Farmer's men see me, and come after me with pitchforks. Will my cloth protect me?

Friday.—No, it didn't. And Farmer had me arrested for attempted robbery! Am now in infirmary of local gaol, with several bad pitchfork lacerations, but also—thank Heaven!—a substantial dietary. Wish that Lord SALISBURY could see me now. Probably he would only say I was Nobody! When I am better, shall send in a bill to Farmer GRIFFITHS for "dilapidations." Not strong enough to write much, and I do hope Lord RANDOLPH will give Government a good Welsh slating!



ALL OF A ROW.—It has been suggested that Mr. GEE, of Denbigh, can boast an ancient lineage. The fact that he recommended that Her MAJESTY should be hissed argues that he should come at the end of a long line of GEES.

IN A SEA OF TROUBLES.—When His Eminence called upon the Dock Directors last week in the character of a peace-maker, he was loudly cheered by the riverside labourers, then suffering all the privations inseparable from a strike. No doubt those who applauded the venerable ecclesiastic recognised in his action a representation of "Manning the Life-boat."



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR AUGUST.



MEMS. FOR THE MOORS.

(By Our City Sporting Gent.)

"FIRE INSTANTLY WHEN A BIRD RISES,—IF YOU HIT, YOU'VE A BETTER CHANCE TO KILL."

ALL IN PLAY.

THE Shaftesbury Theatre (no doubt named after the late philanthropic Earl—how pleased he would have been at the compliment,—and the Avenue of that ilk) has, until quite recently, been a little



EX-VILLAINY TRIUMPHANT!

Sensation Scene, showing the now Virtuous Willard discovering quite a little fortune.

unfortunate. Perhaps its best bit of luck in the immediate past was the refusal of the iron curtain to go up on the first night of a revival of *The Lady of Lyons*—a hint that, had it been taken by the then Management, might have been the possible means of saving

considerable unremunerative expense. However on Tuesday (as they observe in the weather reports) "there was a change for the better." Mr. JONES'S *Middleman* is a sound piece of work. To say that it is entirely unconventional would scarcely be fair. Before now the sons of rich employers of labour have been known to compromise the daughters of talented and impecunious workmen. Were the records of what used once to be called the Transpontine Drama searched, instances most probably would come readily to hand. Moreover, enthusiastic and low-born inventors have existed in Stage-land before the days of JONES, as those who remember TOM TAYLOR'S *Arkwright's Wife* will be able, from their own experience, to testify.

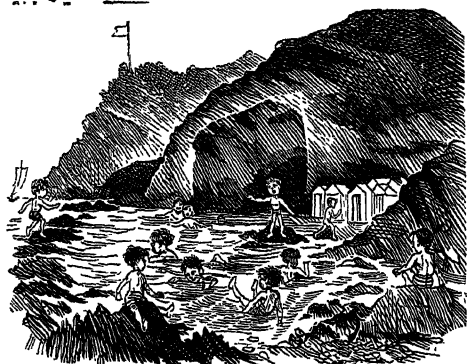
But for all that *The Middleman* (produced at a moment when the sweater is attracting more than usual attention) is a good sound piece of work, and as such the Author deserves the hearty commendations of the Press and the Public. And certainly on the night of the production of the piece and the morning of the "notices," he received them. But if JONES is deemed worthy of applause what must be said of WILLARD? Good as *The Middleman* may be, it would have lost half its chances of success had the character of *Cyrus Blenkarn* been intrusted to hands less capable than those of the Co-Lessee of the Shaftesbury Theatre. Mr. WILLARD has made his mark in polished villainy, he has also appeared to advantage in the pathetic comedy of such a part as the faithful retainer in the *Amber H art* but never before has he had a chance of showing us what he can do with an entirely sympathetic and many-sided character,—a character which rises at times almost to the dignity of tragedy, and yet narrowly escapes occasionally the broad humour of old-fashioned farce. Now that Mr. WILLARD has been seen in *The Middleman*, his future career will cause interest but no surprise. He will be perfectly safe in almost any of SHAKESPEARE'S creations, and the entire range of the Romantic Drama lies open before him. For the rest, Miss MAUD MILLETT and Miss ANNIE HUGHES are extremely good. Mr. GARDEN amusing, and Mr. MACKINTOSH admirable. But when all is said and done, Mr. WILLARD will be the attraction, and consequently Mr. JONES cannot sufficiently congratulate himself upon the fact of having been able to secure so welcome a Middleman to act as an intermediary between himself and the Public. At least such is the opinion of

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

Ilfracombe—Party—Characteristics—Personally Conducted—Other Climbs—Advantages.

THIS year, not being inclined for foreign waters, and having had enough of "traitements," it occurred to me to "treat myself" to an outing in England. A brief account of a trial trip to Ilfracombe in



Nature's own little Bathing Coves at Ilfracombe.

company with my friend COPLEY MARKHAM, was given in these pages a few weeks ago. Since then, I have settled down for a month in Ilfracombe, and the time is approaching for "settling-up,"—and quitting.

Our party is a very pleasant one. To begin with, there is COPLEY MARKHAM, who, from the moment he had taken his lodgings for a month certain, [as far off as possible from our residence,—our means the small party, under distinguished leadership, with whom I have the pleasure of staying,—at once and on every occasion continued to regret that he hadn't gone to The Engadine, or the Italian Lakes, or Aix-les-Bains, or in fact any place abroad, not excepting Boulogne, which he says, appropriately introducing a little French, "*faute de mieux*," gives you a thorough change of life, character and language; *c'est à dire*, if you only keep away from the sands, the *Établissement*, and the port where the Arries and Arriets are.

The leader of our party,—to whom we have entrusted all arrangements for our excursions, and who publishes a weekly list of what is to be done each day, which everyone of our party is bound to study and know by heart,—we have dubbed "Our Own Mr. Cook," because he personally, and somewhat arbitrarily, conducts us everywhere. And that his amiable, accomplished and most considerate lady should be dear to us as "Our Own Mrs. Cook," is nothing more than just, seeing that she looks after all our creature comforts, and sees that our meals are always duly and amply provided, no matter where they may have to be eaten, whether at "Our Own Mr. Cook's" House, (Ehrenbreitstein Fortress, on an eminence outside the town), or as a pic-nic in a wood, or as a luncheon on the rocks of that Robinson-Crusoe-like Island of Lundy, or as a tea in a distant farmhouse, or as a dinner at a first-class hotel,—wherever it may be, "Our Own Mrs. Cook" is a perfect manager. Her equanimity is never ruffled by the unpunctuality of her guests, nor her calculations for supply ever upset by sudden and increased demand. A table, at which ordinarily four could dine and be incommoded if two were added to their number, becomes, when arranged by "Our Own Mrs. Cook," capable of seating twelve comfortably, with room to spare in case two or three should unexpectedly drop in. Not even COPLEY MARKHAM can grumble with any chance of success in her presence, as she immediately sympathises with him, understands his grievances whatever they may be, and relieves them, somehow, on the spot to his entire satisfaction.

Have you ever seen a Mesmerist who gives a glass of water to the subject on the platform, and says to him, "That's excellent port, isn't it?" and the helpless mesmerised person replies, with gusto, "Yes, it is," then immediately afterwards, while sipping the same water out of the same glass, the operator, with his mesmerising eye on him, says fiercely, "Why that's champagne, good dry champagne," and the poor creature returns, "Yes, it is good dry champagne," and, being in a sort of trance, smacks his lips over the cold water as if it were the finest Pommery '74 (I wish we may get it, but this by the way), and is thoroughly happy. Now this is an illustration of "Our Own Mrs. Cook's" treatment of any guest inclined to be fractious, only that whereas the Mesmerist puts the questions to his victim peremptorily, and even brutally, our hostess is all sweetness, softness, sympathy, and common-sense. COPLEY MARKHAM, for example, at luncheon professes himself dying for a glass of champagne,—he has come in late, and luncheon is practically finished. "It would be so refreshing," he says, rather surlily. "It would, indeed," says Mrs. COOK, readily, "I am so sorry there is none out,—but THOMAS can get some in a minute." "Oh no, don't bother about me," says COPLEY, at once mollified, adding, "I can do very well with a bottle of Bass."

Some one at table, generally GILFIE KING,—a flabbyish young man, of bilious complexion and undecided character, who's always taking

sly peeps at his tongue in the looking-glass, and straining himself to open his eyelids with two fingers, in order to ascertain by their colour if he is anæmic,—observes, "Bass is much better for you than champagne in the middle of the day, but neither is good. You should never drink with your meals, but wait, and a quarter of an hour after, take a tumbler of boiling hot water." "Boosh!" retorts COPLEY MARKHAM, looking about for his bottle of Bass. But in the meantime "Our Own Mrs. Cook," having settled in her own mind exactly what it is most convenient for her cellar that her guest should take, has produced a siphon and a bottle of hock three-parts full, which some of the others have been drinking at lunch. "I think," she says, sweetly, "this will just suit you. You've had a long ride (or "You've been playing tennis"—or "You've been writing or reading"—it's all one to her), and you'll find this most refreshing."

"A Byronic beverage," observes PETER CORBIE, our great authority on poetry—whose quotations are not always strictly accurate—seeing his opportunity,—

"And after years of anguish, love, or slaughter,
What can compare with hock and soda-water?"

"That's not the right quotation, I'll bet," says COPLEY.

"How much?" asks CORBIE, promptly. But COPLEY will not back his opinion; on the contrary, he backs out of it. He says he doesn't care about betting on such a subject.

"Oh, never mind about bets," puts in "Our Own Mrs. Cook," "do let Mr. MARKHAM enjoy his luncheon. Some of you want to go out and smoke, don't you?"

No sooner has "Our Own Mrs. Cook" suggested that "some of them want to smoke," than every man at table is seized with a sudden and uncontrollable desire for tobacco, and makes for the garden. It is just as if "Our Own Mrs. Cook" had commanded them, on pain of her displeasure, to go out and smoke, so rapid is the exodus from the dining-room, where they leave the usually grumbling COPLEY MARKHAM taking his hock and soda-water under "Our Own Mrs. Cook's" eye, and, without a murmur of regret at the absence of champagne or Bass, heartily thanking her for the refreshing draught, "which," he avers, under the aforesaid mesmeric influence of our hostess, "is far better than taking the 'fizz,' or beer, in the middle of the day."

The same influence is brought to bear on the little COOKIES. If a child COOKIE is howling, having tumbled off the walls of Ehrenbreitstein House into the moat below (all grass, and as soft and impressionable as a feather-bed), his mother is out at once, always sympathetic, and, in a second, the child becoming aware, on its being pointed out to him by "Our Own Mrs. Cook," that no part of its little body is injured, at once sets to work to play at coaches, galloping up and down the hilly path, and pretending to blow a horn in imitation of the guards on the Ilfracombe four-in-hand coaches. Or some other little COOKIE wants a plum, and "won't be happy till he gets it"—that is, everybody is sure he won't,—until



"Here we go up, up, up!"

his mother says to him most kindly, "There, dear, there's a nice biscuit,"—which happens to be handy,—"that's much better than a plum," and the little one takes her word for it, ceases its plaintive requests, and enjoys the dry cracknel as if it were the juiciest egg-plum.

Privately, I fancy that "Our Own Mrs. Cook's" touring arrangements are really managed by "Our Own Mrs. Cook," though she gives no hint to that effect, invariably saying to him, before all of us, most cheerfully, "My dear JOHN, whatever you settle for the excursion, I'm sure will be by far the best. So we'll leave it to you entirely. You're 'Our Own Mr. Cook,' and if you say Saturday for Barnstaple, Bideford, and Clovelly, and Wednesday for Lynton and Watersmeet, we will be guided and 'personally conducted' by you. Only," she

adds, "it struck me that Monday would be a better day for Clovelly, as there wouldn't be so many cheap-trippers about. But just as you please." And how does this end? Why, of course, "Our Own Mr. Cook" sees the reasonableness of this suggestion, and the day fixed for the excursion is Monday. Her day, you see, after all, and not Mr. Cook's.

Another lady of our party is Miss BRONDESLEY, JENNIE BRONDESLEY. She can never utter three consecutive sentences on any subject without laughing, opening her eyes, and raising her eyebrows, as if in a chronic state of surprise at the idea of everything and everybody, occasionally stretching a point to include herself, being so utterly ridiculous. She is most enthusiastic and energetic in her manner. She energetically affirms that she cannot possibly go up that hill—"He! he! he! Oh no!—I really can't go up a sort of an upright ladder like that!—too absurd, you know!" Here she goes into a shriek of laughter, and tries to suffocate herself with her little scented pocket-handkerchief rolled up tight into a ball. Then, having protested, with intermittent hysterical giggles, that "it's positively impossible for her to climb an inch," she suddenly dashes up the ascent, putting her head well down and butting at the hill, which she takes, there and then, by assault. On achieving a height of quite fourteen feet above the level of the road, she stops short, puts her hand to her side, as if utterly exhausted, and exclaims, "There!" in triumph, as she waves the miniature pocket-handkerchief, and, like the little dog in the nursery rhyme, "laughs to see such fun."

"Oh, I couldn't jump down that precipice!" she cries, and is then violently shaken by a spasm of laughter, as she stands on the top of a bank. "Oh, I couldn't! Oh, Mr. Cook, you never expect me to jump down *that*, do you?" More uncontrollable laughter. "Why," she cries aloud, convulsively, "I shall be like QUINTUS What's-his-name, who threw himself into the something or other!" Here she almost falls off, so overcome is she by the egregious absurdity of the resemblance.

"Nonsense!" says her young friend BLANCHE NETLEY, brusquely, in her short sharp way, which always sounds as if she were dictating a telegram. "Jump down. Nothing. You can."

"Oh! can I?" cries Miss BRONDESLEY, hysterically. "Are you sure?—well"—here a few bars of the giggle symphony,—then she continues, "I'll try—only—he! he! he!—you'll have to pick up the pieces and send them home to Papa." And then, with another hysterical laugh, she gives one hand to the Poet and another to COPELEY, and down she comes as light and as safely as a gazelle, —a gazelle up to a good ten stone nine,—on to *terra firma*.

"You can walk, jump, and climb
As well as I can rhyme,"

says the Poet, letting off an impromptu.

"Oh, better, I hope," retorts Miss BRONDESLEY, and, conscious of having given the Poet a "nasty one," she attempts to lessen the sting of her sharp repartee by breaking out into a fit of quite uncontrollable merriment, in which the Poet mildly joins.

"You walk, and climb, perfectly, if you choose," says Miss NETLEY, severely, making up a telegraphic message of eight words.



"Here we go down, down, down—O!"

"Oh!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY, "how can you say so?" And she screams with laughter at so preposterous a notion.

"You came on easily enough," retorts the matter-of-fact Miss NETLEY.

"Why," returns Miss BRONDESLEY, with a ripple of laughter, "of course I came on; you don't suppose I'm going to be left behind on the top of a mountain to be eaten by wild sheep," and once more she is convulsed at the ridiculous picture thus presented by herself to her own mind's eye.

"Not much chance of your being eaten by sheep," says COPELEY, who resents so much of what he terms surlily, "giggling at nothing."

"Why not?" asks Miss BRONDESLEY, sharply turning on him.



NAVAL EVOLUTION.

A TORPEDO LIEUTENANT'S DREAM OF THE FUTURE, AFTER AN ANXIOUS STUDY OF ADMIRALTY REQUIREMENTS.

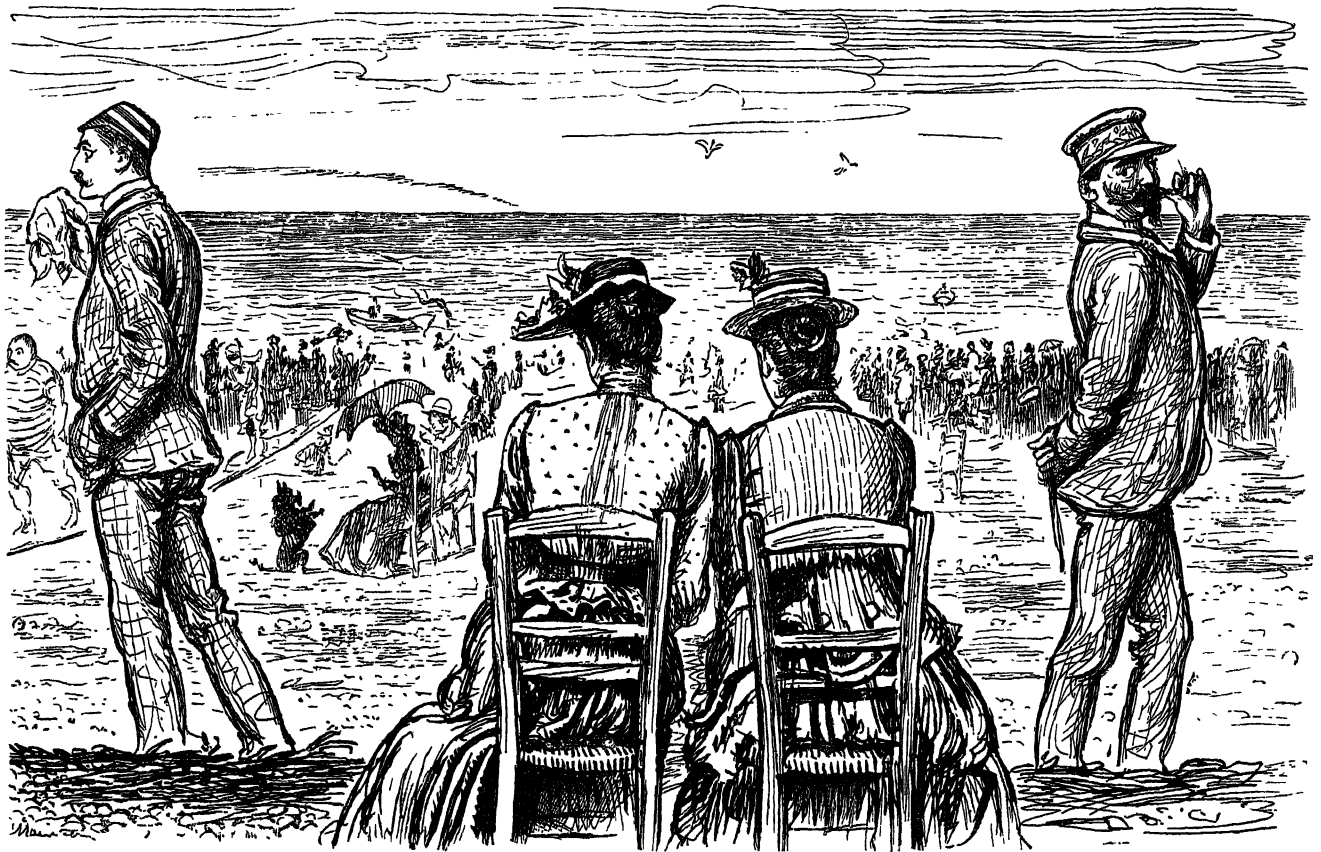
"All flesh is grass, and sheep could find plenty to nibble at on me"—and off she trips again, waving the miniature handkerchief in triumph, having fairly scored off COPELEY, and enjoying it.

"Yes, you wouldn't be 'short commons' for them," COPELEY replies, trying to repay her in her own coin. But, from a short distance off, she only shrieks with laughter at him, and crying out, "Oh, Mr. MARKHAM, how can you be so rude!" she giggles more than ever, and wanders down the mountain side, waving the strongly-perfumed kerchief, and walking with a sort of swagger, which young HARRY SKRYMMAGER, our dashing mountaineer, calls "putting the mountain side on."

We all like Ilfracombe. First as a 'central place—easy to get to, and to get away from. It has the advantage over Lynton of possessing a railway station. Some persons pretend that Lynton has the advantage over Ilfracombe in this respect. The drives, rides and walks are varied and all lovely. *Happy Thought*.—North Devon is so hilly, there being scarcely a mile of level road anywhere, that, "the Switchback" as a means of ordinary locomotion might be brought to perfection here. The lines could be "in pleasant places" alongside of the high roads.

Ilfracombe is described in some guide-books as "this fashionable watering-place." Thank goodness, it is nothing of the sort; at least not what I understand by the term. But is a most delightful country-and-seaside place, of which and of our party more in my next.

"ENGLAND AS HE IS LIVED."—Jack L'Éventreur has achieved great success in Paris, no doubt on account of the very faithful picture the drama affords of London life. The Head of the Police, "Sir Stevens" (assisted by a detective with the truly British name of "Robinson Brown"), takes five Acts and seven *Tableaux* before he can arrest "Jack." However, all ends happily. "Jack" is shot, the reputation of the Police is saved, and "Robinson Brown" appropriately sings "God save the Queen." A programme, printed in English, is presented to the sons and daughters of Albion, which declares "that this perfectly moral conclusion cannot fail to satisfy the most difficult or critical spectator." Under these circumstances it is unnecessary to exclaim, "Oh, shocking!"



DIFFERENT FORMS OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

"CONFOUND IT! THOSE GIRLS WERE LAUGHING AS I WENT BY! WONDER IF I'VE GOT A SMUT ON MY NOSE, OR SOMETHING!"
 "TIENS! TIENS! CES DEMOISELLES QUI RIENT QUAND JE PASSE! ÉVIDEMMENT ELLES TROUVENT QUE JE NE SUIS PAS TROP MAL!"
 [The Young Ladies are laughing at the antics of a Poodle in the middle distance.]

FACE TO FACE!

Or, *What the well-meaning Workman thinks of it.*
 Yes, here we are, Sir, face to face; that's hearty,

And may to mutual understanding lead.
 I'm no fierce Red, and would not be a party
 To ruffian violence or rascal greed.
 Since here we stand, no Middleman between us,

I'll tell you what I think, if you will hear.
 If circumstances so had oftener seen us,
 Perhaps things might not have gone so precious queer.

The Agitator, Sir, and the Contractor,
 Both Middlemen, though of a different sort,
 Have filled too much the stage on which I'm actor,—

What's death to me, to them sometimes is sport.
 Mean well, some of 'em, that is very probable,
 —I've not a word to say 'gainst such as BURNS;

But, whilst us chaps are gullible or robbable,
 Middlemen at our cost will serve their turns.

But here we're our own spokesmen. Well, Sir, plainly,

Saving your presence, this is a smart place;
 I'm roughly togged, and just a bit ungainly,
 And my old woman cannot boast the grace
 Of your good lady. Days all scant-paid labour

Don't lend themselves to decoration. No!
 Toil is our lot, and poverty our neighbour;
 In short, Sir, you rank high, and we range low.

Yet, if we strike, it ends in the upsetting
 Of—may I call it so?—your kettle o' fish.
 Your son, there, smart of rig and fond o' betting,

Your daughter, knowing no ungranted wish,
 Feel the pinch presently, and promptly grumble

At what I desay they declare our cheek;
 Ten thousand quid a year would like to humble
 The impudence of thirty bob a week.

Natural, very! But consarnin' Wages;—
 You'd fix 'em, what you think you can afford,
 And yet keep carriages, and nags, and pages,
 Whilst we must share the leavings. While Wealth's hoard

Is so divided there will still be ructions;
 Your sort will think you're bound to cut a dash,

Our sort will yield to Socialist seductions;
 Our claims run counter, and our interests clash.

Do you twig, Governor? What you can make out of us,

Fair and square make, is fair and square your own;

But sweating us, the huge unordered rout of us,

Bagging the meat and leaving us the bone,
 That won't work noways, not for long together.

We must have living wages; after that
 You're welcome to your finery, every feather.
 I'd put it civil, Sir, but plain and pat.

Fact is, you think your Luxuries necessary,
 Whilst our Necessities must be trimmed and docked

To fit the wants you fancy cannot vary,
 And when we cut up rough, why then you're shocked.

If you must have your thousands ten or twenty,

An extra bob for us you cannot spare:
 We think we'd get enough, and you keep plenty,

If only you'd divide a bit more fair.

Strikes? Yes, they're bad enough; and where there's shindy

There's always babbling fools and rowdy knaves.

Between the Sweaters and the Spouters windy
 We suffer, and our wives. What Justice craves

Is that our true Necessities, reckoned fairly,
 Should have a chance against your Luxuries.
 Then you, and us, and Trade would all gain rarely,

Despite Greed's tricks and Agitators' lies.

STRANDED.—It appears that the unpaved Strand remains impassable, because the members of the local Vestry cannot obtain (strange to say) the necessary blocks. The way out of the difficulty, however, is obvious. Let them lay their heads together, and then there will be no difficulty in obtaining wood.

UNDER "SEALED" ORDERS.—Latest Advice to the North Pacific Squadron.



FACE TO FACE !

WORKING-MAN (to Employer). "I DON'T WANT TO BE UNREASONABLE, BUT IF, IN A GENERAL WAY, YOU'D THINK LESS OF *YOUR LUXURIES* AND MORE OF *MY NECESSITIES*, IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR TRADE ALL ROUND."

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

"I was up quite early the other day!" said the Moon, "so early, indeed, that the Sun had not begun to cool down, and it was really painful to see how warm he had made himself. I must say, for my own part, that I do not consider such unnecessary exertion as he takes at all dignified or in good taste, and if I found myself unable to do my shining without overheating myself, I should make way for some luminary who was more equal to the work. However, I am the last person to obtrude myself, and, as he seemed determined to go on with the thing, I had nothing to do but look on and wait until it pleased him to retire. There was not much doing amongst you men that afternoon; at least, everything seemed quiet and sleepy about the old ruined Castle, which I have known in the days when it was strong and splendid. Just then the custodian of the small museum in the keep was dozing in the heat amongst the battered Saxon skulls, the rusty and ragged shirts of mail, and tracings of mediæval brasses which decorated the walls; outside stood an easel, with a sketch of the ruins, all out of perspective, but the painter sprawled on a bench in the shade, asleep, too. I looked down into the old tilt-yard. The only living things to be seen there were a stately Stork and a grey Gull. The Stork paced up and down slowly, absorbed in profound meditation: now and then he was obliged to stop and stand on one leg to recover the thread of his ideas. For a time I thought it must be some mathematical problem that he was endeavouring to solve, but at last I discovered that he was really trying to hit upon some means of getting rid of the Gull's society without hurting his feelings, for he was a considerate old Stork. The Gull, meanwhile, either did not, or would not, perceive that it was in the way; it kept pace with the Stork with an affectation of being on a footing of perfect equality and familiarity, which was most offensive.

"But what especially annoyed the Stork was that this intrusiveness of the Gull's was not even disinterested. The Gull really admired the Stork, and was glad to be seen about with him; I believe it even imagined that it might be taken for a distant relation of the Stork family, if not for a Stork itself, but that was not its main motive in keeping so near. It had found out that the Stork was particularly quick at detecting worms and slugs, and so it kept between his legs until he aimed his beak at anything, when the Gull stepped nimbly in and intercepted the prey.

"At last the Stork, worried, but always patient, pretended to have given up feeding for the day, and relapsed into a reverie, until the Gull, becoming completely off its guard, sat down and went to sleep in the bigger bird's shadow. The Stork watched it cautiously out of one eye, to make sure that it really was dozing, and then sneaked off, picking his way discreetly on tiptoe, till he considered he was out of hearing, when he fairly scuttled to a spot where he thought he would be safe from persecution. Presently the Gull, missing the shade, woke up and realised the position. In a moment it was on its feet, and came pattering after the Stork, looking so smugly persuaded that its tall friend could not possibly exist without its companionship—so fat and fussy and perky, that I am sure if I had been the Stork I should have driven my bill right through its plump grey back. But the Stork was too high-principled for that. He cast one disgusted look at his tormentor, and then seemed to be invoking a philosophical resignation—the Gull was his fate; he could never hope to escape from it, never! But at least he could ignore it. When I last looked, the Stork had hit upon a mild and gentlemanly form of revenge, in striking at wholly imaginary grubs, and quietly enjoying the Gull's discomfiture. Perhaps he hoped to tire it out in time—but there I fear he was mistaken.

"I fancy," added the Moon, "that I have observed some human companionships which were very much on the same footing."

ASSUREDLY.—A book has been recently published, showing how a quarter of a million of money was lost "in two years." This seems like a misprint. Surely it should be "with two ears"—long ones!



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Nervous Invalid. "AH, MY DEAR FELLOW, THIS IS ONE OF THE WORST ATTACKS I EVER HAD!"

Sympathetic Friend. "YES, OLD MAN—I SINCERELY HOPE IT WILL BE THE LAST! GOOD-BYE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INDUCED by the paragraphic praise bestowed on *Through Green Glasses*, I tried it, and came to the conclusion long before I arrived at the end of the

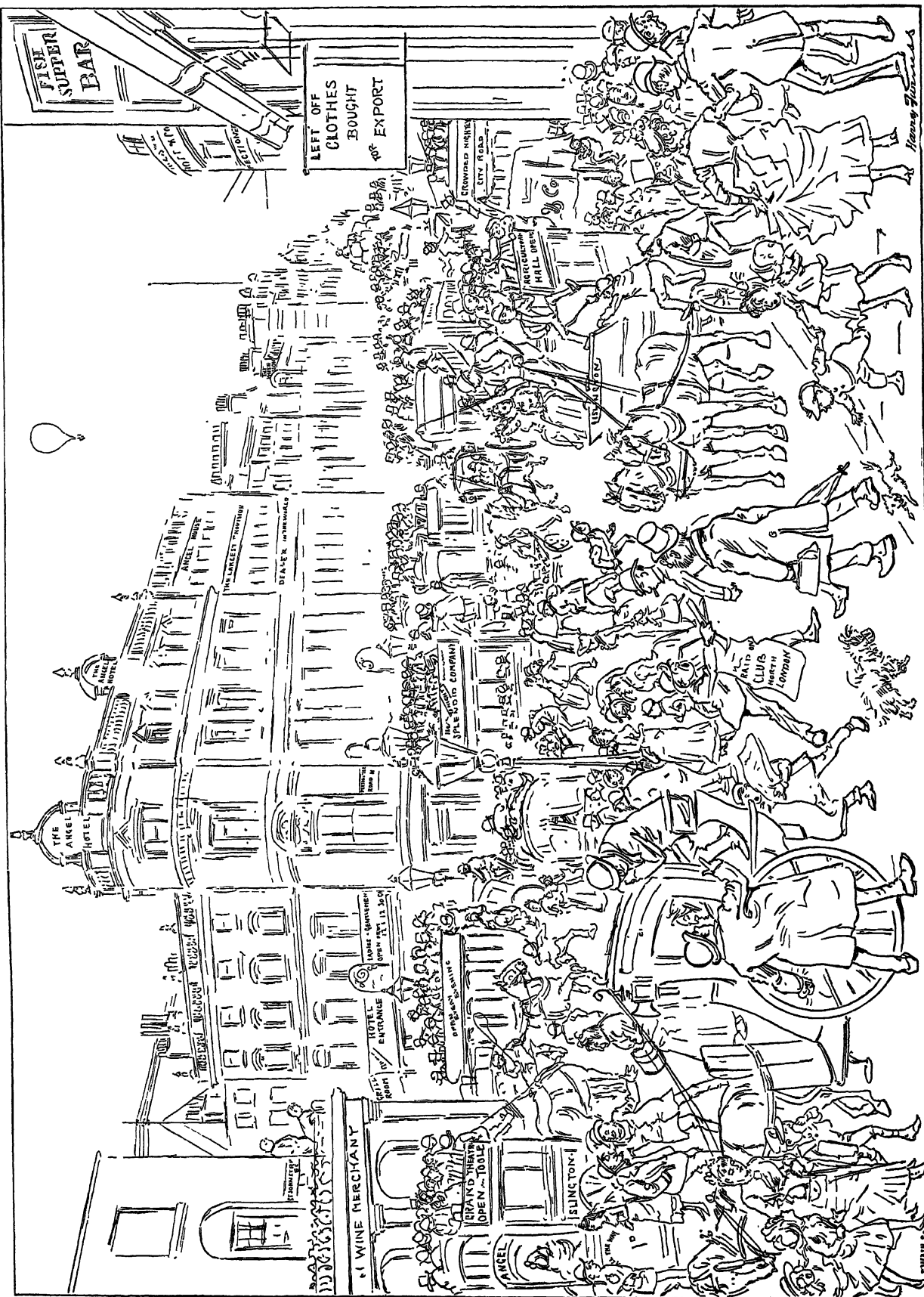


An Arrangement in Green.

book, that some of the humour might possibly be enjoyable, if short extracts were read aloud to me by a rollicking Irishman. There being no Irishman, rollicking or unrollicking, at hand, I put down the book, and cheered my drooping spirits by recalling the fun of *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, and the rest of that family. Then I tried *From the Green Bag*, by the same Author, and couldn't get a smile out of it. I have an old-fashioned prejudice against treating scriptural subjects in a comical vein. It is such very cheap wit; and I found in Mr. ALLEN's attempt at telling the history of NEBUCHADNEZZAR in commonplace doggerel, nothing either in rhyme or humour which could excuse the Author's selection of a story from the Old Testament as his theme for comic versification. Had the irreverent Reverend THOMAS BARHAM chosen to versify such a theme, at all events the ingenuity of his rhymes and his inimitable humour would, to a certain extent, have condoned an offence, which, as a matter of fact, seeing that he confined himself to legendary lore, it is most unlikely he would have committed. However, *Green Glasses* and *Green Bag* have their rapturously gushing admirers, among whom, fortunately or unfortunately (perhaps I may be "colour-blind" with regard to "green"), cannot be reckoned

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 79.



LONDON EMPTY. No. 1.—NORTH.



SUPEREROGATION.

"AND OF COURSE YOU WENT TO NIAGARA?—AND WERE MUCH IMPRESSED BY THE FALLS?"

"A—NO. I'D SEEN 'EM IN LONDON, YOU KNOW!"

FROM THE MERRY MOORS.

Being a few Notes on the "First," contributed by our own Special Chokebore Reporter.

You asked me, if I chanced to get an invite to any "shooting" for the First to let you know. and post you up in the results. Well, I did,—and here you are. The thirtieth having arrived without any invitation, I had just given up the idea as hopeless, when the evening's delivery brought me a nice kind of pressing letter from a sporting friend who had rented 30,000 acres, or 3000 acres,—or, could it have been 3 acres?—in the Midlands, for the purpose, as he expressed it, of getting a "downright good blaze bang into the middle of the partridges,"—(on second thoughts I fancy it *must* have been more than 3 acres),—asking me to put in an appearance for the First, and telling me in the most generous manner in the world to bring a friend or two with me.



"I can put them up," he added, graciously. "I want to make a good show of guns, and surprise the county. Mind you bring your dogs with you."

I accepted, and took down with me a Bulgarian Count and an Indian Chief, whom I happened to have staying with me. I fancy my sporting friend was new to the work of entertaining a shooting party, for when we assembled on the lawn after breakfast we made 127 of us, all told. He appeared to have written to all his friends, and to have told them, as he had told me, to bring a friend or two with them, a privilege of which they seemed to have taken the fullest advantage; though they all scowled angrily at each other, evidently regarding the presence there of any others besides

themselves as an unwarrantable intrusion that must have resulted from some gross miscalculation or mistake. The head-keeper, absolutely declining to arrange what he very truly described as a "whole regiment," my sporting host had politely to dismiss the bulk of his guests. This led to a riot, and a lot of them, in a furious ill-humour, separated all over the grounds, blazing away in all directions, and knocking over anything, from farm poultry downwards, they happened to come across. Talking of "knocking over" brings me to my own weapon, in securing which, not being a sportsman myself, I flattered myself I had made rather a find. I got it from an advertisement, which I subjoin. It ran as follows:—

RARE SPORTSMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.—A double-barrelled big game fowling-piece to be disposed of. Was made for an Indian Rajah, but returned on account of its proving too powerful a weapon for elephant chasing. Splendid spreader. Will carry a six-ounce bullet, or may be loaded with a small flower-pot.

I lost no time in securing this, as it struck me with its "spreading" powers, it was just the sort of gun for a beginner. The Bulgarian Count, too, seemed well provided for sport, for he took with him his *chalgnar*, or native mountain blunderbus, a formidable-looking weapon that has to be fired from a large iron tripod stand, and will, I fancy, much surprise and annoy the other "guns" told off to shoot with him in his batch. The Indian Chief, on the other hand, simply armed himself with his *chilliwallah*, a sort of boomerang, with which he expressed every confidence he would be able to knock over a partridge without killing the dogs. Talking of dogs reminds me that I must not forget to mention that, having no sporting dogs of my own, and not knowing where to find any in a hurry, I closed with a bargain, and at the last moment purchased three black poodles, which, however, the vendor assured me were "up to anything," and would easily pick up both pointer's and setter's business, and understand being shot over in no time. Thus equipped, I presented myself at my sporting host's place, and found myself, as I have already stated, the next morning after breakfast, one of the remnant of the 127 guns left waiting on the lawn to begin the day's sport. And I will here just jot down my notes of the day's proceedings, taken on the spot at the moment.

10 A.M.—Some commotion caused by the Indian Chief having tried his *chilliwallah* on a peacock in an adjacent field, and hit it. He had taken it for a partridge. I have explained the difference to him, and he has promised not to let fly at anything again until I give him the word. Head-keeper still very grumpy. At last our set is made up, and consists of myself, my host, my Bulgarian friend, the Indian Chief, two Dukes, a Baronet, and a couple of other guns, and we all set out in charge of a keeper, and begin a heavy trudge through a rich damp turnip-field, the mould of which clings to our boots and gets over our ancles in a way to render locomotion difficult and laborious. Still we toil on, but there's not a bird to be seen. I ask the keeper jocularly what he thinks has become of them. He shakes his head ominously, and says he doesn't suppose the recent bad weather has left a single brace anywhere; but if it has, and we do come across them, we may depend upon it they will be so wild that they'll give us some trouble to get near them.

NOON.—Am afraid the keeper is right. Here have we been creeping over wet turnips in a high wind and pelting rain (the day has turned out hopelessly wet) for the last two hours, and not a winged creature of any kind has presented itself to our expectant guns. Halloa, though! What's this? A chance at last! There's something coming out of that hedge. Bang! Bang! To the right and left. We all fire. The Bulgarian Count's mountain blunder-buss has kicked and knocked him over backwards. My fowling-piece has certainly gone off, but it has stunned my shoulder. But dear me! what's this? The keeper limping towards me holding up his hand? I'm afraid that, owing to that confounded spreading shot of mine, I have hit him in the leg. I have! And the covey? Have we bagged any? No. There were only three of them, but there they go away over yonder field. The Indian Chief has followed them, clearing the hedge at a rush with a wild yell, but he won't catch them up. The Dukes are swearing quietly to themselves at the general character of the day's sport, which they pronounce to be "mere swindling." Our host intervenes and proposes lunch. We second the proposition, and fall to.

3 P.M.—Still blowing half a gale, and pelting cats and dogs. Excellent champagne at luncheon though, and anyhow one can keep out the rain with whiskey. Have another glass? Certainly. Drink host's jolly good health. Also old Bulgarian Count's, and Chief's. Here's the same, too, to the two Dukes, and the keeper. Here's health to his leg—and many of 'em! What? time to be on the move? All right, then. Forward! Just one more glass whiskey, to put me on my shooting legs. Thanks. Strange, the ground seems shifting under one. 'Spose it's the weather. Halloa! What's this? More birds? Here goes to blaze into 'em. What? Shot a couple of dogs that time, did I? Well, come, that's better than nothing! Two of my own poodles, were they? Well, it will teach 'em not to get in the way, and be shot over properly another time.

Just one more glass whiskey? Thanks. Think I'll go home now. Wish ground would keep steady. Bag might have been bigger. One cheeper between nine of us. Not much that. Still, might have been less. Better luck to-morrow. That's my motto. Better luck t'morrow. Good night for the present. That's t' say—Good nigh!

My "random" notes end abruptly as above, but an official account of the day's proceedings, given in the sporting column of a local paper, which I subjoin herewith, may interest you. Here it is:—

"MUGGLESWORTH, MIDLANDSHIRE.—These grounds were shot over yesterday by a party of nine, including the Dukes of BOLCHESTER and BANGOVER, and a couple of distinguished foreign celebrities. Owing to the frightful state of the weather, scent was so bad and birds so wild and scarce, that the whole day's sport only made up a bag of one cheeper, two hedge-sparrows, a yellow-hammer, two poodles, and a keeper. No disease, but the prospect for to-morrow is not encouraging."

If I have any further news, you shall have it next week.

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

By a Modern Reviewer.

FAREWELL! The wind is singing o'er the
downs,
Just as it sang the year that WILLIAM
landed,
And the great, simple landscape smiles and
frowns, [candid;
Smiles when it flatters, frowns when it is
With moisten'd finger History turns its page,
Nature alone remains behind the age.

Larks sing the same old songs, lambs the
same capers
Cut on the turf unchanged since ADAM's
fall;
The world-old sun is veil'd with the same
vapours;
Storms that to-day the vicar's wife appal
Sounded the same to prehistoric man,
Who to the nearest cave for shelter ran.

Still the stars kindle their too
constant tapers,
The leaves of spring in autumn
duly fall;
Nature is still the same, while all
the papers
Find some new thing each day
for boys to call:
Oh, that the seasons, and the stars
supernal
Would take a hint from, any even-
ing journal!

There is a white-throat's nest
amid the thicket,
As any year might be, since
white-throats were;
Could I but reach, I'd tear it out
and kick it—
It almost makes a Light of
Progress swear
To think how, since the white-
throat was evolved,
It builds, and sings, and leaves
itself unsolved.

Out on the dusty road the sun shines
hotly—
Here in the dappled shade how
fair and cool!
And yet the sun-fleck'd stream is
clad in motley,
And the thick-headed bulrush,
like a fool,
Nods wildly to the unresponsive
fluid,
Just as it would if I had been a
Druid:

Here the tall grasses wave their gracious
heads,
Too fair for such a man-abandon'd lot,
For on the meanest of them Science sheds
Her blessing, in a pet-name polyglot;
And here they wave, undried, ungumm'd
unclassified,
Till Science rages, and will not be pacified.
Why, little wantons, will ye not develop
Your monads into trumpet tongues of truth?
Nor make discredited emotions well up,
Worthy of those who in the race's youth
Spent their spare time, 'mid stratagems and
treasons,
Weaving elaborate myths about the seasons.
Poor foundlings, crooning your untaught *Tu
Deum*,
I love you e'en in your neglected state,
I yearn to store you in a vast museum,
Banning your slattern mother from the gate.

While children, if by that time we have got
any
Revel within on 'ologies and botany.
Farewell! I go to life, and life's sensations;
Police-courts, politics, tight-hats, and boots;
The glorious racket of the railway stations,
And all that raises man above the brutes;
But, leaving you, my molecules wax warm
T'wards yours, although in vegetable form.
See, where the useless streamlet idly chimes,
Mid the forget-me-nots' sun-latticed blue
I gently lay this morning's *Penny Times*,
And this month's Half-a-crown Advanced
Review.
So may soft dews distil the printer's ink,
Inform your plasm, and lead you on to think.

"HAYTI IN THE SHADE."—During the
intense heat of her periodical revolutions.

FISH OUT OF WATER.

Do fish feel? Well, being vertebrate animals, they possess nerves of sensation, although, as they are cold-blooded creatures, it may be rather low. But, if you scotch them, do they not squirm, if you prick them do they not flinch, when you hook them don't they wriggle?

Lord BYRON was a bard, and not a naturalist, but speaking of IZAAK WALTON, he



said:—"That quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet should have a trout, with a small hook to pull it." That would have made WALTON feel; but WALTON was no fish, and we can't quite argue from the angler to the trout.

Eels are commonly skinned alive. Lobsters, too, boiled before being killed, probably sustain some inconvenience. Whether or no both suffer much or little, might they not at least be allowed the benefit of the doubt?

Mr. LAWRENCE HAMILTON, M.R.C.S., in a contribution to the *Lancet*, avers that fish, transported from the fisheries to the markets by sea-carriage, packed in "fish-trunks," are subjected in the meanwhile to starvation, and get infested with parasites and bacteria. Fish-eaters, make a note of that. They undergo "the horrors of the middle passage." Hunger makes cannibals of them, particularly cod-fish, which have to be tied in the "welled boats" by their tails to prevent them from eating one another.

Diseased fish, diseased food. That they are sensitive creatures *non sequitur*; but that they do feel, and that perhaps acutely, the pangs of being starved, and smothered, and peeled and crimped, and eviscerated quick, and boiled to death, is highly probable. Under these circumstances should not the name and the aim of that excellent institution the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals be extended sufficiently to include under its merciful guardianship the floating population of Billingsgate?

VERY INGENIOUS!

SCENE—*Corner of a Street. TIME—Night.*
Intelligent Constable and Respectable Person discovered near Police Pillar-Signal.

Respectable Person. Marvellous! And so I can send a message to your station-house at any time by telephone?

Intelligent Constable. Yes, Sir, but to prevent false alarms, the box is so constructed that the private key with which we supply citizens will not come out until the Police come with theirs to liberate it. (*Smiling.*) So be careful, Sir, how you summon us, or you will get yourself into trouble.

R. P. (*smiling*). Be sure I will use my privilege discreetly. I will detain you no longer.

I. C. (*touching his helmet*). Good-night, Sir.

R. P. At last alone! Now to my plan! (*Opens Signal-box and speaks through telephone.*) A fire—send all your men to Islington. (*Leaves key in box.*) And now, I must to Pentonville! (*Throws off his disguise.*) Thus triumphs HAWKSHAW the Burglar!
[*Exit to burgle. Curtain.*]

UNFILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

III.

NIGHT once again, dusk un-revealing night,
 Which, like *Mokanna's* veil,
 withdraws from sight
 The city's foulest features,
 A veil transparent to our wan-
 dering glance.—

"How droll the universal
 puppet-dance
 Of Mammon's motley crea-
 tures!"

So my guide whispered keenly.

"Wealth, Work, Wage!
 These sum the salient ques-
 tions of the Age.

To fix their right relations
 Puzzles the pundits self-
 esteemed most wise
 In all the esoteric mysteries
 Of Socialist equations.

"Study the problem here,
 friend." Overhead

Lush roses like a sky of crim-
 son spread,
 Starred with the snowy
 sweetness

Of stephanotis blooms; bright hues and balm
 Lend to long vistas green of fern and palm
 Voluptuous completeness.

A hard-faced man, yet with the eager eyes
 Of elderly love-fever, stoops and tries

To snatch a hand unwilling.
 Incarnate calculation looks the churl,
 Yet with blind passion for that shrinking girl
 His every pulse seems thrilling.

And she is poor in all save beauty's dower,
 And he a cockney *Croesus*. Danaë's shower
 Such wooing symbolises.
 And Danaë, shuddering, yet perforce must
 yield;

All lesser lovers beaten from the field.
 So Fortune deals her prizes.

"A Bendemeer in Babylon, is it not?"
 Chuckled my strange conductor. "Passion
 hot

And chill indifference meeting
 In such an artificial Paradise,
 Present a pregnant picture. Art—with eyes—
 Might fix the lesson fleeting.

"Such are poor Beauty's Wages!" "True,"
 I cried,

"And what are his, the huckster at her side?"
 "Look round, good friend, and reckon,"
 The Shadow answered. "Forty years his feet
 Have followed, followed, masterful and fleet,
 Wherever gain hath beckoned.

"Wealth has he, wide-spread power, and
 fair renown;

Now Beauty stoops his patient work to crown
 With rapture ere it closes.

An image he of mingled gold and clay?
 Doubtless. But it is such we see to-day
 Crowned with Catullian roses.

"Her sister now, child of the same light sire,
 Finds other Wages; hers the starveling hire
 Of dull, unlovely labour.

Behold!" A sombre, small, suburban room,
 The sort of den where Toil plods on in gloom,
 With Poverty for neighbour.

So dingy-draped, dim-lighted, coldly neat,
 The solitary rosebud looks less sweet
 Set on that work-piled table.
 Sedulous stitchery scarce competes with smiles
 From pretty lips, or semi-wanton wiles,—
 Save in dull moral fable.



"Toil and self-sacrifice," my Mentor said,
 "Seek their small stipend here. And, over-
 head,

Talent is sitting—idle. [hair,
 See! A broad brow's beneath that matted
 But the wild wrath of genius in despair
 Is difficult to bridle.

"He had the incommunicable gift,
 Invention. Shrewd self-seeking, cautious
 thrift

Capricious Fate omitted.
 Our *Croesus* yonder sucked his brain, and here
 He hides, joint thrall of blank despair and
 beer,

Unmarked, unpaid, unpitied.

"'Strange, most unjust?' Good friend, the
 fortunes built

On such cold theft are many, and the guilt
 Sits on Wealth's conscience lightly.
 In yonder book-lined chamber sits a scribe,
 An honest soul, gold would not buy or bribe
 His pen alert and sprightly.

"Draw near, and over his bowed shoulder
 look. [book,

'Men who Succeed.' The name of his new
 Run down the lines and ponder.

He writes of *Croesus* on this very page.
 Think you he'll give e'en honour's barren
 wage

To his poor jackal yonder?

"He knows him not; for it is *not* Success
 To serve another in the social press,
 And miss the glittering guerdon."—

The scene changed swiftly. 'Tis a thing of
 dread

To see a radiant brow, a golden head
 Bowed beneath sorrow's burden.

So gay a chamber—and so sad a face!
 So grim a skeleton 'midst so much grace!
 RAHAB amidst the roses
 Shows bravely; but alone, at dead of night!
 What spectral presence on her shrinking sight
 Its warning shape discloses?

These be *her* Wages! Honey hers and milk,
 In passion's promised land, poor thing of silk;
 But solitude's revealings,
 Amidst the fripperies of her flaunting state,
 Show that, though crowned with flowers,
 stone-lipped Fate
 Is deadly in its dealings.

"The great Wage Question," quoth my quiet
 guide,

"Confronts a hurried age on every side.
 I offer no solution.

Showman, and not Philosopher, am I.
 Judge you 'twixt radiant Rascality
 And ruthless Retribution!"

(To be continued.)

THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.—From the
 "Consular Reports" it appears that a com-
 pletely new trade has been lately developed
 in South-Eastern Europe through the ex-
 portation of eggs. If the Reports had called
 attention to the importation of shells, they
 would, under existing circumstances, have
 been nearer the mark. It is the foreign
 fowling-piece, and not the home-bred fowl,
 that is likely to cause some startling develop-
 ments in the trade of South-Eastern Europe.

LOVE À LA MODE.

HE.

THE moonlight's on the sea, and on her hair;
 She is a real beauty! How they'd stare,
 The boys, if I brought home a wife—but there,
 What bosh it is to think of love and
 marriage;

She'd want a house,
 we'll say in Gros-
 venor Place,
 Ascot and Goodwood,
 one must go the
 pace,
 And such a fashion-
 able lady's face
 Must smile upon the
 world from out a
 carriage.

SHE.
 The moonlight's on
 the sea. I know
 each word

That trembles on his lips, as though I heard
 Their passionate utterance. Is the thought
 absurd,

That we two could join hands and live
 together,

Through all the coming years, a peaceful life,
 As happy husband and contented wife,
 Disdaining all the wild world's ceaseless
 strife?

Love would find blue skies e'en in stormy
 weather.

HE.

The moonlight's on the sea. I feel, by Jove,
 That what those poet-Johnnies have called
 Love,

Does stir one's heart. I think if she would
 move, [over:

And look at me once more, all would be
 Yet, after all, where would one's freedom be?
 While my amount of yearly £ s. d.

Would not suffice, that's clear, for her
 and me;

And wild oats seem uncommonly like
 clover.

SHE.

The moonlight's on the sea. What idle tales
 The poets tell of moonlight. What avails
 My love and his?—for love in these days
 fails, [one guerdon.

Though girls would risk it to gain love's
 He thinks that I want diamonds; and I,
 Who for his sake and love's would gladly die,
 Know that between us must for ever lie

His coward fear lest life should prove a
 burden.

"CHURCHY" TENDENCIES OF THE PRIME
 MINISTER.—Why, of course, hasn't he just
 provided the very Cabinet with a CHAPLIN?



"UPON HIM!"

(Professor Snoodle hates Music, and thinks he has discovered a safe retreat from the Enemy.)
 Brigand (from round the corner of a Rock). "TAKE FOR THE BAND, SIR?"

"URN-BYE" AS IT IS.

(A Communication from the side of the Dear Sea Waves.)

WHEN my Doctor told me that the air of this place would soon set me upon my legs, he was quite right. It has, and my legs are now most anxious to take me away. Not that it is altogether a bad sort of town—when you know it. There is some very decent bathing, and a circulating library and a clock-tower; but perhaps the great feature



Entertainers both Civil and Military.

of the spot is the Band. It is a military band; not an imitation, like "Somebody's Heavy Infantry," but a real regulation regimental band. Caps, badges, piping-trimmed tunics, sword-belts—everything complete. I am not sure how it got here. In the morning it seems to feel the want of the battalion very deeply, and marches through the town as if it were followed by a colonel, two majors, sergeant-major,

eight companies, colour party, and an adjutant—all *en règle*. Alas! the colonel down to the adjutant are phantoms of the imagination, and the poor Band resembles not a little a locomotive engine which has lost its attendant train. However, after two or three progresses in correct military formation, it takes its place resignedly within measurable distance of the bathing-machines, and discourses sweet music for the benefit of the children on the beach. It is then that the niggers and clowns vanish, to reappear, strengthened by a foreign conjuror, in Court evening dress, at the other end of the promenade.

I am glad to say that the Band does not descend to collecting coppers; but I rather fancy, from what I read in a local paper (price one halfpenny) that it is to have, before the Season closes, a two-day benefit of some sort. Well, I hope the two-day benefit will be a success, for the poor, lone, melancholy regimental band without the regiment is a very good one.

And this reminds me that one of the great attractions of the town is the local halfpenny paper, which is sometimes distributed gratuitously. It is not a large sheet, but it contains a mass of valuable information. We have, for instance, the band programme, the railway time-table, and the announcement of any such wild dissipation as a flower-show held in the Town Hall, or a performance of Miss Rose's excellent Theatrical Company in the Assembly Rooms. The latest news outside our immediate neighbourhood is certainly rather condensed. As an example, were the Autocrat of the Great North to be assassinated at St. Petersburg, our paper would, I fancy, announce the rather startling intelligence briefly,—"Czar was murdered this morning," while devoting a ten-line paragraph to the graphic description of an accident to a local goat-chaise. Well, we are perfectly satisfied with this distribution of intelligence, for while we are *here* I fancy we take greater interest in local goat-chaises than in Czars of Russia, however they may be murdered.

I have incidentally mentioned Miss Rose's theatrical company, which I have truthfully described as a very good one. It consists of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom I fancy, must have only recently adopted the Stage as a profession. When this company visits us, we have a very varied programme. On Monday, for instance, we are introduced to a startling melodrama with some



FANCY PORTRAIT OF MR. BALFOUR ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.

The Right Hon. Gentleman is depicted kindly giving two of the Attendants, supplied by Scotland Yard to protect prominent Members of the Cabinet in London, a little Outing.

such title as *The Band of Blood*; on Tuesday, *Hamlet*; Wednesday, (two pieces) *Cox and Box*, and *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*; Thursday, *The Rivals*; Friday, *London Assurance*; and Saturday, we return to our old love (a sure draw), *The Band of Blood*. Thus the ladies and gentlemen of the company have plenty of practice, and if (let us say) Mr GARRICK MACREADY ROSCIUS is not quite in his element as *Sir Ralph Ruthven*, the wicked baronet in the melodrama, he often has a chance, before he is many days older, of making a very favourable impression as *Box*.

There are other distractions. We have Excursions in a drag (shilling there and back—children half-price) to a very popular ruin, where one can look at the remains of a churchyard washed away by the sea, and exchange courtesies with the friendly sheep of a venerable caretaker, and (once a year) we have a Regatta. This Season the

Regatta would have been a stupendous success (we had enough flags to have paved Cheapside) had not a dead heat between two rival crews led to a contest on land, which was not included in the programme, and which was even more exciting than the contest on water.

Then our visitors are most delightful. We have HARRY without his "h," and EMILY with a supplementary aspirate. 'ARRY wears white flannel trousers, and HEMILY a cricketing cap that bursts into blossom just over the peak. Their conversation proves them both to belong to what the Lodginghouse-keepers call "the 'igher classes."

And this reference to the Lodginghouse-keepers reminds me that perhaps the most startling thing in the whole place is the price asked for apartments. But here I am obliged to stop (or rather go), as my legs will insist upon hurrying me off to the railway station!



NO LIBEL.

PORTRAIT OF A RECENT BARE-FACED IMPOSTOR.

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

Advantages—Per Contra—The Mountaineer—Geology—Proposition—Wasp—Eccursion—Watermouth—Entertainments—Torr's Walks—Happy ports—Sunset.

ILFRACOMBE is decidedly not a fashionable watering-place. By "fashionable" I understand such places as Eastbourne, Brighton, Folkestone, Ryde, Cowes, Dieppe, Trouville, Deauville, and so on where Society rings the changes on costumes, and lives Town life with additional excitements, and under invigorating climatic influences. If there be a beach, sands, and a pier, then there are the inevitable niggers, Aunt Sallies, and all the stale tomfooleries of the Derby Day. Of course, there is the usual treadmill promenade, and the tall hat and gloves show for Church Parade on Sunday.

Now from most of this Ilfracombe is free, with the exception of the traditional top-hat and shiny best coat of the highly-respectable *bourgeoisie*, on Sunday; but these seem to be worn with a difference, more out of respect to the day than for mere Vanity Fair's sake; though, of course, being out in such complete smartness, JACK and JILL, and JACK'S and JILL'S worthy parents and brothers and sisters feel themselves bound to walk up Capstons Hill, just to shake off the drowsiness caused by the Rev. PROSE's discourse, and to obtain a good appetite for the half-past one meal.

The curse of Ilfracombe on Sunday is that uncompromising, uncharitable, intolerant Salvation Army, with its smug, stuck-up, howling fanatics, and its brazen-lunged and drum-banging band. Their preachers, preaching only to their own followers, are street nuisances, and, on the rocks, where you would fain retire into solitary communion with your best self, these ignorant, vulgar, conceited sectarians come ranting and roaring, to the utter discomfort of all quiet, retiring contemplative persons.

There is another occasional nuisance in orthodox imitation of the Salvationist system, and this is a service for children on the rocks every morning, patronised by a clergyman of position. Their emissaries ask little children to join them in hymn-singing; but, with

satisfaction I have noticed several little ones give these well-intentioned but officious amateur Apostles a decided and unexpected snubbing.

The amusements are of such a simple kind as give much pleasure to those who come to Ilfracombe to enjoy everything out of doors, and who, being contented with rides, drives, and walks, avoid hot rooms, crowds, music-halls, and theatres.

"The country is simply too beautiful for anything!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY. "Why it's quite an insult to call it a miniature Switzerland," she says, going off into a wild laugh at the idea.

"It isn't Switzerland at all," complains COPLEY MARKHAM: "I wish it were." And he suddenly jerks out his watch and consults it gravely, as if considering whether he would just have time to catch the next train to Switzerland or not.

"Splendid ferns everywhere," says Miss NETTLEY, who is seldom out without an Alpine-stick and a basket, as if she were going to market.

"I'll tell you where there are lovely ones," cries our mountaineer, young HARRY SKRYMMAGER, who is always in full climbing costume, with a formidable knife in a sheath, fixed into some mysterious part of his back. "Most useful thing," he explains. "I learnt it"—he speaks of the knife as if it were a musical instrument—"when I was in Norway. You stick it into a cleft in a rock, and it makes a



The Wild Fern Gatherer.

handle. It digs up roots, opens gates—and it's no end serviceable."

Young SKRYMMAGER is full of useful information. He has recently passed an examination for something or other, but happening to arrive in the first three, and there being, unfortunately, only two vacancies, he finds himself temporarily cast adrift, literally crammed with stores of useful knowledge, which he takes every opportunity of distributing in small parcels, so to speak, to his friends, on every possible opportunity. I suppose it is owing to his having been so long and closely engaged in study that he is now so restless as to be unable to sit still for more than five minutes together, even at meals. He is politeness itself. "Let me hand this," he says to Our Mrs. Cook, jumping up from his seat suddenly, and seizing a dish of hot potatoes. Whereat, of course, Miss BRONDESLEY gives a little scream, and exclaims, "Oh, that HARRY SKRYMMAGER! He's quite like a whirlwind!" and then she is shaken with one of her irresistible laughing fits at the absurdly striking resemblance which young SKRYMMAGER, politely handing a dish of potatoes, must evidently bear to a whirlwind.

Immediately the meal is over SKRYMMAGER draws his weapon, takes a stick, puts on his hat and asks, "Now who's for Score Woods and for fern-collecting? then on to Lee, and perhaps round by Morthoe and Woolacombe Sands, and so back to dinner?"

"How far is that?" inquires the Poet, cautiously.

"Oh, no distance," replies HARRY SKRYMMAGER, vaguely; "but it's lovely country. There are Silurian rocks, and then there is that red strata peculiar to the geological period called Devonian. Fancy elephants and lions having been all over the place." Mrs. COOK, locking up the biscuits in the sideboard, pauses in horror. Elephants and lions! When? Where?—and to think of all the little COOKIES about? She had not caught exactly what Mr. SKRYMMAGER was saying, and supposed that the beasts had got loose out of a travelling menagerie, "as they did once at least, so I have heard, somewhere in Kent," she says; "and a lion came in at the door of a house where three old maids lived, just as they were quietly at tea."

"Oh," says SKRYMMAGER, "I meant thousands of years ago. There was a skeleton of a lion from here somewhere by Lynton, and there's a pebbly beach right at the top of a hill, showing," he continues, dealing out a parcel or two from his useful-knowledge stores, "that, at some time or other, all this was under sea, because you'll find corals, encrinites, trilobites and shells, and the discoveries in the Siluro-Carboniferous interval are still more interesting."

"Good gracious, Mr. SKRYMMAGER!" cries Miss BRONDESLEY, gasping as if her breath had been quite taken away by this sudden avalanche of information, "what terrible things you are telling us!" And she glances round from one to the other in a playfully timid frightened manner, as she places her miniature pocket-handkerchief to her lips as if to repress a coming shriek.

But HARRY SKRYMMAGER is in a generous humour, and he is going into further interesting details about "argillaceous slates, schistose grits, traces of quartz at Morthoe and manganese at Woolacombe Sands," when Our Own Mr. COOK, says quietly, "I've arranged for you all to go down to Watermouth Caves on the sea-shore. There are two donkey-chairs coming, and a spare donkey for those who like to 'ride and tie.' We start in half an hour. It's low tide at four, and just the day for the excursion."

"Oh, Mr. COOK!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY. "Am I to go into a cave—into a dark, horrible cave—on the sea-shore, among the pirates and smugglers? Are there any smugglers? Oh, my dear," she turns appealingly to our hostess as Miss NETLEY refuses to listen to her; "my dear! aren't you frightened?" and she flops down on the floor by Our Own Mrs. COOK's chair, and buries her head in her hands as if in abject terror, laughing hysterically all the time. Our hostess takes her under her protection, murmuring soothingly, "Dear JENNIE!" as she protests that, if there were anything terrible in the caves, her husband wouldn't have arranged for anyone to go there, which is at once a common-sense and yet sympathetic view of the case.

"Oh!" exclaims the impulsive Miss BRONDESLEY, kneeling up suddenly, and folding her hands like a pretty nursery picture of "the little one at her mother's knee,"—of which, perhaps, a glimmering recollection occurs to her mind at this moment,— "I'll go wherever you go." She says this with a little tremulous laugh, as she looks into Our Own Mrs. COOK's quiet eyes. Then she smiles a smile of such sweet and tender confidence that it would have softened even

the heart of *Hubert*, if he had had to deal with Miss BRONDESLEY instead of little *Prince Arthur*—or would have irritated him beyond all control, and made him do something desperate.

"We may find some octopuses," says HARRY SKRYMMAGER, in serious earnest, as he sharpens his knife on the leather sheath.

Miss JENNIE looks up and pouts, as if begging him not to try and impose on her with his nonsense about octopuses.

"There are octopuses about," says Miss NETLEY, "just as in Jersey," and Our Own Mr. COOK presumes it is not improbable. COPLEY MARKHAM wishes we were on the coast of Brittany, and GILLIE KING recollects having heard of several being seen somewhere about, though on reflection he rather thinks these must have been porpoises. The Poet is recalling that scene so graphically described by VICTOR HUGO, when Miss BRONDESLEY starts up, nearly upsetting Our Own Mrs. COOK, crying, "Oh, a wasp!"

"Don't hit it!" "Don't touch it!" "Leave it alone!" "Where is it?" Everyone is shouting, and the room is cleared. A start is made for Water-

Devonshire Grass Lane. Short Cut for Two Miles. "Length without Breadth."

mouth Caves, a trudge of about three miles and a half, with a visit to the caves in boats at sixpence a-head. "Interesting, but not remarkable," says GILLIE. "Better in Brittany," says COPLEY.

"You didn't come with us," I observe to one of our party, Mr. RUDOLPH SHULTZ, a quiet, rotund, grey-bearded, and middle-aged gentleman, whose life's studies have been among the driest and mustiest works on the highest and deepest philosophical and theological subjects, and whose professional income is derived from contributions, under a well-known and highly popular *nom de plume*, to all branches of the very lightest literary and dramatic work. He generally carries about with him a curious old book or two, in antique binding, and has pencils, note-books, and portable dictionaries, concealed about his person in all sorts of out-of-the-way pockets. He does not care for "views," except philosophical and theological ones, and rarely accompanies us on any excursion. For the greater part of the day he reads on the rocks, "and," he says, in replying to my observation, "when I am fatigued with that, I assist at a most interesting performance of Punch and Judy, which takes place on the rocks at 12:30, four, and (by torchlight) at seven."

Punch and Judy on the rocks is one of the principal entertainments by day or night. There are three performances, and if anyone wants to see the legitimate drama of Punch and Judy in its entirety,

without any sort of curtailment, but with an occasional introduction of a character or two quite in keeping with modern requirements,—just as in the dialogue interspersed with songs, after the style of a Vaudeville, are brought topical allusions exactly up to date,—I say if anyone wants to see this (as far as I know) unique performance, he must come to Ilfracombe before Professor SMITH with his Royal Punch Show—which he carries, as a snail does his house, on his back—leaves the place. Or he must follow him through his tour in the provinces.

There are two other entertainments on the beach—one provided by the strong man, who ties himself up, and unties himself, and who I don't think has a great following, as I have frequently seen him wandering about the promenade in a sort of acrobatic bathing-dress, folding his muscular arms as he regards the crowd about Punch and Judy, and listens to the irritating squeak of the chief performer, with the melodramatic scowl of the blighted professional, who mutters to himself, "Ha! ha! a time will come!" The second entertainment is composed of two hideous-looking persons in slouch hats, and dark-blue spectacles, who travel with a grand piano, and call themselves "The Original Mysterious Minstrels." One of them is a powerful tenor, who does the sentimental part of the performance, and the other, a big fat man with a husky voice, is a baritone, who as the low comedian, sings CORNEY GRAIN's and GROSSMITH's songs.

There is a good town band, who are not on speaking terms with the Mysterious Musicians; and, in fact, the jealousy between the two parties of entertainers reached such an acute point as to threaten the harmony of the place by splitting it up into factions. When, indeed, the opponents met under one roof, and some wanted the band and others the singers, it was evident we couldn't have "songs without words." A truce, however, was proclaimed during the remainder of the Mysterious Minstrels' sojourn, and all ended well without the intervention of the police.

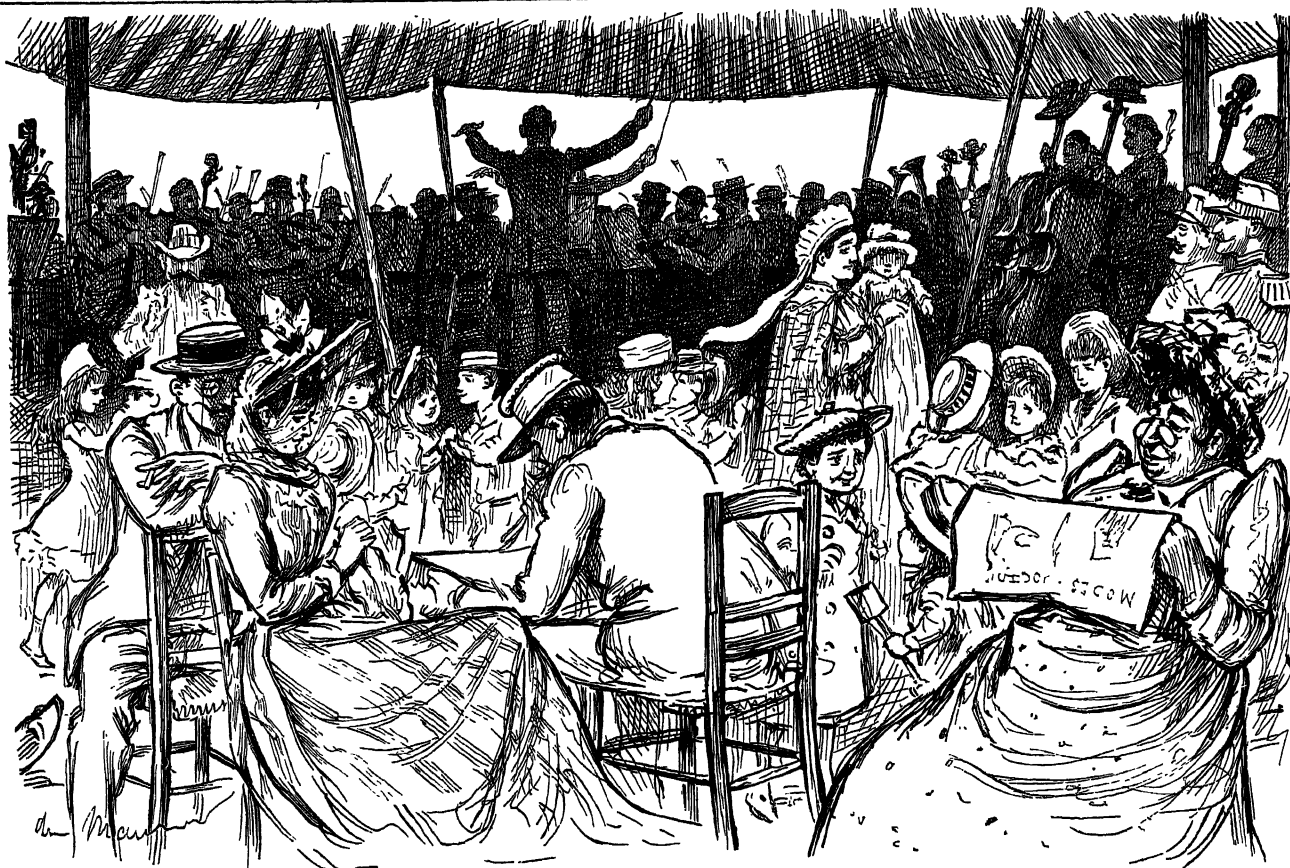
Where people most do congregate is a miniature Crystal Palace, called the "Jubilee Shelter," to which admission is free, (and no

less welcome than free), when the stormy winds do suddenly blow, and the rain unexpectedly descends in torrents. It has a hot, passionate temperament, this North Devon; it is all smiles, radiant; all of a sudden it frowns, it looks black, there is an awful row, and then it bursts into tears—a deluge—it is all over—and out comes the sun again, and all is bright, joyous, and happy, and everybody about the Capstone Hill blesses the shelter, with as much gratitude as, proverbially, the North Briton blesses His Grace of ARGYLL. Every evening we go on to the Torr's Walks, and have a ha'porth of Sunset, and a ha'porth of North-Westerly Atlantic breeze, and cheap at the price. "It is very wonderful," observes Miss JENNIE BRONDESLEY, for one instant thoughtful, as she takes a last fond look at the setting sun. "Now it's going to the Antipodes. I suppose it's beginning to be daybreak in Australia."

"Not exactly," replies HARRY SKRYMMAGER, seizing the opportunity of getting rid of some of his scientific cargo. "You see, the earth's motion round the sun is in this way—" And he commences an illustration with two pebbles, which he picks up for the purpose. "Oh, don't try it on me!" cries Miss BRONDESLEY, exploding with merriment. "I don't care to know how a conjuring trick is done. The sun disappears—down it goes—and the people in the Antipodes have the use of it when we've done with it. I think it's very nice that we should have it first;" and, delighted with her own sharpness in putting the solar system into a nutshell, and shutting it up, (and HARRY SKRYMMAGER as well), she runs up half a scale of laughter, waves her handkerchief as if bidding adieu to sun, science, SKRYMMAGER, and all argument, and steps out briskly, as if she didn't care what became of her, even if she tripped over the edge of Torr's Walks into the sea.



A Ha'p'orth of Sunset on the Torr's Walks.



UN BON MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

(WAITING FOR ONE'S BATHING TENT AT THE DIEPPE CASINO.)

FROCKS IN FRANCE.

A Respectful Protest.

O LADY, when leaving our England to visit
At French seaside places, how strangely you dress!
We look at your frock, and we murmur, What is it,
A bathing costume, or attempt to express
Your scorn of the frog-eating natives, by wearing
A mixture of hues inexpressibly vile?
With true English insolence haply not caring,
Although well-dressed Frenchwomen sneer with a smile.

And why do you semi-convulsively wriggle,
In aimless contortions of pleasure or pain?
How is it you try on an infantine giggle?
Oh, elderly *ingénue*, prithee explain!
When at home you are not so aggressively skittish,
With antics like monkeys when learning to dance;
And there's one sort of laugh, only heard from the British,
That makes you the terror of masculine France.

Autres pays, autres mœurs. Does the air change demeanour,
That you "gallivant" in unfeminine way?
When at home, you've an aspect more staid and serene
Than that which you make us ashamed of to-day.
To the country of WORTH why bring frocks so appalling,
And hats so outrageously little or big,
That the very street-boys can't be scolded for calling
Out words of disdain of your insular rig!

IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT.—The chief commiseration for the honest Jack-tars returned from the recent Manœuvres must be reserved for the stokers on board the *Nymphe*, the ventilation of whose engine-room was so deficient that the temperature rose to 113°, while in the bunks 180° was registered, a heat which it is not surprising to hear caused the coal to become ignited! It is not stated clearly what remedy is proposed for this state of things; but if the Lords of the Admiralty turn another crew into the *Nymphe* without thoroughly overhauling her, they will certainly be making it hot for them (and it is to be hoped for themselves) with a vengeance.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE POST.

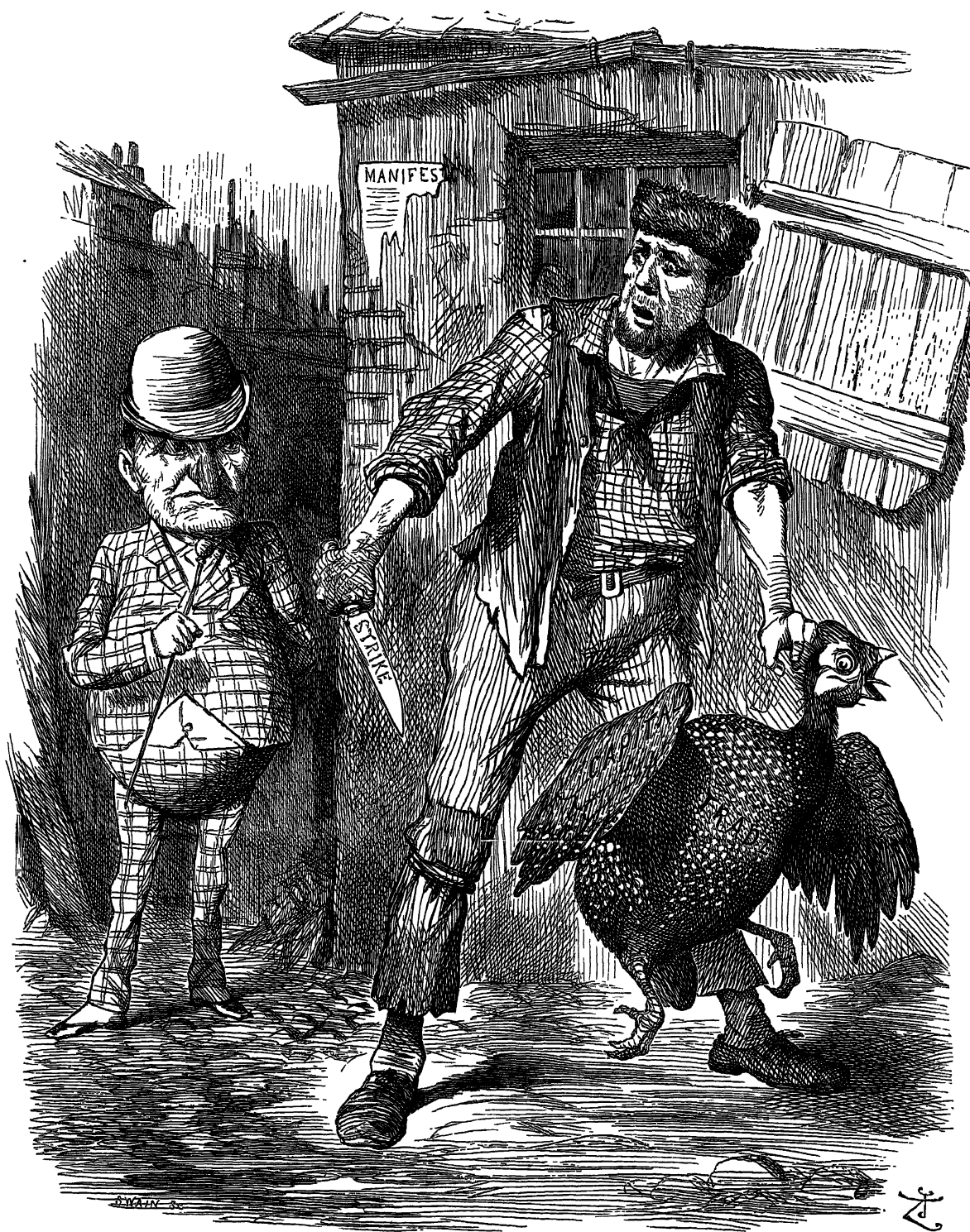
MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I have been much exercised by a paragraph I lately saw in an evening paper, in its summary of the Postmaster-General's Annual Report on the work of his office. It seems, according to the veracious journal in question, that there exists "a tomtit, who builds her nest in a private letter-box by a farm-gate. For two years she resented the intrusion of the letters, and pushed them out as fast as they were placed in the box. This year, however, she permitted them to remain, and successfully hatched five young ones." Now, Sir, this may strike the Postmaster-General as merely a curious and entertaining fact, but he does not seem sufficiently alive to the grave inconvenience that would be caused were the example of this misguided bird to be generally followed by the feathered tribe. Speaking for myself, Sir, as one of the Public, I wish any letters I intrust to the post to be duly delivered, but I emphatically object to their being hatched in course of transmission by any bird whatever. If a letter is posted "young," as I presume is the case with all properly posted missives, how long will it be before it is able to leave the parental pillar-box? and, again, how can we be sure that it will retain sufficient instinct to fly to its original direction? And—a more important question still—what manner of fowls will letters posted and hatched in this highly irregular and officious manner turn out, on breaking the envelope? Will you kindly relieve my natural anxiety on these important points, and allow me to subscribe myself,

A PERPLEXED ORNITHOLOGIST.

[The last point is the only one to which Mr. Punch can offer a reply with any confidence. Letters hatched as his correspondent describes, would probably turn out either Tell-tale-tits or Round Robins. However, such queries open up a wide and interesting field, which we commend to all students of un-Natural History.]

Verb. Sap.

A LITTLE more love between neighbour and neighbour,
In Trade, would work change to move cynics' astonishment.
Were Capital not so dead set on Hard Labour,
And Labour less eager for Capital Punishment!



THE GUINEA-FOWL THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

(Æsop slightly altered.)

MR. P. "DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD, MY MAN! WHO'D SUFFER MOST *IF YOU KILLED IT?*"



THE MODERN HEADSMAN.

CELEBRITIES BEGGING FOR MERCY OF THE CARICATURIST. HEADS TAKEN OFF WHILE YOU WAIT.

THE MUSIC AT THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

(By One who was sent to take Notes.)

GLOUCESTER, celebrated for its cathedral and its cheese, had put on its gayest aspect for the Festival of the Three Quires, so called from the number of sheets of paper which, on the average, it causes each correspondent writing about the Festival to consume. The architecture of the old city seems in many places to have been imitated from the new decorations of Her Majesty's Theatre. Of course there was a good deal of "bunting" about, though the famous critic, Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, has failed this time to enlarge on the subject. I can fancy J. B. apostrophising his once well-loved "bunting" in some such strain as the following:—

Bye, bye, baby BUNTING,
JOEY'S gone a-hunting,

Picking up some newer chaff
For the *Daily Telegraph*.

J. B. did good and serious work for the Festival in the "book" he prepared for Mr. LEE WILLIAMS, a Composer whose music possesses genuine charm, and whose fame already belongs, not to Gloucester alone (where he is Cathedral organist), but to all England. I had expected from him a *Cantata* on some local subject—a glorification, for instance, of Gloucester's unrivalled salmon, ending with a septett in which some of the leading inhabitants of the river should with one voice utter the touching declaration,—"We are Severn!" Mr. LEE WILLIAMS had been furnished, however, by the said J. B. with a poem of solemn import, which he has set to appropriately pathetic music.

Among the big fishes really present (see the names in the programme) was small FRY, who persisted in declaiming something throughout the performance of Dr. MACKENZIE's beautiful and impressive *Dream of Jubal*. *Jubal* never dreamed of small FRY, and it would be well if some arrangement could be made by which this really clever reciter should get his recitation finished before the music begins—or afterwards. We had two FRY days in the Festival week; Monday, when FRY rehearsed, and Tuesday, when he publicly recited.

There is much to praise in the music, and much to object to in the *libretto* of Dr. HUBERT PARRY's *Judith*. All that is dramatic in the admirable story of the Jewish heroine has been carefully expunged by the Composer, who is his own librettist; and by mixing up the remainder with the revolting story of *Manasseh*, the degraded Jewish king, he has produced the strangest of jumbles. If Dr. HUBERT PARRY does not like the slaying of *Holofernes* by *Judith*, neither do I like the massacre of those Innocents Abroad, Master JONES and Master LEESON, at the shrine of Moloch. Besides Master JONES and Master LEESON (such, according to the Book of the Words, were the names of *Manasseh*'s children), several Priests and one High Priest take part in the action. I am astonished that the Composer did not see the propriety of writing the part of the High Priest for the alto voice. Dr. HUBERT may parry some of my objections. But *Punch* and *Judith* will never agree.

The great day of the Festival was Thursday, when Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's *Prodigal Son* was performed in the morning, and his *Golden Legend* in the evening. This attractive combination had the effect of increasing the population of Gloucester for twenty-four hours to such an extent that the cheese-famed city seemed suddenly to have developed from single Gloucester into double Gloucester. The *Golden Legend* is a traditional tale of a fortune amassed at Gloucester by an hotel-keeper during the Festival week; while the *Prodigal Son*, is the sad story of a young man who, in spite of his father's warnings, lived an entire Festival week at a Gloucester Inn. The execution of the *Prodigal Son* pleased me. Not that he is put to death—you know what I mean. There was one remarkable defect, however, in the singing of Mr. EDWARD LLOYD. The *Prodigal* after his brief period of plunging, had lived on husks. It would have been at once realistic and subtle to have indicated this by a little huskiness in the voice of his representative. Far, however, from being husky, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD sang his part with provoking clearness.

I must not forget SITT's concerto, introduced by CARRODUS Junior—Sirrah BERNHARD CARRODUS. During the performance the E string of Sirrah BERNHARD CARRODUS's violin suddenly snapped. Having now only three strings to his bow, the young man went to his father—and might have fared worse. The Governor, as leader, was close at hand. He passed his instrument to his son; and the orchestra's first violin became the soloist's second fiddle. The playing of the youthful CARRODUS quite carried us away.

BLACK AND TAN.

(A Pedestrian's Psalm.)

BLESSINGS on him who furnished forth our lives

With comfort hitherto absurdly lacking;

Furthered that ease for which man fondly strives,

And dealt a blow at that dark despot—Blackening!

No longer need we be the suffering slaves

Of a gregarious folly, and foul weather,

We find the freedom every walker craves

In pedal coverings of russet leather.

A certain portion of pedestrian travel

Everyone's destiny plays some small part in;

Now may we pace on pavement, asphalt, gravel

Defiant both of dirt and DAY AND MARTIN.

Boot-blacks may mourn and Blackening-makers moan,

Others hail all that helps man to abolish

That dual despotism, dreadful grown,

Of needless nigrITUDE and futile polish.

Blackness is dear unto the modish man

Who is more servile than a well-trained terrier;

But now we have a choice 'twixt Black and Tan

Life will be easier and humanity merrier.

THE unhappy wanderer in the back slums of Bel-gravia is again complaining of being stifled as he takes his walks abroad, by the intolerable stench that proceeds from every gully and drain-opening that he passes on his way, and he asks in despair for a remedy. It is much to be feared that his question will meet with no reply. He might, perhaps, personally assault the Sanitary Inspector of the District, which would at least accord his grievance the notoriety of a Police Court, but it must be admitted that, beyond getting fined and bound over to keep the peace, nothing satisfactory could really come of such a proceeding. Of course the proper thing is to get the Vestry to take the matter in hand, and immediately vote a handsome sum for the erection of a series of lofty ventilators to carry the poison away into upper air above. But will the Vestry take the matter in hand. That is the question that the unhappy wanderer must ask himself, and answer, we fear, in the negative!

A Survival of the Fittest.

(By a Cricket Enthusiast.)

[Mr. W. G. Grace, still heads the cricket averages of the Gloucester Eleven.]

'Tis true, as POE said, that the Dryads are gone,
That the Nymphs and the Fauns have all fled from
their places.

But Fate (which untimely deprived us of one)

At least leaves us two of—the GRACES!



ON THE CHANCE.

"HULLO, FRED, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU FIRING AT?"

"OH—ER—I THOUGHT A HARE MIGHT BE COMING THROUGH THAT GAP IN THE HEDGE!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

"SOME nights ago," said the Moon, "I looked down into a London Music-Hall. It had a glass roof, and so, though the tobacco-smoke was rather thick at times, I could see a good deal of what went on. I suppose I have no sense of humour, for I could not understand



most of the jokes, and those I understood did not amuse me very much. There was a stout woman without a voice, who sang a song which had no tune to speak of, and then kept everybody waiting while she put on another frock to sing a second song exactly like the first. There were funny men, who looked quite different from any real men I have ever seen in the streets, who told the audience how they took too much to drink, or kissed other people's wives, or quarrelled with their own. It may have been all true, but it was certainly not interesting. There were people with pomatum on their hair and pink legs, who hung by their heels from a bar high in the air, or stood on the stage and bent themselves into attitudes that were not at all becoming. Close by the orchestra sat the Chairman, with a great jewel twinkling in the midst of his white shirt; every now and then, a young man with his hat on the back of his head would come up to the table where the great man sat, in the hope of receiving a shake of the hand from him, and if he condescended to accept a cigar or a glass of something to drink, as was sometimes the case, the youth felt that he had not lived in vain, for when one is young one must admire and look up to somebody. The audience were mostly comfortable, well-fed, respectable looking persons; they liked the entertainment—the men, because they could smoke

and drink while it was going on—the women, because they were not obliged to think, and there was no trouble in understanding what any of the performance was about.

"But none of the songs and none of the feats of skill and daring aroused any enthusiasm. I thought that they had got into a state in which nothing pleases or excites very much—but I was mistaken. Presently a girl came on the stage, who looked more natural than the women-singers who had gone before her. She stepped forward, and began in a pure, sweet voice, to sing a simple old ballad—I have known it a hundred years and more, and the words are innocent and pretty, and the air has a tuneful quaintness that is somehow pathetic. And so the audience felt it; the Chairman gazed up at the roof with so sentimental an expression, that a young man who was just about to take the coveted place at his side thought better of it, and retired. A tradesman in the Stalls put down his cigar, and looked at his stout wife with a sort of humorous affection, which she returned by a glance. Both were remembering the days of their courtship long ago, and the old touch of romance in their work-a-day life came back for a moment. The young clerks sipped beer solemnly, and looked down at the tables instead of at the females with hard eyes and unhappy faces, who were pacing restlessly about under the balconies. The barmaids at the refreshment-counters told their admirers impatiently that they did not want to be bothered just then, they wanted to listen to the song. A drunken man in the Gallery who attempted a screech was fiercely suppressed by his neighbours, and one or two finely-dressed ladies in the Boxes leaned back behind the curtains, and did not seem inclined to talk just then. When the song ended, and the fresh, clear notes died away, there came a great roar of applause—*real* applause this time, conveying an intense desire to hear the song once more, and the singer sang again and again for them the same song, for it seemed as if they could not hear it too often. At last she retired, and the hand-clapping subsided, and then the Chairman rang his bell, and another of the fat women came tripping on in short petticoats, with a leer on her painted lips, and the audience settled down into its ordinary frame of mind again. I don't know what the next song was about," said the Moon, "because I did not stay to hear it. However, I imagine that I did not lose very much."

AFTER THE SAUCY SALMON.

Further Sporting Notes from our Special Reporter.



N the unfortunate collapse of the Midlands shooting party,—due, no doubt, to the totally unbusiness-like nature of our host's arrangements,—the next morning found me completely stranded, as it were, with my two foreign friends on my hands, and under the ignominious necessity of bringing them back to town again after giving them this miserable experience of British sport. It is true that the African Chief had managed to get a little enjoyment

out of stalking some pigs at a neighbouring farm, and knocking them over with his *chellwallah*, but this merely led to disagreeables, and a heavy claim on me for damages. Immensely relieved, therefore, was I at getting an unexpected invite from an old friend—a Scotch Laird—who owned a place in the Perthshire Highlands, to “look up my rod,” as he put it, and just come and help him to “whip over” his salmon run, adding that the fish were rising in first-rate style, and that if I was “keen on a take,” he could promise me good sport.

I must confess to being rather ignorant on the subject of angling, my only acquaintance with the sport being derived from watching little boys fishing with little bobbing floats in the Serpentine some years ago; but I felt the chance was not to be missed, especially on behalf of my foreign friends; and on mentioning how I was situated, I was delighted at getting a reply by telegraph telling me to bring them by all means. The despatch concluded, “Short of tackle here. Bring yours with you.”

This led, of course, to my having to provide my “party” with the nearest approach to proper “tackle” for salmon-fishing procurable at a moment's notice at a country village; and taking all the difficulties that encountered us into consideration, I think we may say that, on the whole, we were not badly equipped. Our rods gave us the greatest trouble, for I gathered that having sometimes to stand the strain of the tugging of a hundred and eighty pounds fish (at least so I understood from my informant, a farm-labourer who had a friend whose cousin had an uncle who kept a fish-shop in Glasgow), they must be of a certain reliable stoutness, yet, if possible, pliant as well. I therefore contrived my rod out of a thirteen-foot drawing-room ceiling mop, to which I had attached a second-hand heavy waggoner's whip. The only trouble with it was, that it would not, of course, double up, and so being rather lengthy, got a good deal in the way when travelling, especially when I had to manage to take it with me inside the four-horse coach that deposited us at Glen-Muggie, our Scotch host's place.

The Bulgarian Count was certainly better off in this regard, for I had secured him for his rod a chimney-sweep's apparatus—minus, of course, the brush,—of twelve lengths, which, when screwed together, afforded quite a magnificent-looking rod, though I fear it may prove a little heavy in the hand, and somewhat difficult to manage with an artful fish at the other end of it. As to the African Chief, he declined any rod at all, saying, that all he wanted was a good-sized “pitchfork,” with which he proposed to dive after the fish himself. This appears to be the way in which salmon-fishing is conducted in *Muangumbloola*, the place from which the Chief hails, in South Central Africa, and I found it hopeless to persuade him to try any other method.

For our lines, we were fortunate in securing two hundred yards of yellow window-blind cord. It is a little stout, perhaps, to look at, but if the fish at Glen-Muggie are as lively as our host hints, it will be none the worse for that.

Coming to the matter of “flies,” we found our ingenuity at first a little taxed. The Bulgarian Count had never even heard of their use before. It seems, that in the pools of the lower *Valta*, in which he had had his experience in “shark-fishing,” which he insists is precisely the same thing as salmon-fishing, the only bait the natives

used was raw pork-chops, tinned lobster, and cocoa-nut paste, and I had some difficulty in explaining to him that, there would be not the slightest use in providing ourselves with several hundred-weight of these commodities.

I saw that for the manufacture of the flies I must rely entirely on my own resources, and knowing that the great aim to be kept in view was as faithful an adherence as possible to nature, I set to work and turned out what I really think are some successful specimens which would not be a disgrace to any angler's “Book” in the kingdom. Put in the form of a *Recipe*, this is how my book would read. I subjoin it, as it may be useful, specially to beginners:—

IMITATION BLUE-BOTTLE FOR SALMON-FISHING.—Take a champagne cork, and paring it evenly along, wrap it up with string in shreds of fluff torn from an ordinary woollen door-mat. This represents the body of your fly. Now take four stout hairpins and, forcing them through the cork, let their prongs protrude at about equal distances from each other, which will supply it with legs. A couple of the feathers of two old quill pens cut short, and thrust, sticking out at an angle, into the back, furnish the wings. Now insert a good-sized curtain-hook into the head and at the tail of your fly, and finish, for natural colour, by dipping the whole into blue-black ink. When dry you will have a rough, and but for its size a life-like representation of the common domestic blue-bottle fly, that may be guaranteed to deceive and land the most experienced and cautiously inclined salmon.

Having heard of a salmon “ladder,” and not knowing exactly how far this might not be expected to come into a guest's “tackle,” for I don't exactly see *how* you can use a ladder at fishing, unless it be to descend from some overhanging crag down upon the fish, I nevertheless determined not to present myself at my Scotch host's retreat unprovided; and so, chancing on a small second-hand fire-escape for sale, I thought I should at least be on the safe side in investing in it. Add to this a wheelbarrow, which the Bulgarian Count assured me would be necessary for landing the fish, and picture all this strapped on to the top of the coach, and you will be able to appreciate the appearance of the Scotch Laird as we descend, and he welcomes us at the gates of his Highland box. The Chief, who I have persuaded to wear a kilt, has leapt from the top of the coach right over the leaders' heads, and has greeted him with a friendly war-whoop. I have introduced the Bulgarian Count to him, but I notice that all his attention seems fastened on the fire-escape, which, together with the rest of our luggage, is being deposited in a heap at the side of the Lodge. I say, in an off-hand way, “You told us to bring tackle, you know; and I've got the ladder, you see;” but he only looks scared. I wonder why?

So much for our preparations, and our arrival at our destination. But of our first day's sport in pursuit of “the Saucy Salmon,” I must tell you next week.

HEAD OR TAIL?

(By a Puzzled Party-man.)

“THE Liberal Van,” is a new party plan

To further our fortunes, which somehow look queer,

But it is a bit odd that the Liberal Van

Seems coached by the Liberal Rear.

I should have in our progress more faith, for my part,

If the Horse were not found at the tail of the Cart.



THE LATEST CABINET PORTRAIT.

ACHES AND BAINS.

(A Story of a 'Ed ad a Tail.)

Aix-les-Bains, Monday.—Hadh't been here twenty-four hours when, as a popular novelist remarks, Lo! a strange thing happened. Standing at bed-room window; looking on scene spread out before terrace of Splendide Hotel; the Dent du Chat (a tooth no artist has ever yet drawn), the Roche of the King, the Mount of la Chervez, the Mount of St. Sumain, the Semnoz Alpes, the Valtec d'Anneey, and below, the Lac de Bourget, this morning lying, as Sir SILAS WEGG M.P., says, "like a big turquoise in the bosom of the everlasting hills." Known WEGG for many years, that is to say, as one knows a man he meets in London; a celebrated constructor of Ships, a writer of letters to the *Times*, once a Lord of the Treasury, a weighty debater in all that relates to Naval Defences—that's Sir SILAS's standing at home. Here quite another man; always dropping into poetry, sometimes other people's, often his own. Occasionally gets mixed up; quotes a line or a stanza; doesn't know if it's SHIELLEY or SILAS, WORDSWORTH or WEGG. Best of it is, there's no extra charge. Accustomed to contract work when Chief Constructor; now goes along, poetry or prose, all same price and measurement. Would be a great comfort to a retired Dustman in quest of literary instruction.



Tony Lumpkin, M.P.
(After his Bath.)

On way to Baths from Hotel pass every day narrow thoroughfare called Ruedu Puits d'Enfer. Rather an odd name; wouldn't like to have it for home address.

"A little premature," says MYLES FENTON, who is here studying management of French railways, bearing of officials, arrangement of trains, and treatment of passengers, so that he may learn what to avoid.

Address certainly has that among other objections, but not without its appropriateness. Close to entrance to Baths; atmosphere redolent of sulphur.

"Brimstone, brimstone everywhere, and not a spot of treacle," says Sir SILAS WEGG, M.P., under the impression that he is dropping into poetry.

Every day I sit by the half-hour with more than my toes in a brimstone brook. And if anyone asks me for why, I hits him a crack with my crook, "'Tis BRACHET that cures me,"

says I. This a very moderate performance, suited to my absence of complaint. Others take more serious proceedings, in the douche, the vapour-bath, the inhalation-room, and the needle-bath. The brimstone enough for me.

Got rather a shock passing along one of corridors this morning. Through a door, partly opened, observed human head placed carelessly on top of a box standing in middle of room. Knees shook; tail wagged; hair stood upright all down my back. Fresh horror; seemed to know face. Had often seen it late at night beaming over wide waste of wrinkled shirt front; looked hard; no mistake; it was TONY LUMPKIN, M.P.! The same expressive and expansive mouth; the same smooth visage; the unmistakable eyes, and the agitated hair. Stood paralysed; what could this mean? If we had been in Ireland and TONY an Irish Member, I would have guessed that this was BALFOUR's work. But TONY sits on Ministerial Benches; votes straight on Irish Question; always to be depended upon, save perhaps in matter of new staircases in Westminster Hall. Couldn't be ARTHUR. Must be brigands. Found TONY out late at night; cut off his head, and casually left it here. Continued to gaze with sickening horror; presently fancy saw head move; unmistakable wink from left eye; then familiar voice rolled forth:—

"Hullo, TOBY, dear boy, what are you doing here?"

"I'm going to my bath," I said; "but, perhaps, I may ask what you—or, such part of you as remains—do here? Where, my dear LUMPKIN—where's the rest of you?"

"Ha! ha!" TONY laughed, with hilarity quite unpleasant in the circumstances; "as usual, I'm all here! Vapour box, doncherno; come in here; man opens the door; you get in; accommodated with a seat, as they say in Police Court reports; leave your head out of hole top of box; turn on steam inside; and there you are, doncha; parboiled, done to a turn. Very glad to see you; excuse my not shaking hands; see you later."

Glad to find it—I mean him—in such good spirits; not quite sure

it was all right till later in day came upon him, fully dressed, with head in usual situation, his graceful form no longer hidden.

"Wonderful young-old fellow is TONY," said Count MUNDELLANI, M.P. "Been in House to my knowledge for quarter of century; but same rough-and-tumble boy he was when he used to howl at GLADSTONE bringing in his first Irish Land Bill."

"Yes," said Sir SILAS WEGG, "he's growing into a standing contradiction of the poet's dictum, that Youth and Age can't dwell together."

Count MUNDELLANI, beginning to get over his wrath with OLD MORALITY; threatened at onset to interfere with cure; happened on eve of Prorogation; Technical Education Bill brought on; Count, under peremptory instructions from Doctor, had started on long-deferred journey for Aix-les-Bains. "Where is Right Hon. Gentleman?" OLD MORALITY had asked in course of debate. "He takes special interest in the Measure. Why is not he here to watch it through?"

"That's all very well," says the Count; "only, would you believe it? Immediately after making this speech, OLD MORALITY went home, packed up his copy-book, and posted off by night-mail for Scotland, leaving GOSCHEN to do remaining work of Session! Wrote to him, pointing out this peculiar peroration to his little speech; have long letter in reply; just like one of his answers to questions in House. Here it is:—

"MY DEAR COUNT, "*Steam Yacht 'Pandora,' Ultima Thule.*

"I have received your letter in which you point out—or, perhaps, I should say, endeavour to point out—an alleged diversity between my personal practice and my public animadversions. In this connection I would recall to your mind a passage wherein EMERSON (an American writer of some reputation), points to the fact that we do not dig, or grind, or hew, by our muscular strength, but by bringing the weight of the planet to bear on the spade, axe, or bar. Precisely analogous to this is the operation upon my daily action of my sense of duty to the Queen and the country, tempered always, I trust, by my desire to meet the views of gentlemen having seats in all parts of the House.

"I am sorry if, in yielding to this impulse, I have offended you; but I have nothing to hide from the House, or from any Hon. or Right. Hon. Gentleman who may hold a seat in it. I have been perfectly frank with you, it being my habit to abhor all concealment where no real disgrace can attend unreserve. To aim at the restraint of sentiments which are not in themselves illaudible, appears to me not merely an unnecessary effort, but a disgraceful subjection of reason to commonplace and mistaken notions.

"I will only add, that I have not had an opportunity, owing to geographical situation, of consulting my colleagues on this question, and if there is any failure, it rests entirely with me.

"I beg to move—I mean, I beg to remain—

"Yours faithfully,

W. H. SM-TH."

All this, by the way, happened days after that following on my arrival, when, as aforesaid, I was standing at window looking down



on the Lake. The door opened; thought it was *garçon* bringing in letters; still feasted on beauties of sunlit Lake and Valley; a thumping tread; a stumbling as of men carrying heavy burden; turned quickly; discovered two strong porters in blouses carrying sort of tent on stretcher; didn't see me behind window-curtain;



MEMS. FOR THE MOORS.

(By Our City Sporting Friend.)

"IF YOU HAPPEN TO WING A BIRD, CATCH IT—AS YOU BEST CAN!"

rather glad of it; didn't like their looks or goings on. They opened tent; discovered human body closely swathed in blankets and winding sheets; evidently on track of tragedy: was this *Jack l'Eventreur*, or, seeing they were two—and French so particular about the plural—should I say JACQUES? Only it occurs to me that "JACQUES" is "JAMES," and so but no matter,—to my story. Not a word spoken; JACQUES lifted the body between them and laid it on my bed. Drew the cere-cloths; I caught sight of a pair of brown eyes and cheeks, remarkably rosy for a corpse. Perceiving me, the Body gave a piercing shriek—"Mon dieu! Ce n'est pas ma chambre!"

"Mais vous avez dit soixante-dix?"

"Non! non!" cried the Corpse, burying its face in the pillow, "Soixante-dix-sept."

Without more ado, JACQUES took up the bundle, re-deposited it within the tent, drew the curtains, and trotted off.

A puzzle to me then; know all about it know; patients going to and from *douche* bath folded up and carried in these tented chairs; porters bring them back and put them into bed; only necessary they should have correct number of room. Never forget look of terror in brown eyes when, fixed on me standing at window, discovered there had been mistake somewhere. "Like stout CORTEZ," SILAS WEEG said, when I told him of the adventure—

"—When with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

I say "Yes," tho', to tell the truth, I was not thinking of CORTEZ at the moment.

LANDING THE NOT OVER-PARTICULAR PIKE.

Some more Sporting Notes from our Special Reporter.

3 P.M.—It seems to me that we have been now "whipping" this pool for something like seven hours and a half without any result, and though I have got no less than three of my capitally made blue-bottle flies attached to my line, I am positive that as yet I have not had an approach to a "rise." I began of course with one fly, and though, it being as large as a small Bath bun, I thought an ordinary salmon might have noticed it, especially as, owing to my

finding the drawing-room ceiling-mop not very pliant, coupled with the fact that I was new to the work, I could not "play" my fly very well, but dragged it about in a series of wobbling splashes over the surface of the water in a way certainly calculated

to attract the attention of any observant fish beneath, still I could not get a bite, so tacked on a couple more. As I swing and whirl this handsome "bait" about, at one moment bringing it down with a regular thud upon the surface of the pool, and at another jerking it upward again with a sudden rush that raises a great wave as it quits the water, I cannot help feeling astonished at the stupidity of the fish that should again and again let go the chance of securing such a really capital mouthful, and I venture to remark as much to the "Gillie"—I think he is called a "Gillie"—who has been most con-



siderately told off by the Laird to look after us and assist us in our preparations for our fishing. The Gillie, who, ever since he set eyes on our tackle, seems to have been completely awe-struck, and has preserved a grumpy silence, merely mumbles something in very broad Scotch, from which all I can gather is something about "such a blather wi' such a bit teckle iss enuff to scare effery blessed fush whateffer clane richt out o' the pool altogether."

And here I must say something about our "tackle," which I am afraid has somewhat seriously discredited our reputation as sportsmen. You may remember I noticed how much our host seemed to be impressed, I feared, not favourably, on our arrival at the Lodge on the previous evening, and I soon discovered when we assembled at dinner, that at least three of the party staying in the house were distinguished rods, keenly alive to the very latest improvements in tackle, and regarding angling and all that concerned it from a high stand-point that placed it almost on the level of a science. I felt instinctively in such company that it would be worse than folly to let it be known that the Bulgarian Count's rod consisted of a chimney-sweep's apparatus, though I felt, if the worst came to the worst, I might manage to convey the impression that the formidable size of the fish in the South-East of Europe necessitated the use of a thoroughly tough tackle of this description.

I was not, however, far out in my calculations, for on the Laird asking the Chief what fly he used, and the latter jumping up, and seizing the carving-fork, and saying, "Im no fly but this. Yah! yah! 'Im jump on fish, and stick this golly into 'im stomach. Yah yah!" I could see that, though our host endeavoured to tone the observation down with a "Dear me! You don't say so!" he was very much annoyed, and evidently considered that, in introducing this sort of sport into the ordinary and accepted methods of conducting salmon-fishing on a Highland "run," I had taken quite an undue advantage of his hospitality.

I was not, therefore, surprised when, holding a brief converse apart with some of his other guests, he came up after dinner to me, and said he thought, as I and my two foreign friends had apparently been more familiar with Oriental fashions of casting, and so forth, and might probably like to conduct our operations in our own way, he proposed to divide the party, and take the left bank himself, with a couple of distinguished local rods, and tell off a keeper to look after myself and my two foreign friends, who would take us to a capital bit of water that he thought would just be about just suited to our purposes, and provide us more with the sort of sport we seemed disposed to relish.

There was nothing for it, of course, but to acquiesce, but this is how it has come about that I have, as I have previously stated, been now about seven hours and a half hanging about in a drizzling rain, slipping down every minute on scattered boulders, and lashing a foaming torrent that seems bursting from everywhere on all sides of me at once, with about fifty yards of paid-out line, to the end of which are attached three of my bluebottle flies, by this time together with a mass of weeds, in which they have caught, mixed up in a hopeless tangle. Above us is the "pool," into which the Bulgarian Count has twice tumbled, overbalanced, I fancy, by the enormous weight of his rod, to which, however, clinging, as it kept him easily afloat, he has both times been washed through the narrow gorge into my water, from which the Gillie and I have had no little trouble in rescuing him, and he is now somewhat exhausted, drying for the second time on the bank as well as he can in the wind and rain.

The Indian Chief I have lost sight of for the last four or five hours, and as he came provided merely with a pitch-fork and large carving-knife, and, after plunging several times into the pool and intimating that he could find no fish in it, started off, spite my earnest protestations, to join the other party, and as I fancy not long since I caught the sound of an uproar of angry voices in that direction, I am afraid he must have been interfering in some unexpected and unpleasant way, and occasioning the Laird some annoyance and trouble. I thought so! For here he comes, yelling and leaping along the left bank, flourishing in one hand the carving-knife, and in the other—yes, it absolutely is, the tail of a large-sized salmon!

But, dear me, what is this? Why, there is something actually tugging at my line. Yes, there is no mistake about it. *It never can be a bite!* Halloo, wait a moment, though. By Jove, I believe it is. Yes, and if I don't take care, it will have the waggoner's whip off the top. There must be something up, for the Gillie, who has preserved a stolid and sulky silence all the morning, is on his legs now, watching my proceedings with a show of interest, and is bawling out some directions to me, but I can't catch what he says above the roar of the waters. "Pay out more, mon!" or is it, "Haul in more, mon?" I can't make out. By Jove whatever it is that is tugging will have me off this rock if it keeps it up. "Pay out?" I have paid out the last yard. I must let go, or I shall be in. Ha! the Chief has seen me, and is coming to my assistance. He has given a wild war-whoop, sprung into the air, and disappeared with a header like a flash of lightning below the surface. But, by Jove, I can't stand this. Yes, he *must* have got hold of the fish. The tugging is fearful. I feel I can't hold on much longer. I thought so! *I'm in!*

Half-choked and blinded with the swirl of waters, I find myself being raised up on the bank by the Bulgarian Count and the Gillie, a few feet further down, struggling with an enormous fish (my fish), that he has got round the waist, the Chief is also emerging from the water. In another moment he has deposited the creature, which is still leaping and bounding about uncomfortably, before us.

"Well," I say, in triumph, "it has taken some time. But three cheers for me, I have landed my first salmon."

I notice a nasty twinkle in the Gillie's eyes, "Salmon," he says, "sure it's nae salmon ye've just got here."

"Not a salmon!" I ask with indignant incredulity, "then what is it?"

"What iss it?" continues the imperturbably disagreeable Gillie. "Why it's just a pair deil of a twenty-pound pike, and to have risen to that teckle of yours, not an over-particular fusche neither."

I am about to reply, when I notice that the Laird and the two other "rods," have come up, and are asking angrily for the Chief. It is evidently something about the tail of that salmon. It is really very awkward.

I wonder what mischief he has been up to!



A MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.

(Early Playing at Sight.)

THE DISPASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

(Modern Style.)

It is not that I do not love you, sweet,
That I have been so niggard of love's gold;
The world, and thought's world, nothing like you hold.
Wrapp'd in love's royal robe from head to feet.

If many times a day we chance to meet,
The flame of joy grows not with custom cold,
As Summer's thronging splendours still unfold
A light more perfect, a diviner heat.

Yea, and I hope, with reverent delight,
That if I dared to ask so sweet a prize,
You would be brave through blushes, and your eyes
With a serene delight grown brilliant
Would, like an angel's in the vision'd night,
Look their clear love, unchidden by restraint.

II.

Yes; but the prize obtained, the atmosphere
Of mystic richness round the shrined saint
Would take perforce the suburb's smoky taint,
And love less precious prove, though not less dear.
Your sweet sonatas, that I thrill to hear,
Would mock the memory then with tinklings faint
In some trim villa parlour, fresh as paint,
Where all things look too new, and all too near.

So Summer wanes, and leafless are the boughs,
And all the sunny bloom and colour dies,
And my queer tempers try you, and your eyes
Speak of poor household cares, 'neath furrow'd brows.
No! let us spare the immolating vows,
And keep love sacred from realities.

STRIKING OBSERVATIONS.—Mr. BURNS said last Thursday that the lesson of the Strike was, that "a man on cold water—he meant himself—could do more than a man on beer." He subsequently remarked that there was still "a good deal of the Old Adam in the Dock labourers." Naturally, after so much Adam's ale.

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

Lundy—Comparison—The Island—Pic-nic—Sport—Clovelly—Hobby—Kingsley—Hooking It.

As in certain parts of Scotland the object of everybody is to show everybody else Ben Lomond, to rush round corners and surprise the unwary traveller with a sudden view of Ben Lomond, or, if Ben plays hide-and-seek with them and conceals himself from view behind impenetrable mist, the only other idea of passing the time in his absence is by guessing in what quarter he would be visible if the clouds would only lift, and in a general way making Old Ben the sole subject of conversation, so about the North Coast of Devon,—nobody is thoroughly happy for the day unless he has caught at least one glimpse of Lundy Island, and tried to make a probable forecast of the weather from its appearance.

PETER CORBIE, our Poet, who is well up in folk lore, informs us that there is an old tradition about Lundy which, he thinks, runs like this:—

| | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| When Lundy is clear, | When Lundy is high, | When Lundy is low, |
| Then rain is near. | It's sure to be dry. | Look out for snow. |

"I always thought that Lundy was a place where they made snuff," says GILLIE KING.

"Good for pic-nic," observes Miss NETLEY, telegraphing her opinion. She is right. It is. A few days later, under the shadow of a rock, Miss NETLEY, who delights in appearing as a female Robinson



The Pigeon-Pirates of Lundy Island.

Crusoe on a desert island, deftly spreads our table-cloth, arranges the bread and fowl which have been deftly cut into portions under the personal superintendence of Our Own Mrs. COOK, and places the hook and soda-water in a natural wine-cooler, formed for the nonce by a miniature cave. We have had a three-hours' voyage on an exceptionally lovely but broiling hot day, and having left the majority of our party at Clovelly, GILLIE KING, Miss NETLEY, TOM TROWLER, and myself, are enjoying ourselves heartily, and two of us, speaking for GILLIE and self, reposefully. TOM TROWLER, however, is never absolutely in repose. If HARRY SKRYMMAGER were here, he and TOM would go bounding off together without stopping more than a second for a snack. In the absence of HARRY, TOM is comparatively quiet. TOM is a type of a young sporting Englishman, who, being of opinion that wherever he goes there must be something to be caught by line, or net, in river or sea, or something to be shot and cooked, or ridden after or run after, to be chased, killed, stuffed, or eaten, never travels anywhere without rods, lines, cartridges, guns, nets, boots for fishing and hunting, spearing tackle and various other mysterious appliances, and so is prepared for every kind of sport, from butterfly-hunting to mole-catching. On this occasion he has got a lot of warlike instruments with him, and no sooner has he swallowed a mouthful, tossed off a pint of Bass, lit a pipe, and sat still for at least three minutes, than he is away across the island, fully equipped for sport. Only half-an-hour after he has started, "The horn of the hunter is not heard on the hill," but our steamer's ruthless whistle blows, and when all, that is about twenty persons who have landed, of whom the majority on this blazing hot day have strewn themselves about the island rocks like listless lotoseaters, while the minority have climbed up to the "Stores" in search of food and drink,—for there is no inn, only a couple of houses belonging to the same person, and a coastguard station,—when all these explorers have re-embarked in the boat, thundering down the craggy road comes TOM TROWLER, at a pace of

ten miles an hour, rattling like a savage warrior on the war-path, with bags, guns, and rods, and singing out "Hi!" as the second boat-load is just pushing off. In another second our perspiring sportsman is taken on board.

"Just in time," says the weather-beaten old paddler in the stern. "You'd not ha' gat arf this, oonless th' old tug"—jerking his head in the direction of a steam-tug at anchor in the bay—"had taken yer, and that carst a party a matter o' ten pounds to get back to 'Coombe th' other day, I heerd tell."

"Shot anything?" I ask. We always ask TOM TROWLER this. "No," he replies, cheerfully, "I saw one small bird—I don't exactly know what he was,—but I couldn't come up with him; and then I went after a diver, but he disappeared. I saw a lot of wild fowl, and I should have had a splendid shot at 'em, and made a good bag, only that blessed steam-whistle frightened 'em all off, and I had to run the whole way back."

He lights a pipe, and is perfectly contented and cheerful over his day's sport. It's always much the same with TOM TROWLER. I remember him a few years ago, just the same, at his father's house in the country. I've known him go out before daylight and lie in damp punts, and be pelted on by hail and rain, and come back drenched through his thickest Jerseys, and squelching in water which has got into his fisherman's boots. When seated in a comfortable room after dinner, before a fire, with a pipe, book, and coffee, I have asked him, cheerily and sympathetically, as if once upon a time I, too, had done this sort of thing, and been a great Nimrod, or Fishing-rod, or Ram-rod, or all three combined, "Ah, Tom, back at last! shot anything?" when he has invariably answered, as cheerily as possible, and in the highest possible spirits, "No, nothing. But I saw a lot of birds." And then follows his account of what havoc he would have made among the birds, beasts, or fishes, if only something hadn't happened just at the very critical moment to prevent him. Once, after being out all day, he came home two hours late for dinner, to the large family party in the TROWLERS' country house, appearing in the hall in full accoutrements—he had been prepared for shooting and fishing, so as not to lose a chance—and in answer to everyone's question, "Shot anything?" with great glee he produced the smallest woodcock I ever remember to have seen.



After a Day's Sport.

Then there was such rejoicing! If he had killed a fine fat buck, and if the cravings of the family for food had been amply satisfied by the result of TOM's day's sport, there couldn't have been greater joy than there was in the house of TROWLER on this occasion. Old TROWLER, his father, slapped him heartily on the shoulder, and cried "Bravo!" Mrs. TROWLER almost wept with emotion, his sisters kissed him and then stood back and regarded him with admiration; his younger brothers smiled and felt proud, though a little envious, of him, and as for the youthful TROWLERS from thirteen to seven years old, they leapt and skipped and were for running off there and then to wake up the baby and show him what their brave brother TOM had achieved. But being stopped in time from upsetting the nursery and frightening the infant out of his first sleep and into a fit, they carried off the diminutive bird in triumph to the kitchen, and the next day we all partook of it—a party of fourteen we were—solemnly and in great state, as a *bonnebouche* for lunch. TOM nobly refused his portion of the dainty, amounting to about the sixteenth part of an inch of flesh with a microscopic bone in it as sharp as a needle, and sat watching the consumption of the bird—an operation which, including picking the bones quite clean, occupied the family fully three minutes,—with the greatest possible satisfaction; and on his face there beamed the smile of one who felt he had been the support of his parents in their old age, who had rescued his kith and kin from starvation, and, in fact, had not lived in vain. What's sport to TOM TROWLER is fun even for the birds, beasts, and fishes.

However, this is a diversion—so was TOM TROWLER's—and has not much to do with Lundy Island, which is well worth a visit, if you get the right day, the right steamer, the right luncheon, and your own party. But don't attempt it in a sailing-vessel, unless you are yachting, and have plenty of time on hand.

Lundy is supposed to be connected with the mainland (according to the Guide Book) by telegraphic cable. It wasn't when we were there, as we found the cable broken near the spot where we lunched. We proposed picking up the pieces and forwarding them to either the Admiralty, or the Post Office, but being unable to determine on its destination, we left it for the next Robinson-Crusoe.

Lundy Island, as being perfectly isolated, might serve for a leper

station, or a cholera hospital. It must be a cheerful place in winter, yet, as snow never lies there (so at least I am informed, and I have no reason for suspecting my informant of being the very converse of the snow in this district), and as its climate is mild, if a fashionable doctor would only take up Lundy as a hibernating resort for consumptive patients, there is yet a great future before it. We return to take up friends at Clovelly, where, on this hot day, they have been scarcely able to breathe, and have had to fight for their lives with wasps. Stuffy place Clovelly; built like one of the back streets in Boulogne,—where the fishermen and fisherwomen live, and hang out their nets to dry,—that is on steps from the sea up to the top, a matter of about half a mile, more or less, in the Up-early-and-very-perpendicular style.

Nearly all the fishermen's cottages are let out in lodgings, and, if not, they are turned into refreshment-places, chiefly for tea-drinking. The residents make a great display of china on their shelves. In bygone days the china at Clovelly was probably genuinely valuable, but nowadays its appearance is suggestive of having been sent down on spec from the Lowther Arcade. Another day, when we visited this place, and drove through the beautiful "Hobby Drive" (why so called? except that, to make such a drive, was the landlord's "hobby"), there had been a heavy fall of rain, and we saw Clovelly below us, literally steaming, like a damp sheet laid out on a shelving bank to dry in the sun.

From above Clovelly looks like the remains of a village which had once taken it into its head to slide down the steep incline towards the sea, and, half of it having disappeared, the remainder had changed its mind, and put on the drag just in time. Clovelly is the production of several generations of fishers, but it was "made" by Mr. Hook, R.A. You will recognise his boatmen and sea-boys still about the place, as it is to the interest of the inhabitants to, as it were, keep up the breed. Here, on the old pier, within the space between the rail and the beacon-light, a tight fit for one average woman, are supposed to have sat KINGSLEY's three wives, I mean, the wives of his *Three Fishers*. Evidently a stretch of imagination. The pier is the oldest pier of the realm, belonging to the peerage of RICHARD THE SECOND.

Nursery Rhyme.

DICKORY, Dickory, Dock!
The Cardinal picked the dead lock.
The men struck. Then
They worked agen,
Dickory, Victory, Dock!

PLEASANT PROSPECT IN HOLIDAY-TIME.—The competitors for the prize to be given for the best Essay on the International Monetary System will send their Manuscripts to Mr. GOSCHEN, who, it is hoped, "will consent to act as Judge." This is too much of a side-splitter even for that man of metal, our own JOHN JOKIN'. Being out for a holiday, let him stick to his coin of 'vantage, and refuse.



'RAISING THE (TRADE) WIND.'

Cardinal Manning. "THERE, THAT'S RIGHT! BOTH BE REASONABLE, AND WORK TOGETHER. BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHO has read "A Ghostly Manifestation," in the July Number of *Murray's Magazine*, by "A CLERGYMAN," who withholds his name, and gives no clue as to the time or place of this "Manifestation"? I can strongly recommend it to all lovers of the marvellous, though the effect is somewhat discounted by there being nothing marvellous in the fact of the author remaining anonymous and being silent upon all points that ought to assist investigation. No matter, it is a good story for all that. Let's hope it's true. It would afford excellent material for the Spiritualistic Conference sitting in Paris.

Mr. FRANK A. MARSHALL is to be congratulated, as are also his talented assistants, on the Sixth Volume of the HENRY IRVING *Shakspeare*, containing *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus* and *Lear*. Strong *dramatis personæ*. Among the talented assistants who have done excellent work are Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT, The First Knight Critic, Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS, who has worked with a will, and at a WILL. The literary forces being thus marshalled, F. M. himself was, unfortunately, not well enough to appear. Mr. OSCAR FAX ADAMS assisted Mr. VERITY with *King Lear*, and shows himself quite "O. FAX" with his subject. Some of the illustrations, by Messrs. MARGETSON and GORDON BROWNE, are uncommonly good. In *Desdemona* there is a suggestion of Miss ELLEN TERRY, and in *Cleopatra* a hint of SARAH BERNHARDT. What a *Cleopatra* she would make! Could Mrs. BERNARD BEERE do it? A magnificent spectacle it might be made, and there is scope for very fine acting. In this admirably arranged edition of SHAKSPEARE it is interesting to see how much of the original has always been omitted for stage representation, and instructive to read the history of each play's representations.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

GOOD FOR HYMN.—The *Pall-Mall Gazette* wished that the termination of the strike could have been celebrated by a grand service at St. Paul's, when Cardinal MANNING should officiate, Mr. BURNS preach, and other fancy religionists sing hymns of praise. Were such a jumble possible, of course the one chorus of praise which the Strikers would 'strike up, and in which all would join, would be The Docks-ology.



MONSIEUR, MADAME, ET BÉBÉ.

"CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!"

A SONG OUT OF SEASON.

John Bull sadly sings:—

"COME out, 'tis now September!"
So goes the good old glee.
Ah me! I can remember,
When it rang sweet to me.
But in this period shocking
Of strife and party din,
Such invitation 's mocking
To one "kept in."

The turnips and the stubbles,
The trout-streams and the moors,
Are there; but here are troubles
Of strikes and spouting bores.
Speech-padded morning papers,
Prolix and dull as lead,
Give a tired man the vapours,
Yet must be read.

To talk of the Vacation
Is just a bitter joke.
No change of occupation,
No lifting of the yoke,
Comes with the mellow Autumn;
Quidnuncs are still on quest,
Toilings have not yet taught 'em
The joys of rest.

Time was when closed St. Stephen's
Meant close of mouth and ear,
Now silence never leavens
The shindy of the year.
The platform spouter preaches,
The pulpit preachers spout;
'Tis speeches, speeches, speeches,
Year in, year out!

Wire-pullers fume and fluster,
Their tired but talky slaves
Obediently muster
When Nature scattering craves.

At bye-elections boastful,
At Caucus-gatherings hot,
They'll spout my *Morning Post* full
Of rabid rot.

GLADSTONE's brought back from Paris
Some new Campaign to plan,
RANDOM the Rads must harass,
JOE flout the Grand Old Man:
HARCOURT with buttered thunder
Will rouse the Liberal rout.
Fierce fight's ahead! I wonder
What it's about!

Oh, it would just be heaven
To pack my traps and greet
JOHN MORLEY down in Devon,
Hard by the Watersmeet;
Give that recluse a hint on
Trout-flies and salmon-hooks,
Or learn from him, at Lynton,
Of men and books.

But even in my gun-room
The party ghosts appear,
For rest, and sport, and fun room
I cannot find e'en here.
Yes, yes, the moors look pleasant
This Autumn morn, no doubt;
But hang it, *Punch*, at present,
I can't get out.

SOMETHING LIKE A RESUSCITATION.—The Revival of *The Dead Heart*. The sprightly Tittle-tattler of the *P. M. G.* says of the *Dead Heart*, "The revolutionary dance should be exciting." Why? Is the waltz exciting? Yet there is no more "revolutionary dance" than the waltz. How many revolutions a minute are there in a waltz?

Of the Turf Turfy.

LORD LUCRE has a "crack" of splendid pace;
He runs it off its legs, just "to make hay";
Then sells it. Scandal to the human race [Sir,
Is the inhuman racer!

HOLIDAY WISDOM.

THE *British Medical Journal* wisely warns the middle-aged tourist against over-exertion in his autumn holiday. "The annual holiday," it says, "is essentially adapted to the tastes and habits of youth." The "hard-worked man over forty," with whom "the digestive and circulatory functions are often seriously at fault," tries to fall—or rise—into the spirit of adolescent holiday activity, and naturally fails, or suffers for a partial success. "The middle-aged tourist must be chary of undertaking tasks which involve physical fatigue which could be undergone with ease when he was younger." Words of wisdom these, though "vanity glorious" middle-age, with proud memories of earlier prowess as walker or climber, is unwilling to admit the truth of them. Let the M. A. T. lay them to heart. He is in "the prime of life,"—of course—let him *keep* in it, by not ambitiously trying to hark back to the "early prime," of youth, elastic, wiry, well-winded, *with* digestion and *without* "stomach,"—which after all is quite another "prime." To put it epigrammatically, after a celebrated model:—

Middle-Aged Tourist (wistfully). Fain would I climb, but that my "wind" seems small.

Medical Adviser (decisively). If thy heart's flabby, do not climb at all!

NOTE FOR BRITISH ASSOCIATION OMITTED BY MR. A. B. W. KENNEDY, F.R.S., IN HIS DISCOURSE AT NEWCASTLE.—Sometimes names are in keeping with the fitness of things. Take for instance, "POPP's Compressed Air System." What more appropriate name for the inventor of a "compressed air system" than "POPP"? Air is compressed in a vessel, and then "POPP goes the vessel," which ancient ditty, if revived and adapted to the occasion, might achieve a new POPP-ularity.



“CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!”

MR. PUNCH. “NOW THEN, JOHN,—AREN'T YOU COMING?”

MR. BULL. “COMING! WHAT, WITH ALL *THIS* TO GET THROUGH! I WISH TO GOODNESS THERE WAS A ‘CLOSE TIME’ FOR *SPEECHES*!!”



A GENTLE HINT.

Groom. "BEG PARDON, MISS ! BUT IF YOU WAS TO 'IT THE SADDLE A LITTLE LESS 'ARD, IT 'UD BE BETTER FOR BOTH YOU AND THE 'OSS !"

"MERRY MARGIT" AS IT IS.

(Another Communication from the side of the Dear Sea Waves.)

I WAS told it was greatly improved—that there were alterations in the sea-front suggestive of the best moments of the Thames Embankment—that quite "smart" people daily paraded the pier. So having had enough of "Urn-bye," I moved on. The improvements scarcely made themselves felt at the Railway Station. Seemingly they had not attracted what Mr. JEAMES would call "the upper suckles." There were the customary British middle-class matron from Peckham, looking her sixty summers to the full in a sailor hat; the sea-side warrior first cousin to the Billiard-marker Captain with flashy rings, beefy hands, and a stick of pantomime proportions, and the theatrical lady whose connection with the stage I imagine was confined to capering before the footlights. However, they all were there, as I had seen them any summer these twenty years.

But I had been told to go to the Pier, and so to the Pier I went, glancing on my way at the entertainers on the sands, many of whom I found to be old friends. Amongst them was the "h"-less phrenologist, whose insight into character, apparently satisfied the parents of any child whose head he selected to examine. Thus, if he said that a particularly stupid-looking little boy would make a good architect, schoolmaster, or traveller for fancy goods, a gentleman in an alpaca-coat, and a wide-awake hat would bow gratified acquiescence, a demonstration that would also be evoked from a lady in a dust cloak, when the lecturer insisted that a giggling little girl would make a "first-rate dressmaker and cutter-out."

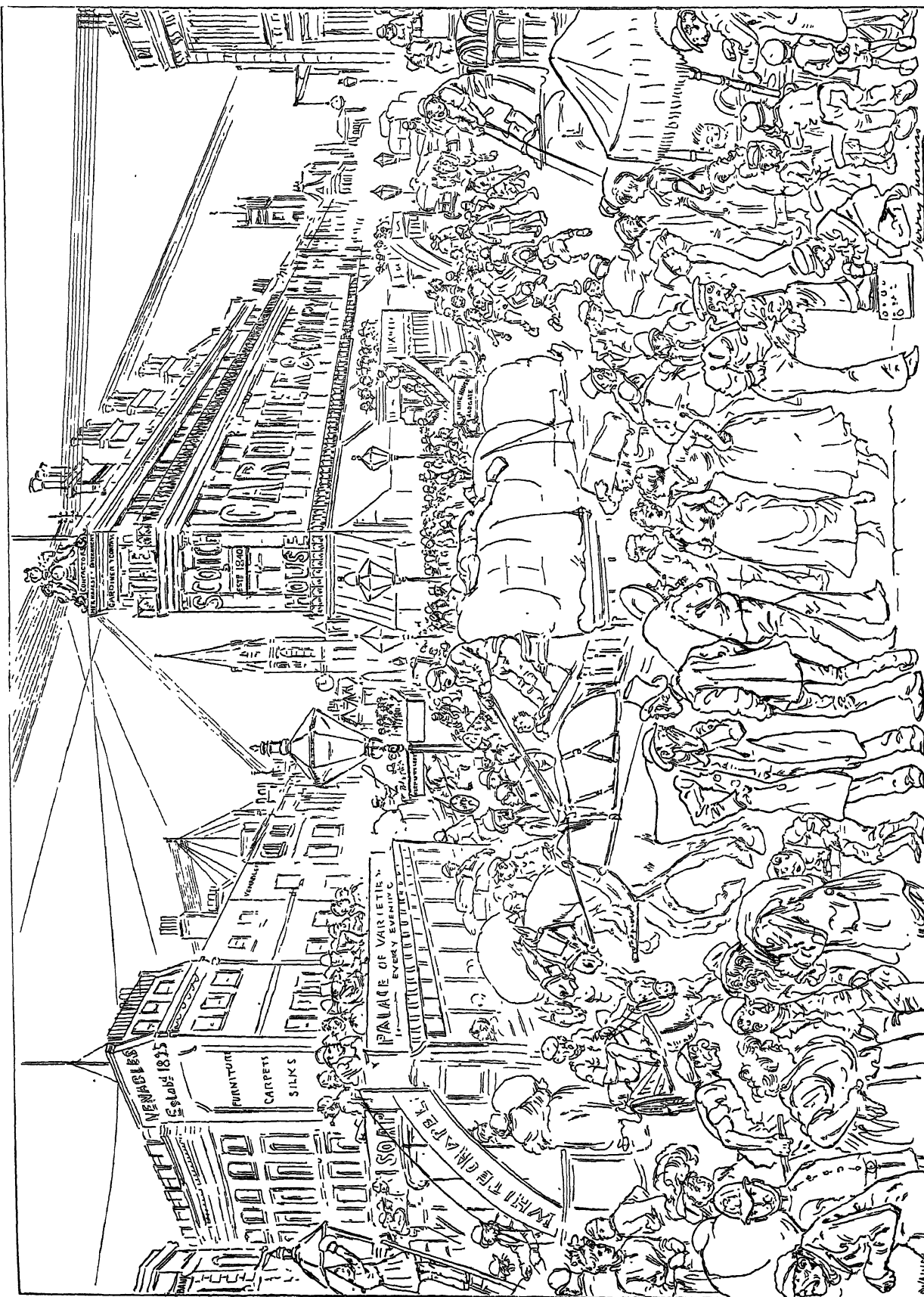
Arrived at the Pier, I found there was twopence to pay for the privilege of using the extension, which included a restaurant, a band, some talented fleas, and a shop with a window partly devoted to the display of glass tumblers, engraved with legends of an amusing character, such as "Good old Mother-in-Law," "Jack's Night Cap," "Aunt Julia's Half Pint," and so on. There were a number of seats and shelters, and below the level of the shops was a landing-stage, at which twice a day two steamers from or to London removed or landed passengers. During the rest of the four-and-twenty hours it seemed to be occupied by a solitary angler, catching chiefly seaweed. The Band, in spite of its uniform, was not nearly so military as that at "Urn Bye." It contained a pianoforte—an instrument upon

which I found the young gentleman who sold the programmes practising during a pause between the morning's selection and the afternoon's performances. But still the Band was a very tuneful one, and increased the pleasure that the presence of so many delightful promenaders was bound to produce. Many of the ladies who walked round and round, talking courteously to 'ARRY in all his varieties, wore men's habits, *pur et simple* (giving them the semblance of appearing in their shirt-sleeves), while their heads were adorned with fair wigs and sailor hats, apparently fixed on together.

These free-and-easy-looking damsels did not seem to find favour in the eyes of certain other ladies of a sedate type, who regarded them (over their novels) with undisguised contempt. These other ladies, I should think, from their conversation and appearance, must have been the very flowers of the flock of Brixton Rise, and the *crème de la crème* of Peckham Rye society. Of course there were a number of more or less known actors and actresses from London, some of them enjoying a brief holiday, and others engaged in the less lucrative occupation of "resting."

However, the dropping of "h's," even to the accompaniment of sweet music, sooner or later becomes monotonous, and so, after awhile, I was glad to leave the Pier for the attractions of the Upper Cliff. On my way I passed a Palace of Pleasure or Varieties, or Something wherein a twopenny wax-work show, seemed at the moment to be one of its greatest attractions. This Show contained a Chamber of Horrors, a scene full of quiet humour of NAPOLEON THE THIRD Lying in State, and an old Effigy of GEORGE THE THIRD. The Collection included the waxen head of a Nonconformist Minister, who, according to the lecturer, had been "Very good to the poor," preserved in a small deal-box. There was also the "Key-Dyvie" of Egypt, General GORDON, and Mrs. MAYBRICK. Tearing myself away from these miscellaneous memories of the past, I ascended to the East Cliff, which had still the "apartments-furnished" look that was wont to distinguish it of yore. There was no change there; and as I walked through the town, which once, as a watering-place, was second only in importance to Bath,—which a century ago had for its M.C. a rival of BEAU NASH,—I could not help thinking how astonished the ghosts of the fine ladies and gentlemen who visited "Meregate" in 1789 must be, if they are able to see their successors of to-day—"Good Old CHAWLIE CADD," and Miss TOPSIE STUART PLANTAGENET, *née* TOMPKINS.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 81.



LONDON EMPTY. No. 3.—EAST.

"BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE POST."

DEAR MR. PUNCH, I am entirely at one with your Correspondent "A PERPLEXED ORNITHOLOGIST" in his protest against the system, so complacently referred to in the Postmaster-General's Report, of permitting tomtits to build nests in letter-boxes, where, it seems they are actually capable, by some singular freak of Nature, of hatching the contents of such envelopes as they select for incubation. I need scarcely point out, Sir, how necessary it is to the community at large that the discretion and dispatch of the Postal Service and the inviolability of private correspondence should not be prejudiced by indiscretions of this kind. There is grave reason to suspect that the evil is more widely spread than the Postmaster-General represents,—as the following experience of my own may serve to show.

Some time ago, I had occasion to give a friend information of an extremely private and delicate nature respecting the character and antecedents of an acquaintance. I subsequently found, to my extreme surprise, that the facts contained in my communication had become common knowledge in the village to which the missive had been addressed, and—what was still more curious—the explanation was in each case identically the same—they all said—"a little bird had told them!"

That a tomtit, or a bird of similar propensities, must have established itself at some point along the postal route, seems to me now too clear to admit of doubt, and I only regret that I was unable to set up this defence in the action for libel which was subsequently brought against me, as it might have made a material difference in the verdict of the jury. For you see, Sir, that, even if I had taken the precaution of enclosing my revelations in a sealed envelope, instead of committing them to a simple post-card, as I incautiously did,—that would not have protected them from the interference of the bird, and yet my negligence in this respect was made one of the points in the case against me! Trusting that my example may serve as a warning to any who, like myself, may feel constrained to denounce the *Rascal* and the *Hypocrite* at all costs (mine were scandalous), I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours always,

ONE WHO PREFERS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

The Wilderness.

THERE is nothing, to a Naturalist, inherently improbable in the Postmaster-General's account of a Tomtit which succeeded in hatching five young letters in a private letter-box, though I do not remember, in the course of a tolerably long experience, to have come across this very interesting form of hybrid. But, while he was about it, Sir, I do think the Postmaster-General might have made some mention of my Pelican in his Report! I had this bird from the egg upwards, and it always showed a curious predilection for the Post Office, until, on reaching maturity, it established itself in a neighbouring pillar-box, with its bill protruding from the slit. In this vagary, of course, it could not be indulged, and the Authorities, pleased with the bird's enthusiasm, and alive to the demand for extra postal accommodation, kindly had the pelican painted the official scarlet, and stationed it at the corner of our road as a kind of deputy animated pillar-box on its own account. It will hardly be believed, Sir, that the creature discharged its duties with the most admirable punctuality and method, never once omitting to stalk majestically at the stated hours of collection to the local post-office, where it submitted with exemplary docility to be cleared. The only

complaint I ever heard made was, that it would insist on arbitrarily ejecting all letters which it considered insufficiently stamped, and that a manuscript *Ode to Spring*, by a young lady, which she addressed to your periodical, and placed herself in the bird's pouch, was never heard of again. But these, Sir, are small things, and the fact remains that the bird—had it survived till this Spring—would have been almost certainly recommended for a "good-conduct" stripe. Alas, that distinction it was fated never to receive! Christmas came, and it fell a victim to conventional popular sentiment, and its own high sense of duty. We sent away a larger quantity of Christmas Cards than usual that season; and the poor bird, though it did its best, succumbed to its strenuous efforts to accommodate them. It was found on the Green, with an unhinged bill and a burst pouch, breathing its last on a litter of lithographed good-wishes and compliments of the season! I may be wrong, Sir, but I confess to the opinion that this instance of unostentatious heroism in pelican life is at least as worthy of being enshrined in the Post-office Report as the mere blind instinct of motherhood on the part of a Tomtit, which has somewhat capriciously been preferred for immortalisation! I remain, Sir,

Yours veraciously,

PLOSKIN JEE, F.R.Z.S.

Isthmian Club.

PUNCH, OLD CHAPPIE,

WHAT price large gooseberries? Good old Postmaster-General and his Tomtit! He romps off with the currant-loaf, and no one in the same field with him. But joking apart, dear boy, I'm beginning to get a notion that the letter-box at the place where an old Aunt of mine hangs out (and hangs on) wants looking into. I've written her appeals which would have extracted oof from an automatic scent-distributor when something has gone wrong with the works, but, though the old girl replies regularly enough, I have never yet found a perceptible trace of oof in the letters when they turn up at my end! Isn't there just an off-chance that some confounded little feathered Johnny goes and sits on them in the box, and

hatches a brood of little oof-birds? Wherever the little beggars fly to when they're fledged, they don't come and roost with

Yours impecuniously, CHARLES CHIPLESS.

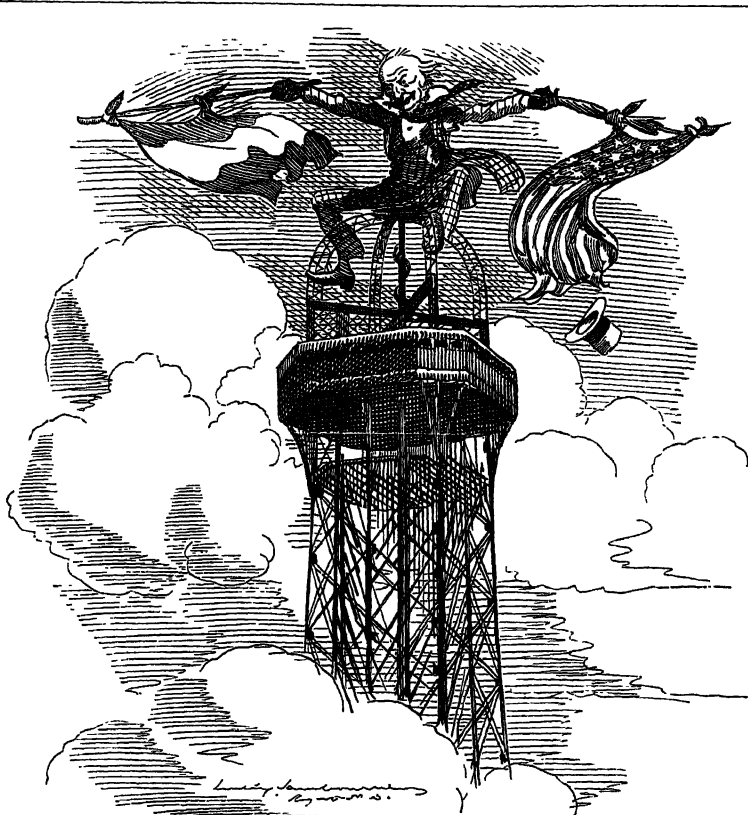
"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE."—A Correspondent abroad sends us this cutting, from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of September 12:—

"FOR ENGLISHMEN.—An older gentleman, Englishman or American, will find at November a agreeable home and careful footing in the house of a cultivated widow in Bayreuth who understands the English."

As there might be a rush of "older gentlemen" anxious to avail themselves of this chance, we suppress the Advertiser's address.

PROBABLE TABLE-TURNING.—Will the new Prince of MONACO encourage or prohibit the gambling? Were the great gaming-house turned into a Bath and Club-house, would not Monte Carlo be more crowded than ever, and that, too, by reputable visitors? *Faites le jeu, Altesse.* The Rouge-et-Blanc Principality, the whole world, and the half world too, is asking what will be the Prince's little game?

Questions sent to, and answered by, our new Agricultural Chaplin, whose work in the Ministry is not to be confounded with that of a Rural Dean:—Q. "Sir, when my gardener uses his soythe on my lawn, may I speak of him as giving it the 'coup de grass'?"—A. "Yes. I should call this a *jeu de mow*. H. C." Q. "When is the right time to cut my corn?"—A. "When it hurts you. H. C."



VACATION TIME. THE G. O. M. ON TOUR.

'ARRY ON THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

DEAR CHARLIE.—My 'oliday's over. I've bin down in Devon this year, Where I've climbed sech a lot of 'igh 'ills that I'm blowed if my legs ain't gone queer.

Dead dotty, like *Chitabob*, CHARLIE. Next time, if I 'ave my own pick, I mean spotting some place where life isn't all muckintogs, climbing, and stick.



'Arry à Parry.

Pooty scenery's all very proper, but then it ain't everyone cares

For a fortnit of bellowing busters where walks is all getting upstairs.

I'm fair touched in the wind with long scrambles in gaiters and waterproof coat,

'ARRY's got a good leg of his own, but he ain't like a dashed mountain goat.

Coming back in the train I got reading; that don't often 'appen with me,

But the comp'ny was mugs, so I tried for a spell at the good old *D. T.*

It 'as turned on its old Autumn tap of long letters. The question this bout

Appears to be, "Is Life Worth Living?" leastways that's as I made it out.

Worth living? Wot next, dear old pal? Wy, the geesers might just as well ask

If Drink is worth Drinking! To anser *that* question ain't much of a task.

It depends on the tap of the tippie! You ask any man with a thrust If lotion's worth lapping; there's only one thing as he'll want to know fust.

Says he, "Is it lotion, or catlap?" Jest so; and it's ditto with Life.

All these mugs as spin yarns about marriage, and ochre, small screws, a bad wife,

Hedgercation and Happy-go-lucky, I say as they all miss the mark. Life is jest the best biz in creation,—purvided you makes it a lark.

A lark, CHARLIE; that's where the laugh comes. These dockers now, out on the strike,

Most likely ain't fly to the fun of it; dessay if Rotherhithe MIKE Could put his big paw to a pen, and explain hisself, in the *D. T.*,

When BURNS wasn't looking, he'd say as *his* life wasn't much of a spree.

MIKE can't, and wot's more he don't want to; tain't them 'ardest 'it as 'owls most

In this 'ere bloomin' Battle, dear boy. It is most on it cold tea and toast. Mere ink-slinging sloop, this discussion, in which every flat who feels bad

For a cut in can hair his pet grievance or trot out his favourite fad.

'ARRY isn't no "pessimist," CHARLIE; them sort is a specie of mug As I 'ate most pertikler, fair J's, with no heye for the snide and the snug;

Always nagging at Nature permiskus, and pulling a precious long face, Because they'd the blessed bad luck to be booked for the great Human Race.

I should jest like to twig 'em at dinner! If some on 'em ain't got a twist Like a fourteen-year-old at a tuck-shop, I'm wrong. It's all moonshine and mist,

Their so-called philosophy, CHARLIE. Their learning's a fat lot of use, If it only means cackling at Nature, and hissing at Life like a goose.

I'm practical, I am, my Pippin. Yes, Life is a Battle, no doubt, And you've got to be fly with your mawleys, or else you may get a knock-out.

We can't all be winners, that's certain. Wot of it? It's like pitch-and-toss, Where, if everyone 'ad tossing tanners, there could be no gain, nor yet loss.

"Heads I win, mate, and tails you *don't* lose!" That's yer modern philanterpest cry

Of the preachers and Socialist spouters. It's kibosh, dear boy—all my eye; Pooty scheme, but won't work; pooty pattern of goods in the piece, but won't wash.

You must put up your dukes and give toko, or take it; the rest is all bosh.

I'm a Darwinite all up my back. If my hancestor perched on a tree, He made shift to get top and nail nuts; the result, arter ages, is Me! Not much of the monkey about me, I flatter myself as to phiz,

But I'm still on the climb arter nuts; that's life's game, and the only good biz. The fittest survives, so they tell us; all right, my dear boy, here I am! And there's lots of surviving in me, I can tell 'em. Oh, Life's real jam

If you only jest shove to the front; but to do that, old pal, you *must* shove, And not mind all their blessed how-wow about manners and brotherly love.

"Ware elbers!" dear boy, that's the motter; the strongest and sharpest [the wall. gets all,

And them with short wind and weak ribs, wy in course they must go to Put yer Socialist spout in a crowd at a race, or theayter on fire,

And then see where the "kindness" comes in, mate, and who'll be the fust to retire.

In the great Ring of Life you must fight with the raw 'uns, I tell yer, old pal,

And this "chivalry" game—ask KILRAIN, or 'old BISMARCK!—is flabby

fal-lal.

If you find as yer foe's in a flummox, will you risk the win and the tin

By chivalry? No; give him one in the wind like a shot, and romp in.

Sloppy sentiment mucks the best mill, and our spouters keep all on the sloop; [over the shop,

From GLADSTONE to Cardinal MANNING, they snivel all About "own flesh and blood," and Wealth's duties, the

Sweaters, and Housing the Poor.

Bah! The oof bird flies out o' the winder when sentiment dabs at the door.

That fowl lays the true golden heggs, but there ain't nigh enough to go round,

And give each one a basket-full, CHARLIE; at least that's wot I've always found.

I say git as near to the nest as yer can, mate, and 'ave the fust grab;

And then let bluebag pessymists grumble, and Socialist lewellers gab!

Worth living? Lor, yus, *with* the Oof, CHARLIE! Give me a little look-in,

And see if I won't make things hum! With my tastes, and a 'atfull of tin,

Small hodsds if I stick to a bachelor's life, or shake down, mate, and marry.

The Battle of Life, I'll go Nap, shall be won in a canter by 'ARRY.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

"I KNOW a young man," said the Moon. "I have many opportunities of seeing him, for he is in the habit of coming home very late at night. He lodges with an



Aunt who is rather strict with him, but she goes to bed early, and he has a latchkey, and is very careful not to disturb her slumbers.

"The other evening, however, when he came home, he was horrified to find he had forgotten his latchkey. The window-fastenings of the front room on the ground floor were not difficult to undo; but then there was Carlo, his Aunt's pet dog, who slept there. Carlo, as his mistress was never tired of saying, was the most intelligent animal that ever barked, and the best house-dog in the whole world. At the slightest sound, the faithful Carlo would alarm the whole household, and plunge the poor young man into hopeless disgrace! He walked up and down undecidedly for some time, but at last he grew so sleepy and desperate that he determined to risk everything, and get through the window, in the teeth of the devoted guardian of the house.

"He made a good deal of noise, for he was not accustomed to forcing windows, still, to his great surprise, he did not arouse Carlo. He came floundering down on the floor with a thump, having mistaken the place of a chair,—but still Carlo made no sign. The young man was relieved and grateful, but puzzled as well, for he knew the dog must be in the room somewhere. At last he found the matches, and struck a light—and then he burst out laughing more loudly than was quite prudent. For Carlo, the intelligent watchdog, was perfectly aware that the room was being broken into, but, his intelligence being even greater than his valour, Carlo was lying in the corner behind the door, industriously 'shamming dead,' which was another accomplishment of his. The young man is of a very generous disposition, for he did not betray Carlo's cowardice to his mistress the next morning; and, what is more," added the Moon, "I believe that he will always preserve an honourable silence on the subject."

BY A RETURNED AND VICTIMISED TOURIST.—To what race do extortionate Hotel-keepers belong? To the Hindoos.

UNTILED: OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boteur.

IV.

"THE British Matron is a solid fact,"
 Remark'd my guide.
 "Behold her in the act [culture!]"—
 Of modish Maiden—
 I saw a spacious woman, high-nosed, red,
 With swelling port, keen glance, and grizzled head,
 Much like a well-fed vulture.
 "An eye like Mars," full-orbed and militant,
 A surging bust whose every creak and pant
 Spoke of fierce ire—and fashion.
 Its laces stirred, its jewels shook and gleamed,
 A broad much milliner'd burlesque she seemed
 Of Juno in a passion.



That boudoir virginal, secluded, sweet,
 Was storm-tost by the dame's indignant heat,
 Like some shy bower of roses
 Smitten by tropic tempest. "Such fine wrath,"
 I murmured, "might have marked the plainward path
 Of idol-hating Moses."

"Nay," laughed my guide, "the truth you hit but half.
 'Tis not the worship of the Golden Calf
 Rouses her righteous anger.
 'Tis that her daughter there has dared incline
 At other than a fitly gilded shrine.
 Hark to her tongue's hot clangour!"
 The girl's flushed face before the torrent bows
 Half frightened, half resentful. Vulgar
 "rows"

Do shame the secret places
 Of Caste and Culture. Billingsgate might own
 That rage-fused countenance, that strident tone,
 Those furious grimaces.

"How dare you—minx?"—Yes, she has dared deride
 The brainless boy who sought her as his bride,
 To share his couch and carriage,
 His million and his mortal dulness. Fool!
 Rebellious to the Matron's golden rule,
 The true *morale* of marriage.

"Now see her lover! He's a Hercules,
 And that's his Omphale. Upon his knees,
 He, the much-lauded hero
 Of many a football scrummage! At her side,
 The green-room Scrum, e'en athletic pride
 Sinks suddenly to zero.

"The muscle-mania, the fierce rage to race,
 Hit hard, kick high, pull fast, 'put on the pace,'
 Fires the sole modern zealot
 A superfine Society tolerates;
 Other enthusiasts it scorns and hates
 As Sparta did her helot.

"This youth holds many 'records;' he is reckoned
 To have 'cut' LONSHANKS' best by half a second;
 His 'pots' are almost numberless.

And this plump siren puts his pleadings by
 With banter cool, yet holds him with an eye
 Whose greed is keen and slumberless.

"What marvel that our Matron waxes grim?
 This harpy from the slums get hold of him
 And his ancestral acres,
 When her girl's hook was fairly in his gills?
 The thought might shake with fury's murderous thrills
 The souls of saints or quakers.

"Which lure will win young Hercules at last,
 The fascinations of the frankly 'fast'
 Or sordidly seductive?
 Time," said my guide, "must answer. But between
 Bohemia's triumph and Belgravia's spleen
 The contrast is instructive.

"London's Stymphalian Birds may vary much
 In plumage, but in greed and power of clutch
 May not our scheming mother
 Match the stage-harpy? Brazen beak and claw
 Are recognised by mode, allowed by law
 In her, and many another.

"Has the poor girl a favoured lover?"
 Look!

A bottle of 'the Boy,' a Betting Book,
 A scurril Sporting Paper,
 These are the things, with fiction fresh from France,
 O'er which our modern 'Hero of Romance'
 Consumes the midnight taper.

"His 'midnight taper' is a Silber lamp.
 The 'hero' is a handsome, heartless scamp.
 Love-musing? No such matter!
 A sonnet to his lady's eyebrow? Nay,
 'I take no stock in rhyme-rot anyway,'
 He'd say in Pubdom's patter.

"The Jews are at his heels. Play and the Turf
 Scarce buoy this struggler in the troubled
 Of impecuniosity:
 How should a modish, thriftless thrall of debt
 Harbour unselfish love, or soft regret,
 Or manly generosity?

"They are not solid assets. Sentiment
 Won't pay the hawking Hebrew cent. per cent,

And so the lad is thinking
 Of 'little FLAVIA's very obvious mash,'
 And what it may prove worth in ready cash.
 See, with a hand unshrinking,

"He pens, no sickly sonnet, but a shrewd
 Well-polished scoundrel-plea, which, bare and crude,
 Would stagger the most simple;

But over whose false gush and verbal grace
 To-morrow 'little FLAVIA's' tear-stained face
 Will sweetly flush and dimple.

"Four views of Marriage! Circe in her lair
 The Matron keen, the callow Millionaire,
 The Detrimental daring,
 So wide opposed, are yet at heart the same,
 Fierce followers of Society's favourite game;
 Love-chase?—nay, Lucre-snaring!"

TAKEN AS RED.

RED-HAIRED people, stigmatised by the vituperative vulgar as "Carrots," "Ginger," and "Mahogany-tops," have, it would appear, at last found their champion. "Somebody," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "has compiled a philosophy of red-haired women." According to this philosophy, they are "almost invariably neater, quicker, brighter, and cleverer, than their Sisters; they are buoyant in spirit; they nearly always have a turn for rhyming and versification; and they are excellent mathematicians." Here is comfort—nay, triumph—for the long-reviled Rufuses! The only drawback—if we except that "turn for versification"—seems to be a tendency to "temper." Well, well; occasional fits of tantrums and verse-turning (was SILAS WEGG a red-poll?) may surely be excused in a neat, quick, bright, buoyant, clever ready-reckoner of either sex. To parody the balladist of "*Ballahooley*," we may say:—

When the kindly hand of fate
 Made the red-haired quick and "nate,"
 It added one ingredient that could injure;
 And as it seems quite clear
 Ginger's temper may be queer,
 "There must have been some stingo in the ginger!"

WORTH SEEING.—Our Flat at the Strand Theatre is very amusing. Nothing flat about it except the title. EDOUN capital. Mr. FAWCETT, very good. The part of the heroine, which was always bright and clever, is now really WHITTY.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF

"THE ENGLISH EDUCATIONAL CRISIS."



6R-

TOMMY GOES BACK TO SCHOOL.

BANGING "INTO THE BROWN."

"It is only to the moderate men of the Gladstonian Party that I venture to appeal."—*Mr. Chamberlain, at Huddersfield.*



THERE was a little Brum, and he had a little gun,
And its pellets they were made of party lead—lead—lead,
And he popped into a "pit,"
And he thought he'd try to hit
A driven covey flying over-head—head—head.

This clever little Brum thought them looking rather glum—
These birds who had been very sharply driven—driven—driven;
Rather heavy on the wing,—
Clever "driving" is a thing
That to all (political) sportsmen is not given—given—given.

ECCLESIASTICAL FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

(Suggestions for a further development.)

MRS. BUMBLE,
ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.MISS THURIFERA,
FOR RITUALISTIC CHURCH.MRS. PROUDIE
OF BARCHESTER CATHEDRAL.PRECENTRESS, MUS. DOC.,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"It is intended on Sunday week (Michaelmas Day) to introduce a surplined choir into the Church of All Hallows, Lombard Street. The ladies are to be placed near the choir, probably in the front seats of the church. The Sunday services are to be shortened and remodelled."—*Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 19.

And this sportsman in the pit, said, "If I but wait a bit,
I fancy that those birds will fly my way—way—way;
Though, of course, they didn't ought,
At least, so it may be thought,
By that Grand Old Driver. Wonder what he'll say—say—say.
"He will say, I greatly fear, that I have no business here;
But of course that's big bow-wow, and tommy rot—rot—rot.
I am here,—f'y suis, f'y reste,
And I'm going to do my best
At GLADDY'S birds to get a passing shot—shot—shot.
"Their flight's all wiggle-waggle; some appear inclined to straggle;
By Jingo, if I blaze 'into the brown—brown—brown,'
Though it seem a longish shot,
I shall give it to them hot,
And I fancy I shall bring some of 'em down—down—down!"
[Left taking aim.

A MATTER OF CORSET.—A medical speaker at the British Association at Newcastle thundered against belts worn by ladies, and declared they should be pulled off and burned. Oh, yes! who's to do it? It would be easier to "go for" a "Belted Earl" than to attack a Belted Countess, or any other belted lady. In fact, if a Belted Earl tried it, he would probably be instantly qualified to appear as "the Spotted Nobleman," to the tune of "O What a Surprise!" Quite right, my anti-tight-belter, but who is to belt the cat?

Mem. by a Man in the Street.

It often happens that the idle oaf
Clamours most loudly for the Industrial Ophir;
And that the fiercest friend of the "Big Loaf"
Is the big loafer.

SCARCELY INTENDED.—A letter to the *Times*, signed by an old supporter of Italian Unity, alluding to the political support given by Mr. JAMES STANSFELD to Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, says, "I think if MAZZINI could know of the present doings of Mr. STANSFELD, he would verily turn in his grave." But isn't that exactly what Messrs. STANSFELD and O'BRIEN would like him to do in, or out of, his grave, i.e., "turn"—and join the party of Messrs. S. and O'B.?

NEW SECRET SOCIETY.—"I'm a G. T.," observed an acquaintance, by way of reply to an invitation to stay awhile and take a "modest quencher." "Indeed!" said his hospitable companion, "does a 'G. T.' means a 'Good Templar'?" "No," returned the first, "It's 'Good Tippler,'—opposition Society. Let's drink its health."

THE PITY OF IT!—When Workmen "strike," the blow falls heaviest on the Women and Children.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT does Mr. B. L. FARJEON mean by not finishing his latest Novel, *A Young Girl's Life*? There's life in the young girl yet, and at the end of the Third Volume she is actually beginning her career. He has given us only passages in her young life. He lets his bad characters go scathless in the most merciful manner. What has come to him? Where is his sense of poetic justice? Let him give us Volume IV. to inform us: *First*, what becomes of *Mad Maxwell*? *Secondly*, how the good peasant *Wolf* was ever repaid for the task he undertook; for he was promised by the heroine sufficient money to enable him and his wife to live happily in the plains, which sum the heroine, being ruined, never gave him.

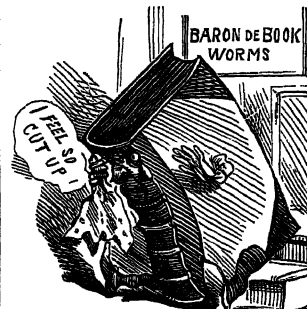
Thirdly, how was Mr. Bathgate punished? *Fourthly*, who were Mrs. Price and Mrs. Borwick (a name suggestive of the Baking Powder) and what became of them after they left the room? Did Mr. FARJEON originally intend to make any further use of these two ladies? And why, after introducing a *Valentine Vox* sort of man, did the author suddenly become chary about employing his marvellous ventriloquial powers? *Sixthly*, what did he originally intend to do with the trap-door in the ceiling, and the boxes up in the loft? Mr. FARJEON kept me up, long after my regular bed-time, reading his new Novel, which, having once commenced it, I could not put down; and I demand satisfaction at his hands on these principal points, which seem to me to be the basis of a continuation of this Novel. *En attendant*, I recommend it to my readers generally, though not so warmly as I have recommended others of Mr. FARJEON'S.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

The Sex's Answer to Mrs. Stopes.

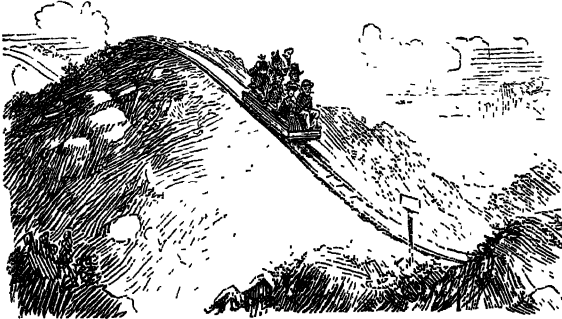
I SITS with my waist in a vice,
And if any one axes me "Why?"
I says, "Tisn't graceful or nice;
It's the Milliner makes me!" says I.

"THE ROYAL OAK."—We've not yet seen the piece, but the only thing against the title is that the 'busses which go to "The Royal Oak" will take the unwary passenger to Bayswater instead of Drury Lane. If a success, DRURICOLANUS, HAMILTON, and HENRY NEVILLE will not be all "Up a tree" with CHARLES THE SECOND.



A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

Honeymooners—Photographers—The Torrs' Trouble—An Interview—Discussion—Explanation—Dissatisfaction.



How to Utilise the Switchback for Travelling in North Devon.

ILFRACOMBE is remarkable chiefly for honeymooners and photographers. "Wherever I go," cries Miss BRONDESLEY, hysterically, "I come upon them. Ah!" she shrieks, suddenly, and jumps back quickly, as if she had trodden on a blackbeetle, or something was jumping out at her.

"What is it?" asks the Poet and Philosopher, in a breath.

Whereat, by way of answer, she only explodes in giggles, puts her sunshade at an angle of 35° to the tip of her nose, as if to hide some dreadful object from her gaze, and looking towards us over her shoulder, she turns the corner of the walk, continuing her ascent; and then we, following her, come upon an EDWIN and ANGELINA seated happily on a bench, not taking the slightest notice of us, or even of Miss JENNIE BRONDESLEY, or apparently thinking of anyone except themselves, as, indeed, why on earth should they?

It's the same everywhere, just like walking in the labyrinthine passages of a Grand Hotel, and stumbling over the boots and shoes in pairs at every door.

EDWIN with ANGELINA "all over the shop," as HARRY SKRYM-MAGER expresses it. Here they are trudging, sitting, skipping, jumping, lying, sitting under trees, behind furze-bushes, all among the bracken, beneath fungus-like sunshades, or recumbent under a broad spreading umbrella-tree.

Photographers pop out on you from all corners. Very annoying for EDWINS and ANGELINAS. The lonely tourist walking along the road is perpetually being stopped by the photographic brigands, and politely requested not to move for a second; and before he knows where he is, he is taken, negatively, as part of the landscape, and imprisoned in the camera.

Of all the walks the coast road to Lee is out-and-out the grandest, simplest, easiest, prettiest, and, if you can avoid the Torrs' Estate, the cheapest. If you can't avoid the Torrs' Estate, you'll have to



The Progress of Poetry and Philosophy barred by Ignorant Obstinacy.

pay a penny, but it is well worth the outlay in order to cut off a bit of the inland road, and so reach the coast path sooner.

Our Mr. Cook says that the town Authorities would do well to find a remedy for this vexatious charge of a penny levied on the unsuspecting pedestrian, who, having arrived at what really is the end of the Torrs' Walks, seeing a clear way which involves a slight scramble, not by any means so difficult as is presented by many a

regular gap in a hedge, or by any rustic stile on a path where there is an undoubted right of way, climbs the bank, surveys with his eager eye the coast road to Lee within a stone's throw of him, and, charmed by the tempting prospect, starts to pursue the distinctly defined path, when he is stopped by a labouring man, who, in the name of his employer, the tenant of this part of the Torrs' Estate, demands a toll of one penny.

"But," objects the Philosopher, who with his book under his arm, his papers and proofs all about him, his pencils sticking out of his waistcoat, and accompanied by the Poet, presents the spectacle of a literary mountaineer on his way to the heights of imagination, "we have already paid a penny each to enter the Torrs' Walks."

This statement I corroborate from the path below, as I have not intended to accompany them in their further walk.

"Yew're out o' the Torrs' Walks now," says the rustic guardian, whom BULWER might have called 'the dweller on the threshold,' replying to the philosophic objection; "and yew'll have to pay."

"But we have paid," protests the Poet, resenting this interference with the liberty of the subject.

"These Gentlemen have paid," I call out from below.

"What ha' yew to do wi' it?" the man shouts back at me. Then turning to the Poet and the Philosopher, he says doggedly, "Yew tu ain't paid me."

"But, my good man," argues the Philosopher, in as placid a manner as if he were a Counsel engaged in the driest Chancery suit,



The Puzzled Torr-ist.

"when we entered at the lodge-gate the old lady"—this he puts most politely, under the impression that perhaps she may be some relation to this rural collector of tolls, "told us that we could get by this way on to the Lee coast road."

"I ain't got nothing to do with the old woman at the gate yander," returns the man, somewhat rudely. "She makes her money, and we makes ourn. And yew've got to pay."

"Here is a footpath, there is a stile, and a footpath beyond," the Philosopher says, pointing them out as if he were illustrating a lecture by means of a diagram, "and surely, my good man, this constitutes a right of way."

"I ain't here to argufy," replies the man, roughly.

"But you're here to listen to reason," returns the Philosopher, with some warmth.

"Yew're here a trespassing, that's what yew are, and, if yew were a gentleman, yew'd pay," and as the man raises his voice, his tone becomes unpleasantly menacing.

"Trespassing be —!" shouts the Philosopher, suddenly flaring up, and throwing wisdom to the winds.

"I ain't a going to be sworn at," says the man, preparing for some sort of action.

"I did not swear at you," the Professor explains, cooling down as suddenly as he had flared up.

"Yew did," returns the man doggedly.

"I beg your pardon," says the Philosopher with extraordinary politeness—"I did nothing of the sort."

At this juncture the Poet produces twopence, and, with the courtesy that must necessarily have characterised the action of the Good Samaritan when, according to the accepted English version, he produced the same amount, addressing the man, says,—

"Here is the twopence. We pay under protest."

"I shall write to the papers on the subject," observes the Philosopher, preparing to take a note. "This ought to be settled."

"Ah," says the man, as he gives a receipt for the money. He carries tickets in a bag, which I had not noticed before, and is

apparently entirely mollified at having gained his point and his pence—"I've heard that said over and over again, but no one does it," and the Philosopher and the Poet having proceeded on their way, he is retiring chuckling to the hiding-place from which, like a spider, he lies in wait for the venturesome flies who cross the border, when COPLEY MARKHAM suddenly appears on the scene. "This wouldn't have happened abroad," he says. I am of the contrary opinion.

"I don't understand," calls out COPLEY MARKHAM, arresting the man's attention, "what right your master has to charge for persons going on to the Lee coast road."

"Never *yew* mind as to right," replies the custodian, looking down superciliously on this new character in the *dramatis personæ*. Then he adds, in a sulky tone, "I don't want to talk to such as *yew*."

"But explain it," calls out COPLEY, as the man is walking away.

"I don't want to talk to such as *yew*," the man repeats, wagging his head, and waving his hand as if he were putting COPLEY MARKHAM aside.

"You can give a civil answer," I suggest, in a tone of pleasant remonstrance.

"I don't want to talk to such as *yew*," he replies, sweeping both of us away with the same action of his left hand.

"I only want to know," COPLEY persists.

But the man having got hold of a good useful repartee, repeats it, as if it were the burden of a song, as he walks slowly away, occasionally turning his head towards us as if he suspected that we should take advantage of his retreating to clamber up and dodge him somehow. But we merely bid him, cheerfully, "Good-bye," to which however, he replies with the telling refrain, "I don't want to talk to such as *yew*;" and so he slouches off, pausing now and then to cast a glance towards us. Then he disappears, and we see him no more.

As we sit down to enjoy our evening-pipe and penn'orth of sunset, a stranger politely addresses us. He says, "I heard some part of your altercation with that man. It is a most annoying state of affairs. The fact is, you see, The Torrs' Estate Company lets a portion of the property, the Walks, to the people at the Lodge, who make what they can out of the tolls, and the other portion to a tradesman, who makes what *he* can out of the fact that you can get a short cut over his ground to the coast road to Lee, and to the Torrs' Walks as well. Directly you leave the Torrs' Walks you are on his property, and, *vice versa*. If you pay a penny to go on his land, and thence on to the Torrs' Walks, you have to pay another penny when you come off the Torrs' Walks, and go out by the Lodge. You'll excuse me, Gentlemen, but I thought you'd like to know."

I thank him for the information, which I believe is the correct explanation of a system that takes tourists by surprise, and annoys them considerably. But admission to the Torrs' Walks is well worth a penny or even twopence, as they are, on the whole, unequalled by anything about Ilfracombe, except the first part of the coast path-way, not the road, to Lee.

"Those who don't care about going with us on excursions," Our Own Mr. Cook observes, "can always take their exercise on the Torrs' Walks." *Les absents ont toujours Torrs.*

À LAGUERRE COMME À LAGUERRE.

"The electoral manoeuvres of our adversaries have assumed the proportions of a veritable conspiracy against Universal Suffrage."—*M. Laguerre (Boulangist.)*

WHETHER the sly Reactionary scheme,
Or whether—Red and Rad—the rowdy rough rage,
Their rival advocates appeal, 'twould seem
To the great fetish, Universal Suffrage!
But whether they would choke or whether coax it,
One aim they have in common—'tis to hoax it!

SUGAR AND LEAD.—In a trenchantly-written and clever letter to the *Times*, THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, late of *Vanity Fair*, writes from aboard the yacht *Nereid*, "Let any enemy have the longest gun and the most universal of conscriptions; give me the power of running his sugar up to seven shillings per pound, and I will undertake to bring him to terms."—All very well, if loaded or directed by a bad marksman, but one straight shot from the long gun would dispose of T. G. B. before he had time to use this mighty power.

SECOND TITLE.—"British Association," or Society for providing Middle-aged Gentlemen with a scientific excuse for a pleasant outing.

PRACTICAL LIBERAL UNIONISTS.—Working-men who contributed to the Strike Fund.

ANTICIPATIONS OF THE LYCEUM REVIVAL.



Henry Irving doing the Landry Business.

Catherine Duval.

Abbé Latour Biffel.

GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!

SUMMER's nearly over,
Corn has followed clover,
Nuts and apples reign;
Snap their slender mooring,
Leaves would go a touring—
Freedom brief and vain;
They are fain to follow
The sun-seeking swallow.
Yet the glass is rising
To a height surprising,
And, to sweet surmising,
June is here again.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, slowly
Knelling from the foliage,
Runs in fancy's head;
Suns again for fun set,
And dawn follows sunset
Ere we go to bed,
And daisies in mazes, [spread,
Where the haze is lifted,

Yet this sweet September,
Like a county Member,
Showers its gifts around;
Trees with gold are tipped,
And the most insipid
Tracts of fallow ground
With a sober splendour,
Gossamer'd and tender,
By its grace are crown'd.
Fuller flows the river,
Like a wayward giver
Who has stinted long;
Broad, and deep, and stately,
It assists us greatly,
Though for up-stream towers,
Or more hardy rowers,
Just a trifle strong.

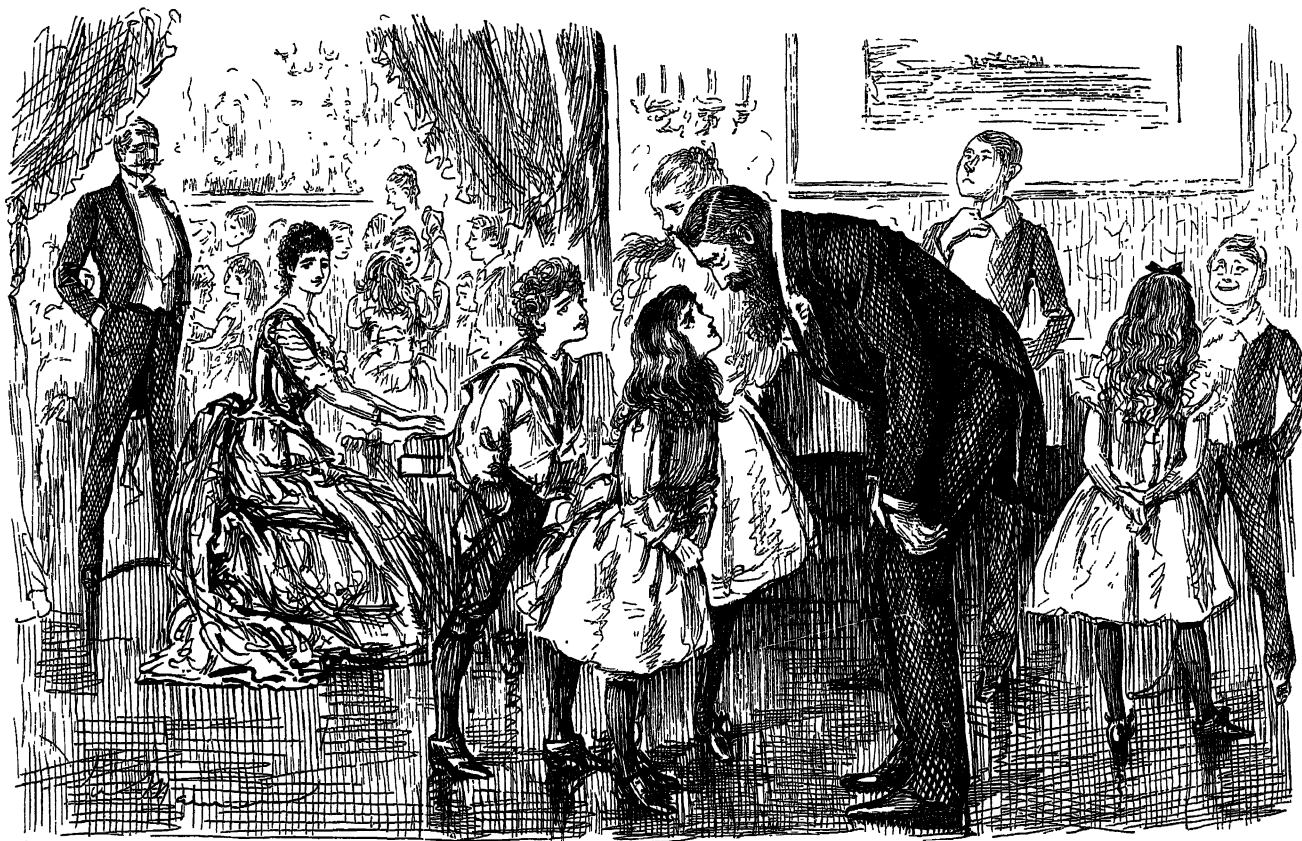
Ours no luncheon hasty—
Here's a goodly pasty,
And for liquor tasty
Ale of temper'd power;
Cool it in the water
For about a quarter
Of a sunny hour.
Fish are flashing silvery;
Who would care to kill very
Many roach or perch?
They are blithe and merry—
Come, a glass of sherry,
For the corkscrew search;

While the great swans gobble,
What we throw with wobble,
And with lazy lurch.

There is MABEL standing
At the rustic landing,
With an air commanding,
Which her curls would check;
Like a boy heroic
On a burning deck.
Kisses anemoie
Play about her neck;
She could make a stoic
Gambol at her beck.
Like a brown and pleasant
Chirpy kind of bird;
Ornamental peasant,
Queen of creams and curd;
When another's present,
How I loathe the third.

Now, all slights forgiven,
By the sunlight shriven,
Laugh the happy fields.
Past the rain and raw gust
Of deceitful August,
Earth her late love yields;
And the cars flash, dripping,
As the boat goes slipping
Through the liquid bars;
While serenely gracious
Heaven's hollow spacious
Fills with quiet stars.
Soon will storms come hurling
Down the sullen reach,
And the waters curling,
Sudden lessons teach
In the art of "feather"
During stormy weather;
Yet one more fine jewel
In our life is set,
Ere the Winter cruel
Brings its grog and gruel,
Fogs and wind and wet.

While our bliss we're vaunt-
-ing,
Something still is wanting,
Something—never mind,
What the gods have given
Never can be riven—
Heaven still is kind.



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

SCENE—*A small Dance in Hopshire.*

Dorothy. "I'M AFRAID I MUSTN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE, MR. JOLLIBOYS. YOU SEE, I'M A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE!"

CHEZ MADAME TUSSAUD.

"He (General BOULANGER) has discovered the value of the zero in political combinations; he is the cipher before which every man hopes to put a numeral of his own choosing, to make it count his own way."—*Daily News.*

Famous Old Lady, loquitur:—

WHERE shall you put him? Well, upon my word,
Even I am rather puzzled how to place him;
Whether to front him with the Great Absurd,
Or have the Small Sublime to back and face him.
Yet, goodness knows, I have all sorts of "heroes,"
From the great Corsican to—Shallaballah,
Captains and Charlatans, Noodles and Neros,
In my Valhalla.

My hospitable halls of waxy fame
Are open usually to Everybody
Who is Somebody, and has made a name
Either as Monarch, Murderer, Sage or Noddy.
Particularly any personage
Who makes what now is called a "Great Sensation."
Argal in those same halls he should engage
A front location.

Yes, for this Man o' Wax I must make room;
"He's quite a Circumstance," as Yankee Doodle
Would say. No blinking the "Boulanger Boom."
Whether as lion or as shaven poodle,
He's made himself conspicuous in a way;
So may a Circus Clown or pseudo-Cæsar;
But where to put the gentleman to-day,
Why, that's a teaser.

FRENCH PROBLEM.—What does "Re-vision" mean? Second sight? or Look again before taking a leap? The ultimate benefits of the movement being doubtful, those who adopt the cry should be known as The Re-visionary Party.

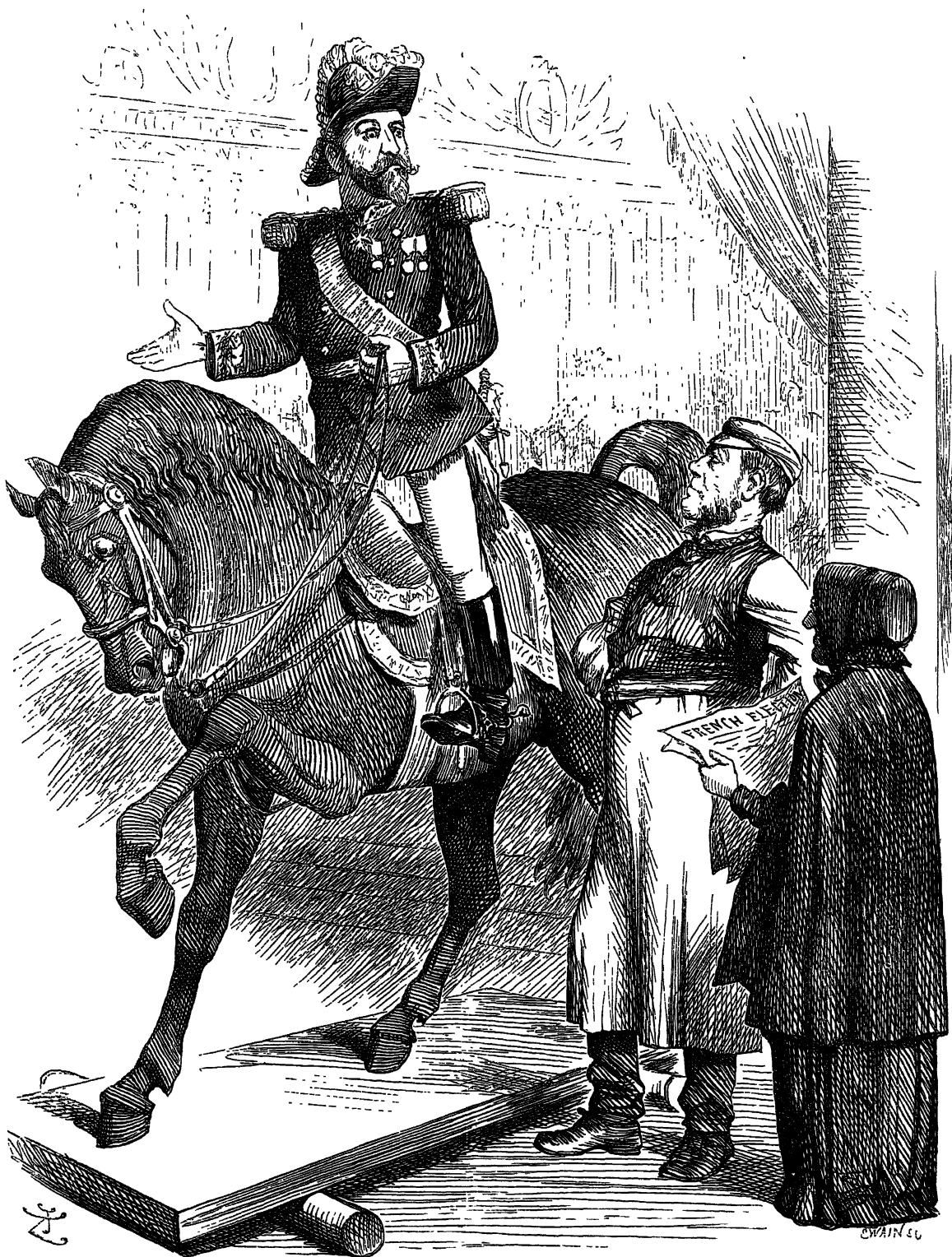
SOUND DOCTRINE FOR DOCK DIRECTORS.

LABOUR and Capital have been at grips,
And from their strife this moral disengages:—
That Capital may thrive through docking ships,
Labour's not bound to starve through docking wages.

PUZZLE-HEADED.—Startlingly interesting are the headings in the daily papers, as they ought to be, if they're to attract attention. Here's one from the *D. T.*—"A Crown Living in Chester." Whose crown? Where's the rest of the body? Is it the "Talking Head"? Or is it a living that can be got for five shillings? If so, what a rush there must have been for it! Then, in the *Times*—"The Missing Canon." What was the aim? Why did the Canon miss? Did the Canon go off of his own accord? Did he go off with his Bishop's charge?

AN OLD FORM OF CONSUMPTION.—In the interesting summary of the Colonial Office Reports for 1888, given by the *Times* last Friday, it appears that Lord KNUTSFORD laments the prevalence of illness in the protected Malay States, and, among other diseases, mentions "Beri-beri." His Lordship should remember that we have the same thing here, only we spell it with two *e's*, and print *y* instead of an *i*. Its cure has been attempted by early closing, and total abstinence from malt liquor. For another view of the hardships entailed on certain public characters by these modes of treatment, consult *Bass's Straits Times*.

A LEAF FROM PRO-FANE HISTORY.—SIR SPENCER PONSONBY FANE laid the foundation stone of the Pavilion at Lord's last week. He made an excellent and a most hearty speech, forgetting, however, to commence it with the quotation from the old song, "I, FANE, would tell thee all I feel." As a thorough cricketer, there never was anything *fainéant* about him, and, in the hearts of all Members of the House (and Grounds) of Lord's, the memory of this FANE will always be enshrined.



CHEZ MADAME TUSSAUD.

HEAD-CARPENTER. "WHERE'S HE TO BE PUT NOW, MA'AM?"

A MAN'S SHADOW CAST IN THE HAYMARKET.

WITH *The Lyons' Mail* still fresh in the playgoer's memory, with *Proof*, the English version of *Une Cause Célèbre*, now being played at the Princess's, it was an uncommonly plucky thing of author and actor to bring out a piece the interest of which is centred in the facial resemblance between a good and a bad man, and where one of the most touching situations is the evidence of a child against its father who is accused of murder. But their courage is rewarded, and *A Man's Shadow*, as Mr. BUCHANAN's adaptation of *Roger la Honte* is called, has achieved an undoubted success at the Haymarket.

The examination before the Magistrate in the *Courrier de Lyon*, is, in *A Man's Shadow*, developed into a criminal trial in a French court; in the *Courrier*, the father recognises in the man who shoots him his own son, and has to give evidence against him; in *A Man's Shadow* it is the wife, who, with her child, recognises her husband as the murderer; and it is the child on whose

evidence, as in *Proof*, so much depends. It is a wise child that knows its own father, and little *Suzanne*—admirably played by Miss MINNIE TERRY—being mistaken in identifying her parent, cannot be set down as an infant of phenomenal intelligence.

Mr. TREE handles the good *Lucien* and the wicked *Luversan* with delicate tact, and very nearly succeeds in suppressing his habitual mannerisms. His attempt at altering his voice is evidently an effort. His make-up in both characters so disguises his personal identity, that the audience do not immediately recognise him in either part. The difficulty is in mistaking T'other for Which.

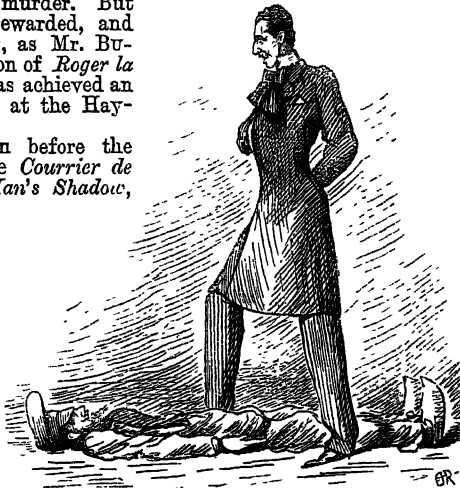
The sensational story is clear, and deeply interesting; the plot is dramatic and well constructed; and the acting throughout of everybody, without exception, is far above the average. There is not one part weakly played. Mr. TREE has cast his Shadow very strongly.

The sensational scene of the murder is, as a "set," a very poor Punch-and-Judy affair. The office of Mr. Allen, the judicious representative of the respectable but unfortunate victim, is supposed to be on the other side of the court-yard, yet apparently it is only a continuation of *Lucien's* room. If the front part of the scene had been set lower down, and a strong light thrown on the back portion, I fancy the desired effect of distance would have been obtained.

Miss JULIA NEILSON looks very handsome, and shows decided talent. When the imitative phase of her artistic career has passed away, she ought to have a very satisfactory, if not a great, future before her. Now and again she reminds me of an actress she has never seen, I mean, Miss WOOLGAR (Mrs. MELLON), when, some thirty-five years ago, she played the sympathetic heroines of Adelphi drama.

Mrs. TREE is quietly plaintive as wife and mother. It is a thankless part, as it does not carry with it the sympathy of the audience. The exigencies of the play compel her to be reticent just exactly when in real life she would have spoken out.

Mr. KEMBLE as *M. le Président* of the Court is excellent. The manner and matter of the speech of the Advocate-General is a model of forensic eloquence and official impartiality. It is done capitally



"And is Old Double dead?"



Little Girl (Terry-fied at seeing her Awful Dad knocking a naughty Man on the head). "Oh, Ma, there's Pa!"

by TAPPING (any relation to the Woodpecker who was always "tapping" on "the hollow beech-tree," not the BEERBOHM TREE?), and deserves clapping, at the risk of being committed for contempt. And here, I may say, that I cannot recall any English play, in which all the principal *dramatis personæ* being modern Frenchmen and women, our English actors have so completely concealed their own nationality, and where they have enacted French character with less exaggeration of manner or costume. At what Theatre in Paris, I should like to know, would the converse of this be possible? Fancy the French stage-representation of an English Court of Justice!

Mr. FERNANDEZ, as *Raymond de Noirville*, has one big chance, and the result is just what would be expected of so experienced an actor. It is a powerful situation, rendered with great discretion; meritoriously under-played rather than over-played. His death-sufferings remind me of somebody's burlesqued title of the very old melodrama, *Raymond and Agnès*!

The undisputed success of *A Man's Shadow* is due to the excellence of the *ensemble*, in which the French authors and their English collaborateur are included. But, after all said and done, with whom are the sympathies of the audience? Not with the unfortunate *Maitre FERNANDEZ*, though he dies in discharge of his duty, and is subsequently appealed to by Monsieur LUCIEN TREE to look down from the sky-borders, and form a new opinion of the entire case; not with Madame TREE, who is silent when she ought to have spoken, and who seems to be so unkind to her poor husband; certainly not with the child, who learns to tell a lie, and repeats it by heart as easily as she has recited her birthday speech; no, with none of these, but, partly, with *Lucien*,—after the Second Act, not before, as he is irritatingly weak through two Acts,—and to a far greater extent, with the handsome *Julie*, of whom everyone wants to see something more, who turns out so well as to leave a sort of uneasy feeling in the mind of the audience that, if everyone had had their rights, *Henriette* ought to have taken the opportunity of departing this life during the trial scene in the Third Act,—when her little daughter informed the Court that her mother, being in a dying state, sent her compliments, and was very sorry she couldn't accept *M. le Président's* kind invitation,—and so have permitted the real lovers, *Lucien* and *Julie*, to be united at last. Indisputably the audience are left under the impression, conveyed in the First Act and strengthened in the Third, that these two do still care for one another, and that the legitimate wife, *Henriette*, is rather in the way. It is too late to alter this now, but perhaps in a year's time, when Mrs. TREE may want to leave earlier in the evening, my suggestion might be adopted, and this alteration made.

In the meantime the Pop'lar TREES are flourishing in the Haymarket, and *A Man's Shadow* will add substantially to the Trees-ury of the Theatre.

NOTES FROM THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

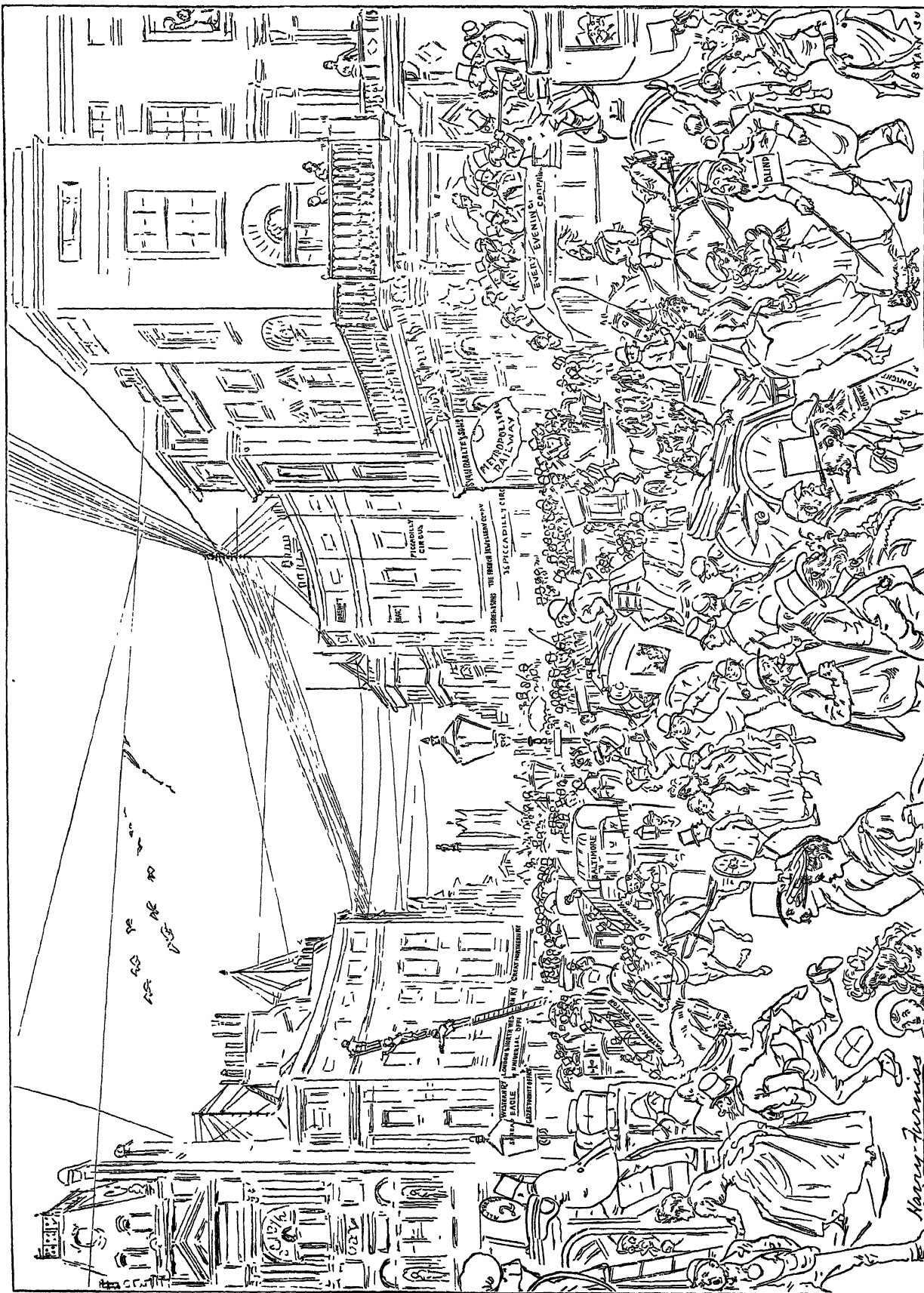
MR. GARDINER, most appropriately, lectured on plants. He gave a most interesting account of the struggle for existence. "In all cases," he said, "the weakest go to the wall,—and consequently become wall-flowers, of which fine specimens may be seen in most drawing-rooms during the London Season. Some of Mr. GARDINER's facts will interest Entertainers, Proprietors of Shows and Theatrical Managers, as for example, in the instance of the *Hodgsonia Heteroclita* (they must have foreign names, though probably at home she is plain Hodgson) an "extraordinary Indian climber" of "great beauty." This acrobatic entertainment "opens for one night only," and then collapses. Managers should beware of engaging her. Then the *Amorphophallus Titanum*, "although it takes months to develop"—just as AUGUSTUS HARRIS may occupy months in bringing out a new pantomime—"Opens only one night, and then only for a few hours." As this is a rule without exception, DRURIOLEANTUS must beware when he sees the advertisement of *Amorphophallus Titanum* in the *Era*, which is the Theatrical "Gardener's Chronicle."

Mr. GARDINER touches, however, on dramatic authorship, in alluding to various adaptations by members of the *Cucurbitaceæ* or Cucumber family of Cumberland Place. Ill-natured critics are always delighted when one of the Cucumber family adapts anything, as there is then a chance of giving him a dressing, in which the vinegar and pepper predominate. Professor GARDINER has not much to say about music in discoursing on plants, but briefly notices "climbing organs," without recommending them for use either in orchestras or Churches. Altogether most interesting, and we congratulate the head GARDINER on his lecture.



Awful effect of a Sudden Shock on the visual Organs of Maitre Fernandez. A little Doty about the I's.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 82.



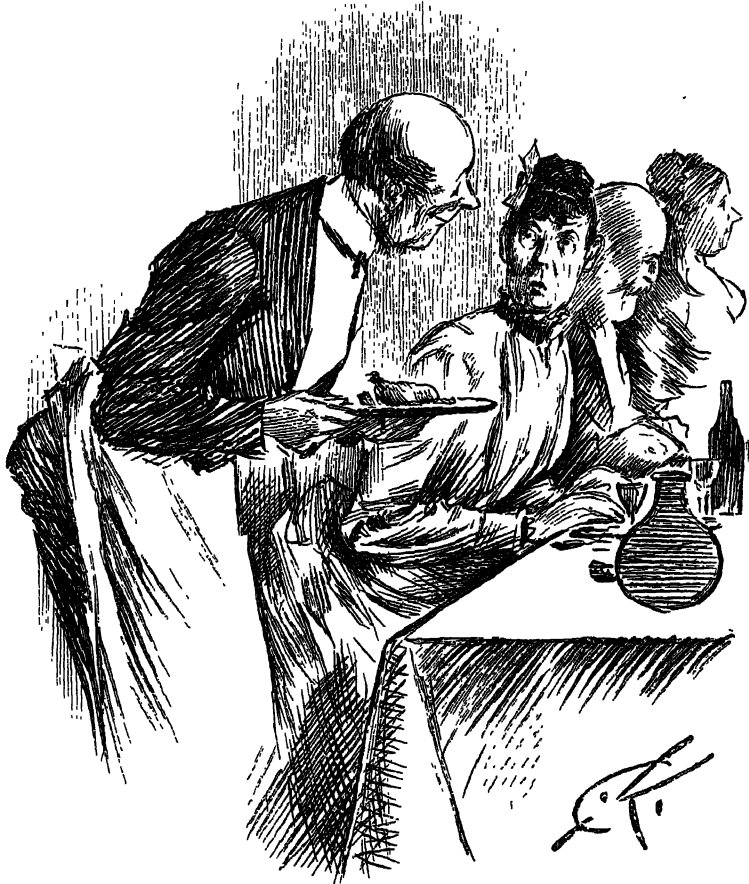
LONDON EMPTY. No. 4.—WEST.

THE KING IN THE PALACE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On Thursday, innocently sauntering in the rain to the Crystal Palace to gaze with languid rapture at the damp fireworks, I was overjoyed to learn that *King John* was going to be played there with an "exceptional cast." And certainly the palate-tickling announcement was borne out to the full by the appearance of clever little Miss NORREYS as a neat *Prince Arthur*, bright Miss AMY ROSELLE as a pleasing and inoffensive *Queen Constance*, and ever-welcome Mr. H. KEMBLE as (so it seemed to me) a rather waggish *Pope's Legate*. I was somewhat startled, on referring to the programme, to find Mr. BEERBOHM TREE in the title rôle; but remembering, that this excellent actor tried his *Fulstaf* upon the favoured inhabitants of Sydenham before bringing it up to town, my astonishment soon gave place to satisfaction. The Lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, I must confess, did not make very much of the mean Monarch. Perhaps the most interesting part of his performance, was his scene with *Hubert*, *à propos* of the murder of *Prince Arthur*, as it seemed to suggest that *King John*, in spite of other shortcomings, was at times not altogether devoid of a certain sort of hard grim humour—humour provocative rather of a relaxed frown than a genial smile, of a stealthy wink than a broad grin. The mounting of the play was, under the circumstances, commendable, although I am not quite sure (I have not *Pinnock's Abridgment* at hand to guide me) whether the Royal Arms of England in the twelfth century, included the harp of Ireland, and the banner of France at the same remote date bore for its device a republican eagle. However, I was delighted to make the acquaintance of *King John* with "the exceptional cast" at the Crystal Palace, as I do not think I shall have an opportunity of seeing the performance elsewhere.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, yours, sorrowfully,
A SINCERE ADMIRER OF THE BARD.

"THE DIVINING-ROD."—"VACUUS VIATOR," who writes to the *Spectator* (dropping into poetry couldn't be avoided), will be interested to learn that Dr. BIRCH, of Swishington, has found his divining-rod of the greatest efficacy. By its means things given up as lost have been given up when found, and on its being scientifically applied it actually causes water to spring and flow, and this in the eyes of all the pupils. This is overpowering evidence.
(Signed) AN EYE-WITNESS.



IRRESISTIBLE.

Our Robert (on duty in the provinces, offering dish to neglected Spinster). "LITTLE DUCK!" [In such a tone of voice, that, at the risk of the sage and—she accepts!]

ROBERT AT THE SPANNISH XIBISHUN.

I AVS returnd from my pervinshal inn-gagements and was a sorntering about in Hoburn on the honly reel of day as we've ad the larst fortnite, wen a homnibuss cum up as had got ritten on it "Spaniah Xibishun," and seeing as there was jest room for one outside, I made no more ado but boldly climed up with both hands, and had such a cumferal ride to Spain, which it's in West Kensington, as I woudn't have changed no not for a ride in the LORD MARE's own Carriage, tho' it did ony cost me thruppence.

And now cums the fust staggerer, as farelly estonished me, for on entring the Xibishun there wasn't hardly nobody there, tho' I soon found more to both emuse and interest me than I coud stop too see harf of. And then to think of the dense stoopidity of mankind, aye and of womenkind too. I was at a Musick All ony the werry night before—of coarse with a horder—and there was hundreds of people all a blazing with prusperashun, in about the werry ottest place in London, a lissening to such rubbish as I wasn't able to sit and lissen to for more than a cupple of ours, while at the Spannish Xibishun I sat in the bewtiful hopen hair, with the kind sun to warm me and the cool breeze to cool me, a lissening to such bewtiful and yet such strange musick as I never remembers to have herd afore. To be sure the people came a flocking in arterwards, and I'm told that that werry nite there was werry many thowsands there. But what I carnt understand is, why don't they cum sooner?

I fust heard a concert and a dance inside the great All, and then another concert in the bewtiful gardens, and then I went into the Theater, which was nice and cool, and there I seed such a seen, and herd such playing, and seed such dancing, as I werry thinks as I never seed afore, and hopes to see again many a time and offen.

Fust of all, there was no less than 12 Spannish Gennelmen, all dressed in the most bewtiful welwet dresses, and welwet caps, and white feathers to match, and they were all stoddents, and all had Geetars, which they played most bewtiful, all together, and there was 2 most eligent Ladies, splendidly drest, and a young Gent, who, by his Kostoom, I take it, was a Spannish Prince, and he danced such a par sool as made me almost hot ony to look at him. Then the prin-

cipal Geetar Gent, not quite satisfide with the way the others played, began to show off, and then the 2 bewtiful Ladies both clapped both their hands, and then one of them began to danse with her ands and her harms as well as with her feet, quite wunderfool! Then the other yung lady clapped her most generously, and then sung a little French song. Then the 12 Geetar Gents all played better than ewer, and both the bewtiful ladies danced at wunce, and played the cast-yer-nets, as I thinks they calls 'em, all the time, and both looking as moddest as 2 Dutcheses or Marshunesses, and praps a leetel more so. If they looked so bewtiful from my 3d back seat, what must they have looked to all the Harrystoerats in their front one shilling ones!

I was much surprised to hear what werry good English the Spannish yung Ladies at the various Stalls spoke. It was reelly amost as good as mine! I'm sorry, though, to have to say that, along with our bewtiful tung, they have also learnt our werry bad habbit of trying to gammon a posserbel customer. I scarcely xpecs to be bleived when I says that a most charmin lookin Lady, at whose Stall I stopped quite permiscous like, acshally tried her best to perswade me to buy a Rose of Jerryko, as she called it, which she sollemly assured me, with those wicked eyes of hers, would never die! Sum years after it has been gathered it will seem to die, but that's ony its fun, for if you put it in water for five or six ours it will look jest as bewtiful as ever! I told her I had herd of folks being told to "Go to Jerryko," but I never new it was ony to gather roses, and I did wenter to add that I didn't think as she woud find it necessary to try the xperiment on her bewtiful rosy face not for werry many years to cum. And then I thort that praps I had better go, for there's never any telling who may be looking on. But appening to turn my head, I saw her a larfing away like anythink, and a pinting me out to a fare companyun.

For them as likes antickquitys there's a bewtiful pictier of a Spannish Bull Fite and a Swiss-Back Railway, while for them as prefers moddern hinvention there's the werry hidetical Cabin as Mr. COLUMBUS slep in when he dishcovered Amererrykey, and lots of other sites amost equally intresting.

Shood anybody wish to buy a Jerryko Rose, I will willingly make all nessessary enquirys without not charging no commishun. ROBERT.

UP TO TOWN IN THE DEAD SEASON.

I HAD business in town, which I could have deferred until my too brief holiday was over. Your Artist's representation of *Empty London* determined me to come up to town. "If the East End is so crowded, the West End must be also lively," I reasoned, illogically. My business was in the City. I arrived. Yes, the City was about as animated as usual. At least, so it appeared at first to me, fresh from preternaturally quiet Sloocum-Stodgely-on-Sea. The noise and bustle, in fact, dazed me. This soon wore off. Then, becoming accustomed to the sights and sounds, I saw that even the City was not so full as usual. The crossings were not absolutely dangerous. The 'busses were not crowded and crammed. The cabs were loafing. There was about everybody an air of trying to keep up business appearances, for the sake of the traditions of the City, which did not deceive



this poor pilgrim from Sloocum-Stodgely-on-Sea.

First I went to my Broker's. His office in Slothbury, E.C., is not a cheerful place at the best of times. When I entered there was a small boy at a big desk yawning at an inkstand. As he was too young to be a client, I came to the conclusion that he must be a very junior clerk. He was. What did I want? I wanted Mr. DASH, the principal. "He's away," said the small boy, drowsily; "shootin' or somethin'." Then, could I see Mr. SPLASH, his partner? No, I couldn't, as Mr. SPLASH was abroad. But I could see Mr. DOLLOR, the Managing Clerk, who had only stepped out for a minute, and in another minute would probably step in again. In the meantime, would I take a chair? It not being too early in the day to take refreshment in this shape, I accepted the youth's hospitable offer; and scarcely had I commenced *London Day by Day* in the *Daily Telegraph*, which is the exile's joy and comfort when far away from the Metropolis, than in came Mr. DOLLOR. He had just been round to "the House." Could he be of any service to me? I explained the case, but, whether it was owing to an absence of perspicuity in my narration, or to his nervousness at assuming any responsibility in the absence of his chief, I can't say, the result was that, after listening to me patiently, and after consulting three large ledgers, more, I am convinced, for the sake of doing something for the credit of the firm than for any information either of us derived from the inspection, he regretted that he personally couldn't assist me, but that, if I would write down what I had been saying, he would give it to Mr. DASH immediately on his return to business. Like a Deputation after calling on a Minister, I "thanked him, and withdrew." I fancy that, after this, the drowsy boy put up the shutters, and DOLLOR went down for an afternoon in the country. He had told me there was "absolutely nothing doing in any of the markets," and so why should he stop there and do it?

Pausing for a moment at the corner of Slothbury,—it was a broiling hot day, and I began to regret having left my peaceful holiday quarters,—it occurred to me that one of the partners in the banking firm which is honoured by my confidence, might assist me to solve the difficulty which had brought me to town. From Slothbury to Slumberd Street, where my bank is, is a mere step. I pushed open the double-doors, and entered PHILLER, SAXE & Co.'s Banking House.

There were the clerks, not all of them though, behind the brass-wiring, on their perches, like birds in a cage, [doing their work] leisurely. One of the Cashiers smiled on me with an air of surprise, and bade me good morning in a pitying sort of tone. Evidently I came down several steps of the social ladder in his estimation by being in town when I could have been, and ought to have been, in the country. Could I see Mr. PHILLER, or Mr. SAXE? No, Mr. PHILLER wouldn't be back for another month, and Mr. SAXE had only just left London. Mr. KNILL was in town, if I liked to see him. I considered for a moment. PHILLER I had known for many years; SAXE for nearly as many; but Mr. KNILL I had never seen, never spoken to, never to my knowledge corresponded with. A sudden fit of shyness overcame me, and I felt that I couldn't face Mr. KNILL, or, if I did, that I should burst into tears; for it all seemed so sad, as if everyone, on whom I had relied for assistance, had gone away and left me alone in London, like an orphan in an Adelphi melodrama. So I replied, that I didn't think I would trouble Mr. KNILL, and added, reminding myself of a modified *Toots*, that my business was "of no particular consequence," whereat the Cashier smiled in profound commiseration for my aimless existence, and again I sank lower in his estimation where "in the deepest depths, there was a deeper still," into which I went down and disappeared.

I had undertaken some commissions at home, so I determined to walk West, lunch en route at the Club, and return by Victoria, L. C. & D. Chapside was not crowded; Fleet Street was comparatively quiet. I understood that the pavement in the Strand was up, so I went by way of the Embankment. The brown leaves were

falling from the trees (I had left everything looking beautifully green at Sloocum-Stodgely), and, in spite of the weather being at July heat, Autumn had set in. The road was under repair, as usual. The Embankment was deserted. Near Charing Cross District Station cabmen thronged about a man with a barrow, and were discussing news, and cocoa, and bread-and-butter. Several carelessly inquired if I wanted a cab? They knew beforehand what the answer would be, and had they been Latin scholars, would have prefixed "Num" to their question.

Further West. Clubs closed for repairs. Not one of the four to which I belong was open. But the Hall Porter informed me, with an official air, "the members are taken in at the Mausoleum." No. Again the shyness of desolation comes over me. I cannot face a strange Club, with strange faces, strange servants, strange rooms. I should have to give my name, be identified, and under a cloud of suspicion. No, I will go without food for a while, and get something at the Station. More and more of a desert as I go westward. I can cross from Apsley House to Grosvenor Place in perfect security, without troubling myself to look to the left or right. I do not even notice a policeman directing the traffic at the entrance of Park Lane. Perhaps there is one; if so, his office to-day is a sinecure. Blinds lowered everywhere. That dreariest of all dreary localities, Eaton Place, is drearier than ever. Not a soul. To intensify the cheerfulness, an empty hearse drives by, the coachman half asleep, smoking. It is the funeral of No Body in Town!

I have scarcely the courage to go as far as my own house. Boards up everywhere at other houses, and blinds down. Houses empty: Houses to let: Houses to be sold. A few cabs with luggage on them hurrying off to Railway Stations. Small 'bus crowded with luggage, is taking a dusty and dejected family to their London destination. They have evidently just returned. Their holiday is over. I see it on Paterfamilias's face as the bus drives by. I see it on the youngest child's face. I sigh, and drag myself along. I find myself in front of my own dwelling-place. I look up at it. Solemn. Awful. Not a sign of life. It is as if I were my own ghost, and that this mournful-looking building, with the blinds all down, is where I had lived and died only a few days ago. I cannot ring the bell—I cannot ask after myself. I could not enter that solitary desolate house, even if the caretaker, who is unacquainted with my personal appearance, would allow me to go in. There is a caretaker within, I know that much. Let her remain there, undisturbed, taking care. As for me . . . A hansom—quick!—Victoria—L. C. & D. line—and let the express bear me quickly back through the lovely hop country, down past the orchards and the copses, in sight of quaint old villages and ancient churches hidden away among the trees, until I come to Sloocum-Stodgely-on-Sea, which is a place as yet scarcely known, and of which I shall say not a word more, or someone will find it out, build on it, and spoil it.

At Sloocum once more!—I breathe again. And another year when I have a holiday, catch me breaking in on it to go up to town in what I now know from experience to be the Dearest time of the Dead Season. My kind regards to your Artist who is drawing "*Empty London*." He daren't give us the West End under this title. Perhaps, even as I am writing this to you, he is darning it, and it will appear in the same number with this letter. We shall see.* In the meantime, where is he? Is he far away in some lonely spot, secluded as the one where I am now,—Sloocum-Stodgely-on-Sea?

Yours ever, PEREGRINUS CONSERVATUS.

[* Yes. This week he gives his view of Piccadilly Circus.—ED.]



ANOTHER ANGÉLUS.

UNDER the heading "*La suite de l'affaire de l'Angélu*," the *Figaro* of Sept. 20, informs us that Madame POMMERY, of Reims, who is in her seventy-second year, having resolved that *Les Glaneuses*, one of MILLER's finest works, should not follow his *Angélu* to America,—and, proverbially, one doesn't get the favour of a visit from an *Angélu* every day,—purchased it from M. BISCHOFFSHEIM for three hundred thousand francs, and has presented it to the nation. Henceforth the home of this *chef d'œuvre* will be the Louvre. The *Figaro* adds, "*Nos sincères compliments à la donatrice. Nous sommes heureux de pouvoir enregistrer cette action d'un si noble patriotisme.*" Experts in champagne praise Pommery '74 and '80, but "the generous Pommery '72" will henceforth be the most famous in the annals of Reims.

"O WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU!—They were discussing the KENDALS' American tour. "Good actor, KENDAL," said one. "His wife made him what he is," observed another. "That sounds as if Mrs. KENDAL was going to be away for some time," remarked a third. They wanted to know why. "Well," was the answer, "because, before her departure, she made her Will."

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UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

V.

A CHAMBER causerie! Tresses trailing low,
Cincture unloosened, and un-knotted bow!

"Our visible intrusion
In such close sanctum," said my shadowy guide,
"Might move the morgue of high patrician pride
To fluttering confusion.

"Fear not! We shall not ruffle these fair doves.

Their talk of chiffons, scandals, modish loves,

Will scarce repay reporting. Observers, not ill-bred eaves-droppers, we.

But saw you ever a much love-lirer three?

She with the spaniel sporting

"Is Lady BLANCHE, fiancée of an Earl.
Cynical slang slipping through teeth of pearl

With polished intonation
Has quite a piquant charm. What brilliant 'chaff'!

E'en *risqué* jests, borne on that limpid laugh,
Disarm expostulation."

It rang the chamber through, that silvery peal.

No, from this nest its echoes may not steal
On the world's ears unbidden:

The outer world might else be over-wise.
Caste has its esoteric mysteries

In beauteous bosoms hidden.
Her talk's of Sport and Passion. Curious themes

To share the interests and divide the dreams
Of girlhood's days of gladness.

"Girlhood," my guide remarked, with his slow smile,

"Is not Arcadian now or free from guile,—
That's mere romantic madness.

"Here is no prim-lipped Eighteenth Century Miss,

No meek *Amelia* whose ideal bliss
Is EVE's before the apple.

There's naught from ZOLA or from IBSEN down

To PORTLAND's crack, or LANGTRY's latest gown,

With which she will not grapple.

"Listen!" Their talk was sparkling, spiced with slang,

And ripples cold of cynic laughter rang,
An inarticulate chorus

To the New Comedy of modish life.
The old *motifs*, Love, Leisure, Home and Wife,

No longer lure, they bore us,

Nous autres.—"Ah, the Earl! He's well enough,

Though my ideal is *not* the broad and bluff.
He'd make a splendid Minister

Of Agriculture, NELL dear, would he not?
Were WILFRED now—yes, yes, I know the blot.

Great bore is a bar sinister!

"Your Detrimentials always *are* divine.
His voice, NELL, somehow stirs the soul like wine;

You—little—jealous noodle!

Well, take my 'tip,' dear, if I know wild WIL—

And, yes; I think I do—he'll never thrill
To passion playing poodle.



"He dropped no end on 'Donovan.' Perverse!
My stolid Earl, now, made a splendid purse
On the same race. He's lucky,
But oh! it makes me hate his big red head,
And, were I free as you, I'd sooner wed
Your Titan from Kentucky!"

Knowingness, hot unrest, and shallow scorn
Of high ideals and the lowly born

Make promising equipment
For budding womanhood. The "Shyppe of Fools,"

Freighted with products of some Social [Schools,
Would show a motley shipment.

Another chamber! Silent this and void
Of loveliness and laughter. She ne'er toyed

With Culture's pleasant vices,
This hard-faced woman with the harpy look,
Bending intent above—a betting-book,

Dreaming of—odds and prices.

Delirious dreamings, such as ne'er were borne
Through the old Gates of Ivory and Horn.

"The sphere of modern Vision
Means mainly 'Speculation,'" quoth my guide,

"Its 'Golden Dreams' are guaranteed to hide
All prospects more Elysian."

Her coarse be-ringed red hands a pencil grasp;
Eyes keen and fierce as those of Egypt's asp

Eagerly read and reckon.
Her fingers crook, her glances gleam and shift;
From that absorbing page they scarce would

Though Israfel should beckon. [lift

"A Lady Bookmaker," my guide explained;
"Late fruit of competition unrestrained

Betwixt the warring sexes. [goal
Surely, good friend, she looks toward that
Concerning which his speculative soul

The social quidnunc vexes.

"Sordid is she and subtle, coarse of speech,
Braggart of mood. Has Manhood much to

teach
Its swiftly rising rival? [fail,
The gentler thing in Life's long war may

But this she-creature hard, and rudely hale,
May hope for long 'survival.'"

Hist! There's a stumbling foot upon the stair!

To that flushed face a look of pallid scare
Comes, her full form seems shrunken.

An angry oath! Wild eyes the doorway scan.—

Some privileges still are left to Man,—
At least when Man hath drunken.

(To be continued.)

A FALSE START.

(Song by a Secretary of State, some way after
Roger's, in the "Anti-Jacobin.")

Mr. B-L-F-R sings:—

WHEN now my own vague words I view,
And see Gladstonians potting 'em,
I wonder whether they'll be true,
My clients, grateful for the U-

-niversity I'm plotting 'em.
Teaching advantages less few
They want; I schemed allotting 'em;
But, bless me! things look all askew,
Along of this confounded U-

-niversity I'm plotting 'em.
Dissenters up in arms I view
From Newcastle to Nottingham,
E'en Churchmen hint it will not do,
My unbaked notion of an U-

-niversity I'm plotting 'em.
The Rads, of course, make wild halloo,
Their guns, they're double-shooting 'em;
And true-blue Tories look more blue,
When called on to explain the U-

-niversity I'm plotting 'em.
The chances seem against it, too,
Now carefully I'm totting 'em,
And I must minimise—a few—
My meaning as concerns that U-

-niversity I'm plotting 'em.
Pious opinions may be true,
'Tis risky work out-trotting 'em;
And even I may get my gru-
-el, if I do not drop that U-

-niversity I'm plotting 'em.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"MANY have told," sings the old song, "of the Monks of old" a considerable amount of falsehoods which have been accepted as facts until the appearance of F. GASQUER's two volumes about HENRY THE EIGHTH and the dissolution of the Monasteries, which, we were brought up to believe, were already so dissolute as to render further dissolution superfluous. By the light of this work, carefully compiled from State Papers and indisputable documentary evidence, educators would do well to revise histories for the use of schools, and let the pupils know what a mild, merciful, generous, charitable, Christian King was the Eighth HENRY, and how candid, just, straightforward, forbearing, high-principled and unselfish were my Lord CROMWELL and his agents, who played "Old HARRY" with the "Monks of Old."

In connection with this subject see *Murray's Magazine* for this month, in which Archdeacon FARRAR, with more of his archness than usual, becomes the apologist of the new "Brotherhood of the Poor" with "vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience." And the Archdeacon thinks this isn't Monastic! Lord GRANTHORPE would probably call their imitation Monks, and would recommend them, instead of going to a Monastery, to set up in a Monkey House. As to the costume, the Archdeacon doesn't say anything about this. The cowl will, of course, be worn. Why not adopt as the title of the New Order one already existing, and call them "Cowl-y" Brothers? Mrs. KENDAL is still giving her opinions. What is the value of her opinions? The answer is a sum in proportion. The Magazine costs a shilling, and as the part is to the whole, &c., &c. What a pity Mrs. KENDAL didn't advertise herself in America as "The Coming K—"! It sounds a trifle like The Comyns Carr, but this wouldn't have mattered—much.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

A SYMPOSIUM.

Sirs, let us sit in a ring, and praise ourselves,
Shut out the silence of a heedless age,
And, with the music of the mutual page,
Charm fortune and renown, reluctant elves.

Albeit our works adorn no alien shelves,
Such chill cannot repress the noble rage
That drives the poet from the public stage
To rare academies of tens and twelves.

I care not for your songs, nor ye for mine;
But honied patience stills the waiting pain,
Till each may tread the path the others trod.

When my turn comes, I will not stint one line;
Still will I read, though you have ears in vain,
To my high lullaby constrained to nod.

A RAIL AT A RAILWAY SYSTEM.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I observe by your Correspondence from Aix-les-Bains that Sir MYLES FENTON, the able and enlightened Manager of the South-Eastern Railway, has been on a visit to French territory with the object of studying the management of French Railways, and learning what to avoid. I also see that there has recently been foregathered in the capital of France a Congress of Railway Magnates. What their particular business was is not clearly set forth. Incidentally they seem to have dined together a good deal, gone out on pic-nics, attended the Opera, observed the fountains playing at Fontainebleau, and requisitioned all the available hackney carriages, to the disturbance of the public peace. Herr von BLOWITZ, that great histriographer of our times, has related how one dinner which they sat down to could not have cost less than sixty francs a head, which, it seems, is all that need be said to describe a dinner. Being thus fortified in the inner man, and exhilarated in the spirit, I venture to suggest, for the experience and information of any still lingering in Paris, a short railway journey, which may be conveniently undertaken.

The line recommended is the *Ceinture* Railway, and the particular section, that which connects the Northern system of France with the Southern. For English travellers bound South, the *Ceinture* is not the least important link in the journey. The establishment of the line, a matter of recent accomplishment, was hailed with delight by old travellers. It promised something more than delivering wayworn passengers from the necessity of driving across Paris from the *Gare du Nord* to the *Gare de Lyons*. That involved, as a preliminary, the examination of baggage by the Custom-house officers at the station of arrival. With the new connecting railway the traveller might pass through Paris to his destination with his baggage intact. That was the design and intention. But the spirit which inspires railway management in France has brought this little line, girdling the centre of civilisation, into a condition of grotesque incapacity.

Take my lamentable case, Sir, coming and going. Arriving from London at the *Gare du Nord*, generous provision is made by the time-table for skirting Paris by the railway, dining at the *Gare de Lyons*, and leaving for the South at nine o'clock. You leave the Northern Station at 7:21, and arrive at the Southern at 8:17, allowing nearly three-quarters of an hour for dinner. The Circle Railway, after much puffing and groaning, delivered me at the *Gare de Lyons* with just ten minutes to spare before starting on the all-night journey southward. Impossible to get any dinner, only just time to change carriages. Returning, the Lyons mail was due shortly after seven o'clock in the morning, and arrived with commendable promptitude. The train for Calais left the *Gare du Nord* at 8:22. The interval was sufficient for an ordinary person to walk across Paris and catch his train. The Circle Railway brought us triumphantly in half an hour after the English train had started northward!

The system is so superbly stupid as to command admiration. No one seems to expect the train, and when it turns up at a station, or finds itself in some remote siding, it is treated with chilling indifference. One can always tell a comparatively new official by observing as we approach a slight raising of his eyebrows, his lips



L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

(A Question of the Day.)

Miss Tabitha. "I WISH I COULD MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH TO TAKE, MR. SADLER! THE WIRE NET-WORK IS SAFER, BUT THEN THE BROWN LEATHER WITH LITTLE BRASS KNOBS IS SO MUCH MORE BECOMING—AND, BY JUST SNIPPING IT AT THE END, YOU KNOW, YOU LEAVE ALL THE FREEDOM NECESSARY FOR SELF-DEFENCE!"

forming the exclamation, "Halloa! Here's the Circle Train. Who'd have thought it." Older members of the staff take no notice, and after helplessly moving backwards and forwards, aimlessly waiting outside stations whilst processions of other trains pass in, the Circle Train, linking the two railway systems on one of the world's highways, dodders into the *Gare de Lyons*, or the *Gare du Nord* as the case may be, inevitably too late for the trains with which it is in the time-table connected with abundant provision of overtime.

Whilst the Railway Congressmen are taking this journey between the two stations, they will have full opportunity of dwelling upon the whole system of railway management in France; surely the most designedly offensive in the world. The principal object of the directors, faithfully interpreted by their subordinates, is to make the passenger uncomfortable whilst squeezing the uttermost farthing out of him. He is packed eight in a carriage if he goes by the ordinary first-class, mulet in a monstrous sum if he travels by *coupé*, charged a fabulous fee for sleeping accommodation, and treated throughout with an if-you-don't-like-it-leave-it air that contrasts sadly with the civility of the British guard and the effusive readiness of the English railway porter. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease are in the habit of occasionally filling up their leisure time by writing letters denouncing the management of English railways. For my part, I confess that one of the serene moments of my life comes upon me when, having crossed the Channel after a severe course of Continental railways, I lean back in a carriage on the Chatham and Dover or the South-Eastern Line, and am swiftly and comfortably whirled to London.—Yours, Sir, with all respect,

Travellers' Club.

A RETURNED NATIVE.

ADVICE GRATIS.—The French Exhibition closes some time in October. To all who cannot visit Paris, and to those who "have been there, but still can't go," Mr. Punch, knowing that they already possess the special edition of *Mr. Punch in Paris*, confidently recommends *The Paris Exposition*, published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. No. 4, recently issued, is a first-rate specimen. Visitors will be in time for the Highland Games in Paris, where the kilted chiefs are going to stop a week and have their fling.

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

To Bideford—Westward Ho!—Toying—Shakspeare's Summary.

Bideford.—Chiefly remarkable for its bearing a dirty, sloshy, river-side resemblance to Mayence, and for having a first-rate hotel, with a most interesting old oak-pannelled dining-room in it, two hundred years old, with a curiously carved ceiling. There are also cells below with grated air-holes and heavy doors, in which were confined the Cavalier prisoners when the Roundheads had the upper-hand, but now used as cellars, in which not Cavaliers but Roundheads are stowed away in the shape of casks of wine. A quaint old Inn, with such modern Continental improvements as remind me, in a small way, of the Hôtel St. Antoine at Antwerp. In the old oak-pannelled room, with the strangely-decorated ceiling, KINGSLEY wrote the greater part of his *Westward Ho!*—at least, so we are told. The information doesn't interest me personally, as I never could get through the greater part of *Westward Ho!* From Bideford we went on to Westward Ho! a short and rather pretty drive.

Westward Ho!—Here is a Kingsley inn, Kingsley tradesmen,—none of them apparently doing a big business,—a Kingsley village,



Westward Ho! Lively Scene.

as it were, in a very poor way, but with an idea about it of trying to live up to its reputation, and failing; a desolate-looking Kingsley College, without any Kingsley students, so we were informed; and, as part and parcel of the building, is a Kingsley College Chapel,—sounding so pleasantly like King's College Chapel, but very few collegians, if any, to attend its services. Then we arrive at a fine hotel in point of size, as dreary externally as a model lodging-house, but, internally, comfortably furnished, with the finest billiard-rooms you could wish to see. A stretch of low-lying flat coast, such as you would expect in Holland, or between Pegwell, Sandwich, and Deal, offers a splendid ground for the increasing number of golfers.

The houses about seem to have been planned by different architects, each one of whom tried to outdo the other in building something uglier and drearier than the last.

"Oho!" a fresh architect seems to have said to himself, as he viewed the most recent work of a rival, "he thought he could make a dull and dreary building, did he? Bah! I'll show 'em what dullness and dreariness mean;" and at once he set to work to do it, and succeeded.

Magni nominis umbra,—the shadow of the once great name of KINGSLEY has fallen on this place, and Westward Ho! is in the shade, and there it is likely to remain until the enterprising firm



Artist in Colour painting Skipping-rope Handles.

of ENERGY, CAPITAL AND TACT take the place in hand, and make it into a success. Messrs. MACMILLAN, with their new and cheap re-issue of CHARLES KINGSLEY's works, which, as I see, is having a big sale, have revived KINGSLEY's fame, but whether this will do anything for the place remains to be seen. Westward Ho? Westward Ho No! Let me go more Northwards to Barnstaple, where a large quantity of the furniture that reaches the London market is made, and where also there is a manufactory of toys,—an industry at once interesting and pathetic in its practice. Here is a civil, sharp boy,

hard at work making handles for skipping-ropes; here a bent old woman putting green paint on the upper part of fancy brushes; here an active, intelligent lad busily engaged in working a lathe which rapidly turns the skipping-rope handles round and round, whirling them against his paint-brush, from which they take the symmetrical lines of blue, yellow, and vermillion. Think of the boys working at them, and then of the hundreds of children playing with these skipping-rope handles in lanes, courts, alleys, parks, and where not!

There in the corner is a cheery Dickensian character, an old hand

at toys, a genuine *Caleb Plummer*—I hope there is no *Tackleton* about. He has been at this sort of work for forty years, having commenced at Tunbridge, and worked at the Tunbridge Ware until the Tunbridge Ware was nowhere, and then he migrated here. He will tell you that the English trade in toys is very limited, and that, with the exception of a few *spécialités* at Barnstaple, among which are Pope Joan boards, richly painted, — who nowadays plays Pope Joan?—and Aunt Sallies' heads for drawing-room practice, the toy-trade has fallen almost exclusively into the hands of the Germans.

We travel down to the end of the South-Western line as far as Torrington—a lovely run—then back to Bideford and Barnstaple, and then through scenery with which we are now growing more and more familiar, and about which, in spite of the proverbial consequence of familiarity, even COPLEY MARKHAM—who insists upon comparing everything with what he has seen abroad, to the disadvantage of what he is seeing in England—is already speaking in terms of respectful admiration. He is beginning to be impressed by the height of the rocks, by the colour, by the bold outlines, by the woods, the flowers, the hedges, the green fields of pasture, and the glorious sea. Once he admitted that "the sea is something you can't get in Switzerland."



Caleb Plummer the Second.

Miss BRONDESLEY says, "Of all the dreary-looking—well—but even that pebble reach you see at a distance only looks like a lot of periwinkles. Facing the Atlantic, it ought to be bracing, but give me Ilfracombe, the Torrs' Walks, the penn'orths of sunset, the ride in a donkey-chaise to Lee, a few people to speak to, and Lundy Island between me and America! that's good enough for this poor benighted creature," and off she goes in a convulsion of laughter at the idea of her ever being asked to live in such a place as Westward Ho! Our Own Mr. COOK says it has its advantages, but he does not specify them. Miss FRINTON, a young lady who makes a point of differing with everybody on any subject, raises her eyebrows with her usual air of surprise, and says, "I rather like it. I should enjoy living at Westward Ho!" And Our Own Mrs. COOK, whose one aim in life is to make everything pleasant, and to smooth over all differences of opinion, observes that she "wouldn't mind staying there a short time if she were compelled to do so, and that no doubt it would be an excellent place for children."

This last recommendation I notice is generally brought in as a saving clause, after a place has been pretty generally abused; just as when everyone has agreed that somebody or other is an unmitigated scoundrel, a charitable person deprecates so sweeping a condemnation by observing, "Well, I've heard that he has done some very kind actions; so he can't be entirely bad."

When SHAKSPEARE wrote the line—"Dreary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," he must have had Westward Ho! in his prophetic eye. But for the effervescent enthusiasm aroused by KINGSLEY, the place, as a quiet out-of-the-way go-as-you-please locality, might have done well enough in its season, and a trifle to spare, but *trop de zèle* has temporarily arrested its progress.

The Retort Courteous.

Addressed to exulting Gladstonians, jubilant at their finding themselves at Sleaford, "As in 1885."

MADE it hot for old CHAPLIN? If you want him to totter,—Well,—the next time, my good friends, you had best make it OTTER!

EXTRACT FROM THE BALCARRES' BIRTHDAY-BOOK (ETON EDITION).

"Is half-loading better than no breeding?"

"All play and no work, Is what Lower Boy wants to shirk."

At the "Sock" Shop.—Great distinction between an Eton Boy and an Eating Boy. But a Half-Eton Boy is a miserable creature.

APPROPRIATE SUBJECT.—In the October number of that artistically got-up Magazine, *The Woman's World*, edited by Mr. OSCAR WILDE, there is an article with the heading "Spoons." Out of four pictures of "Spoons" here given, three are single. In the fourth plate,—which is a large one, holding five spoons,—there are two pairs, and one odd spoon out. The history, so far, of "Spoons" is most interesting. What will be the next subject? Mashers?

THEATRICAL ETIQUETTE.—Would it be correct to address the Lessee of the Haymarket and his wife as "Yew Trees"?

FROM THE ADELPHI TO DRURY LANE.

It must be confessed that it is not surprising to find, in one of the principal scenes of Messrs. SMITHS and PETTIT'S "new" drama, the Swan of Avon turning his back upon the characters. Certainly the work of the stock playwrights of the Adelphi on this occasion is



A "Scene" in Leicester Square.

scarcely Shakspeare form. In fact *London Day by Day* (with a title evidently suggested by a standing column in a popular morning newspaper) reminds one more of the *Family Herald* than the Gentle Bard. Perhaps the piece is none the worse for that—at the Adelphi. The plot is simple enough. A gentleman called, amongst other names, *De Belleville*, imagines that he is the elder brother of the hero of the piece. But it is unnecessary to pursue this point further, as it leads to nothing. The hero of the piece gets into the hands of some unscrupulous money-lenders, and, with the assistance of the villain, backs an accommodation bill. But it is superfluous to further refer to *this* matter, as it leads to nothing. The Heroine No. 1 of the piece, wrongfully accused of a theft, as the holder of a ticket of leave, neglects to report herself to the police. But *this* too, is an affair of no great importance, which leads to nothing. The Heroine No. 2 of the piece lives in Leicester Square—apparently because she thinks she should, as she has married a Frenchman,—and, having abused her husband, gets murdered. But, as a matter of fact, the murder leads to nothing. Then we are introduced to some dear old Adelphi guests—quite the genuine articles—walking about together twos and twos, courteously explaining to one another the beauties



Good Old Adelphi Guests behave in the Good Old Fashion.

of the furniture—in a Bohemian Club, where the hero insults the villain, and the father of the hero (a General, in complete evening dress, save the gloves, which are of purple kid) calls the Villain a liar. But *this*, again, is merely a detail, and (as usual) leads to nothing. Then we are shown a scene depicting life in a police court (nothing in it), and the exterior of the Docks. In this last cheerful locality all the characters appear. They seem to be suffering from a weird mania, which takes the unusual shape of a wild desire to quit their native land as passengers on board the Bordeaux boat. Then the Villain is arrested, and the Hero and Heroine No. 1 plight their troths. Both events afford great satisfaction to the General in the purple gloves, who raises his imperial-hued hands to give a benediction. But the benediction leads to a very pleasant something indeed—the final fall

of the Curtain! Of the acting much may be said in praise—by those who are pleased with it. For instance, Mr. ALEXANDER will be considered excellent, no doubt, by those who are weary of the robust style of Mr. TERRISS, and prefer something more delicate. M. MARIUS is a most agreeable villain, and Miss MARY RORKE as a murdered woman renders valuable assistance to the management by not moving a muscle when the stage-carpenters carry her bodily off as a bit of scenery while changing an interior into an exterior in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. For the rest, it may be hinted that the false nose of Mr. L. RIGNOLD, as a Hebrew usurer, is not (as "W. A." would put it) "entirely convincing." Still with all its many merits—its clever characterisation, its sufficient illustration, its welcome "guests"—*London Day by Day*, is not quite the play to see *Night by Night* for many evenings without a certain sense of weariness.

That *The Royal Oak* at Drury Lane should have excellent scenery, capital *mise-en-scène*, and good acting, goes without saying, for is not *DEUTEROLANUS imperator* at that admirable temple of the Drama? Since the first night the play has been cut to very great advantage, for it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Perhaps it may be a little above the heads of the Stalls as a historical drama; but if it is, as a natural consequence it should be quite to the taste of the Dress Circle, Upper Boxes, and Gallery. From a literary point of view, it is quite worthy of the National Theatre, and gives a very good notion of the condition of affairs in 1651. The great scene of the *Royal Oak* is a magnificent stage picture, and the excitement of the chase after CHARLES THE SECOND is effectively combined with what may be aptly termed the humours of a comic luncheon-party. The final *tableau* of *Tower Hill* is valuable as a lifelike representation of an execution in the seventeenth century. As the piece contains all the ingredients of a sensation drama of the better class, it will be a matter not only of surprise but disappointment if it does not keep its place in the bills until the time arrives for clearing the stage for the grand Christmas Pantomime.

"SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER!"

John Bull. Stay, Spirit of Light, the most scintillant star

In the glorious Star-spangled Banner—by far,
Stay, Spirit of Light, yet awhile, and convince
FERRANTI, and PENDER, and GORDON, and INCE,
And other, my own lesser lights, if you may,
That obscurantism—in Lighting—won't pay.

Edison. Nay, BULL, my well-meaning but blinkered old 'oss,
You must do that yourself, or put up with the loss.

I have dropped you some tips, you must just make the best of them;

Time—at your own plodding pace—must be test of them.

I've kindly admitted you still have some "go,"

But you haven't yet mastered the big Dynamo.

John Bull. No, that's what I fear; my own knowledge is scanty,
And I can't decide between you and FERRANTI;
But, if we are licked by Berlin, I must try
To stir up the slugs of the "London Supply."

Edison. Ah! do so, dear boy; you are slow to begin,
But when you have once made a start you may win—
Oh! that wink was quite friendly!—you ask Sir JOHN PENDER—
And I wouldn't tread upon corns that are tender.

The sprite Electricity's wide in its action,
Why shouldn't you use it for lifts and for traction?

Electrical Railroads—we've thousands of miles
In the States—you ignore, and a Yankee it riles
To travel half-choked in your "Underground" Tophet,
Which lasts in defiance of pleasure and profit.

Britons must have a love for discomfort and mull, for
They stick like grim death to dark, choke-damp and sulphur!

John Bull. Then stay, Spirit, stay, till my guides are enlightened!

Edison. Great Scott, what a prospect! I feel fairly frightened.

No, no, JOHN, I'm off. You are muddled, no doubt,
By Monopoly, Prejudice, all the old rout
Of obstructives that tangle your pathway like wires,
But putting your foot down is all it requires.

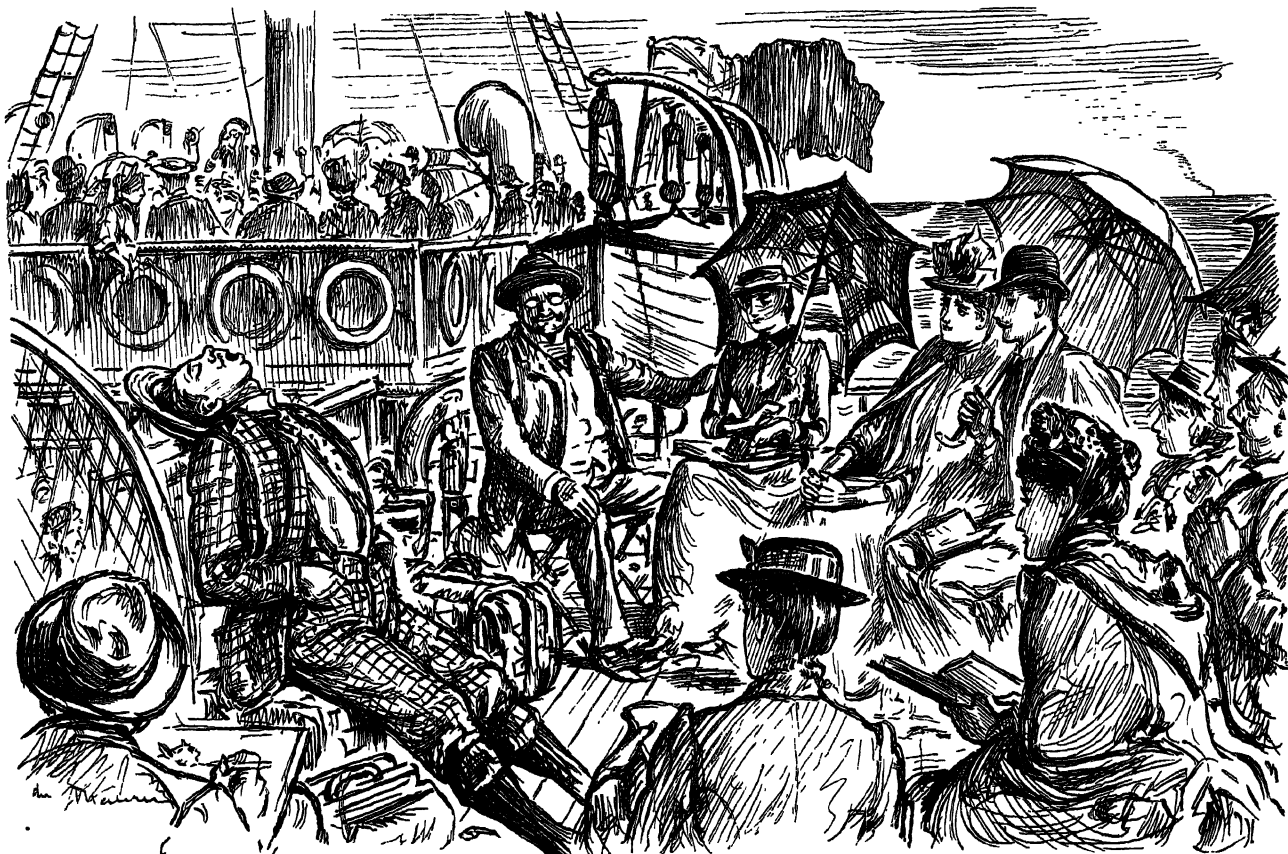
Au revoir! I can't stay any longer this bout,
I am off to invent something else; and no doubt
By the time I come back with a starter or two,
You'll have got London lighted. But, hurry up, do!

For I can't make apause in the Progress I love
Till the big British Behemoth chooses to move.

Ta-ta! You can do fairly well, if you try.

For the present, you dear darned Old Country, good-bye!

"MINING ROYALTIES."—There's a Commission at work to look after these interests at home. Abroad the Ultra Reds constitute themselves into a Commission for Undermining Royalties.



'ARRY CAUGHT NAPPING AT LAST.

ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION, OUR ARTIST MAKES A STUDY OF HIS HEAD FOR THE PROJECTED ILLUSTRATIONS TO GULLIVER AMONG THE HOUYHNHMS, WITH (HAPPY THOUGHT!) THE "YAHOO" ALL DRAWN FROM NATURE.

"PAS DE QUATRE."

(As danced before the French E'lectorate by M. le Président Carnot, M. le Comte de Paris, Prince Jérôme Napoleon, and General Boulanger.)

Oh, what a mazy dance is ours around the electoral urns,
Every one of us fired with hope, all feet to the front in turns!
Oh, what a four-fold, eight-legged spin, a slack-limbed, nimble-toed prance!

Elastic as hickory.
Oh, Terpsichore!
Can't—we—dance?

See how we *pirouette*, our legs all different ways!
Who can follow our steps in the Cerito, merry-toe maze?
Altogether, yet all apart,
Each on his separate hook;
Splendid style, most superior art!
Wins all the world to look.

Oh, what a crazy dance is ours, beating the Can-can hollow!
Which of the legs belongs to whom 'tis terribly hard to follow.
Isle of Man penny not in it with us at circumvoluting spin!
Saltatorious!
Isn't it glorious?
Which—will—win?

MENDELSSOHN'S "Roamer" knew all steps from minuets down to reels,
But not even he had a chance with us at the game of toes and heels.
Even FRED VOKES, with his legs like spokes in the wheel of Ixion atwirl

Had no look-in with us.
Who could spin with us
Our—wild—whirl?

CARNOT capers in front—how long will he keep his place?—
Excellent *Faute-de-Mieux*—in the circumambulant race?

M. le Comte is pat and prompt,
PLOW-PLON is spinning like steam,
And oh, le Brav' Général, spite of a limp,
He dances on in a dream.

Ah, what a *Pas de Quatre* is ours, a dizzy, delirious dance!
Which now, I wonder, will take the *pas* in the final judgment of France?
CARNOT looks confident—thinks he wins—but, seeing how much we
How long may chances last,
Ere our dear France's last
Choice—is—fixed?

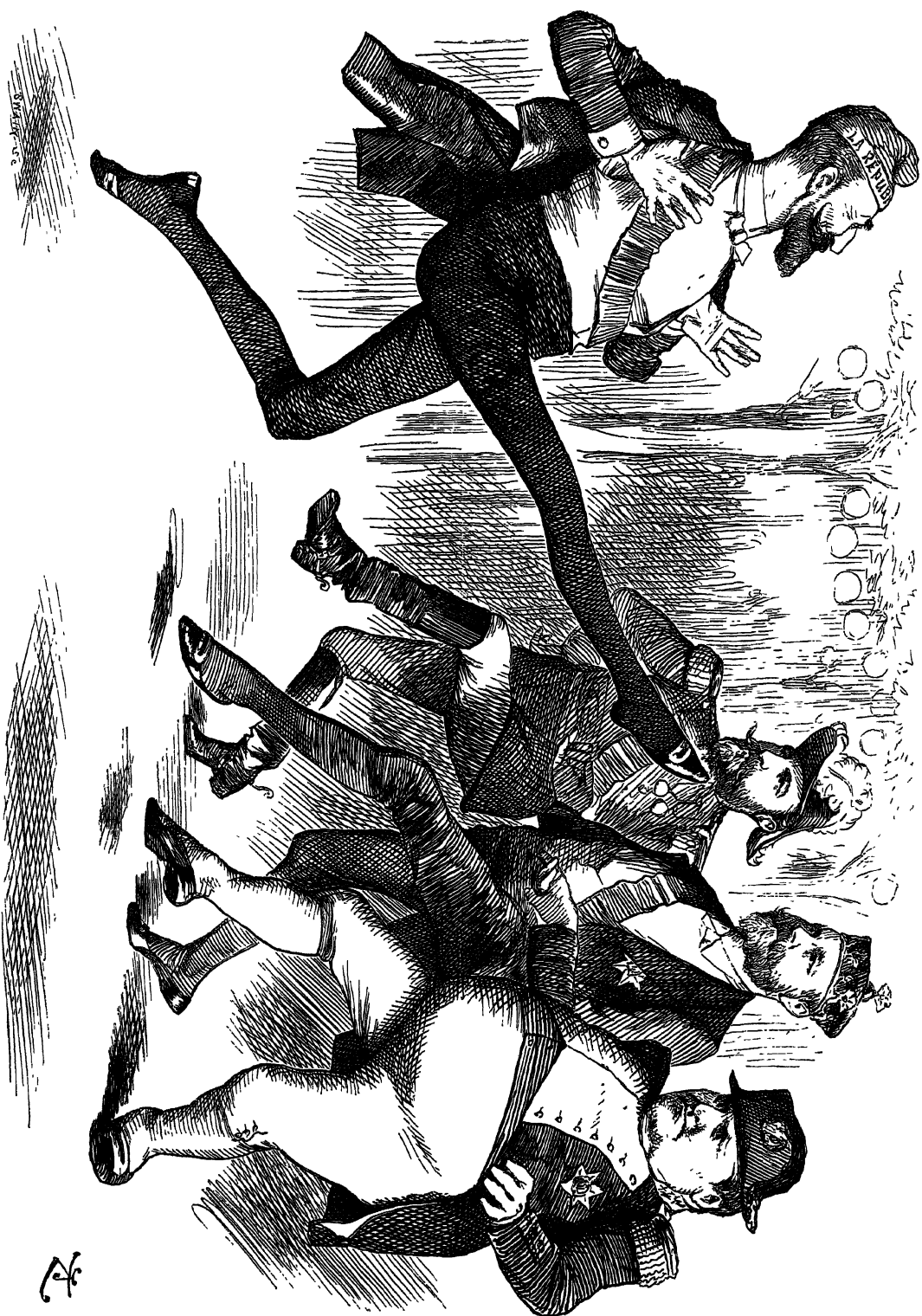
"WE" AT SEA.

THE infusion of personalism in British Journalism, in a considerable measure the growth of pernicious influence burrowing in Northumberland Street, crops up in an unexpected quarter. The *Daily News* has a leading article giving a detailed and graphic account of how a yacht cleared the Skerries, and safely anchored in Pentland Firth. At the critical moment, "when we can hear the thunder of the surge, and the roar of the sea against Lother Reef," the following passage occurs:—

"The skipper crams his pipe into his pocket, and runs aft to take the helm. 'She can't do it; get the spinnaker off her, JOHN!' We take in the broad and flapping sail as best we may."

Of course it is no secret that the Editor of the *Daily News*, a brother Journalist of whom we are all proud, received at the baptismal font the name of JOHN. That the skipper, having crammed his pipe in his pocket, should snap out the name, is reasonable enough. But that the incident should, in its colloquial form, be reported in the leading columns of a staid journal is, to say the least, unusual. Since, however, it has been done, we confess to a feeling of regret that the *Daily News* is not yet an illustrated paper. We should like to see a good sketch of J. R. R. adjusting his spectacles before tackling the spinnaker, and proceeding to wrestle with the broad and flapping sail, surrounded by an admiring circle, including "the heron and the curlew, the seals that bask upon the shore, and the cormorants that dive in mid-channel."

THE "HIGHER EDUCATION" IN MUSIC.—Hire your piano (three years' system), and then hire your music-master.



“PAS DE QUATRE.”

AS DANCED BY MM. LE PRÉSIDENT CARNOT, COMTE DE PARIS, PRINCE GÉROME NAPOLEON, AND LE BRAV GÉNÉRAL.



THE NEW TYRANNY.

"OF COURSE YOU NEEDN'T WORK, FITZMILKESOPPE; BUT PLAY YOU MUST, AND SHALL!"

AN ETON LOAFER'S DIARY.

Friday, September 27.—Dear Mamma has just left me, but if I feel at all unhappy she has promised to take me away. The Governor's last words were, "I'm not going to have RICHARD'S time for reading and his own amusements usurped by athletic tyrants. Some of these hulking bullies will want to make him play Football. Football, forsooth! Look at me. If I had wasted my youth on any of these nonsensical games, I shouldn't be half the man I am." "Probably he wouldn't," said JACK, "for he scales near 20 stone as it is." My Cousin JACK, a new boy like me, is awfully keen to play Football. It's my private opinion that JACK's an ass.

Now I never cared for Football. So Mamma has got her Doctor to say I am not fit to play; and I'm not to get up at seven o'clock in the cold mornings for early school, but to keep in bed till the room gets properly warmed, and the maid brings my hot water; and I'm not to sit in a draughty pupil-room; and I'm not to do any fagging, because I might scald myself bringing up kettles, or catch a chill after toasting before a blazing fire. Besides, Mamma fears the big boys might be rough with me. So I ought to have a good time.

Saturday.—Was waked by noise of fellows running into school. Lay in bed for two hours. Very glad I hadn't to go out into the cold. Maid forgot my hot water; room didn't seem to get any warmer. Scalded myself making my own tea.

JACK said I was a fool to funk fagging: his fagmaster was a ripper, and had given him a cold grouse that he didn't want for breakfast.

After Twelve.—All the other Lower Boys went to pupil-room. Was just strolling out, when my Tutor nailed me; gave me a lot of *Sertum* to do in my own room.

After Four.—A Lower Boy Game. Told the Captain of the House I was forbidden to play. He only said, "Poor beggar; what on earth do you mean to do? Lively time you'll have of it." Having nothing better to do, went up to town to ROWLAND'S. Had three blackberry messes, scolloped prawns, ices, oyster patties, and meringues and cream. First good meal since I came to Eton. Better fun this than trotting about after a dirty ball.

Five o'Clock School.—Room very cold. Fools who had been playing, all said it was hot, and asked to have door open.

Sunday.—Very dull. Other fellows talk of nothing but "rouges" and "bullies." There seem to be a good many "bullies" here; some of them are said to be "loose bullies," and others are dangerous. JACK went for a

walk with two fellows from another House. He said they were pals of his whom he got to know from playing in the same game. Could hardly sleep last night; afraid I don't get enough to eat.

Monday.—No sleep. Laid in a stock of melons and tinned lobster to keep me going. Have no appetite for meals. Eton seems a very dull place. Nothing to do except sock. I suppose the Governor means me to read; but there aren't any books of the sort I like in our House Library, and it's too much trouble to go up town and buy novels.

Tuesday.—Nothing to do. Rather seedy. Tried some fresh sock-shops. JACK rather shy of me. Said he didn't like to be seen with a fellow who did nothing but sock; said he expected I would be called "Mamma's Crumb-pet," or "Muffins," if I became a permanent "loaf."

Wednesday.—Felt very bad. Asked Matron if I couldn't go home. Doctor came, and vowed I had over-eaten myself. What rot! Why, Mamma is always complaining of my poor appetite! He said I was as strong as a young horse, and only wanted early rising, regular meals, and lots of exercise. I call it a howling shame.

After Six.—My Tutor confiscated my melons and tinned lobster.

Thursday.—My Tutor has been influenced by the idiot of a Doctor. Sent for me, and said he wouldn't stand any more malingering (that was his brutal word). "You shall obey the same rules as other boys," he says, "for a week; and, if your health breaks down, you're not fit for school-life." Told him my constitution wouldn't stand Football; that I had dyspepsia and nervous headaches. "So have I," says my Tutor. "But I play Football."

Friday.—Compelled to go into early school; managed to eat some breakfast, first time for several days. Captain of the House made me his fag. Sent me to "Little Brown's" for kidneys, and gave me some. Said, if I wanted help with my "extra work" I might come to him. *N.B.*—Not such a brutal tyrant as I expected.

To-day a match between my Tutor's Lower Boys and another Tutor's. Ours being a small House, I was needed to make up the eleven; my fagmaster said, he would let me off fagging to-morrow if I played well. Is this a piece of the tyrant's treachery?

Didn't quite understand the rules, but kicked the ball against one of the opposite side, and it went over their line, and I tumbled on the top of it, and our fellows all shouted, "Well touched! that's a rouge." After that I played up like one o'clock; thought I should burst, but managed to save a goal. All my side swore I was a hero, and ought to try for my House-colours. Captain of our Lower Boys asked me to tea with him; sausages very good.

Went to pupil-room. My Tutor who had been watching in South Meadow, congratulated me before all his pupils on my brilliant play.

Drew pen-and-ink sketches of him—mild but magnificent, on desk under cover of dictionaries. Better fun this than grinding in my own room.

Saturday.—Slept like a top, and went into early school as fit as a prizefighter.

My Tutor asked if I wanted to go home. I said, "No, Sir. Eton's the jolliest place in the world." But I didn't think so when I was a "loaf."

A Nursery Rhyme for the Breakfast Table.

MAKE a loaf, bake a loaf, Baker's Man!

But, please, set about it on some cleaner plan,

Go home and wash, and keep your nights free,

And then what you bake will be relished by me!

Good old Mrs. R., was recommended by one of her nephews, who is on the Stock Exchange, to take a few shares in the Company formed for raising the Treasure Ship, but she said that she thought she should prefer a few in the "Bullion Fleet," which must necessarily have a better chance than only one Ship.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."—See *Burns' Works Complete*. Docks Edition. Edited by H.E. Card. MAN-NING, the LORD MAYOR, and S. BUXTON, M.P.



SOLVENT!

Poultryer (to New Page from "The Hall," who had been sent for a Brace o' Birds).
 "DO THEY WANT 'EM TRUSSED?"
Page, "TRUST!" (Indignantly.) "NO! D'YE THINK WE CAN'T— HERE,
 I'LL PAY FOR 'EM!" *[Settles.]*

A REAL "VEGETABLE" CONFERENCE.

[Mr. J. WRIGHT, at the "Vegetable Conference," read a paper on "The Food of Vegetables."]

Turnip. They tell us, at the Conference at Chiswick, We Vegetables need both food and physick.

Potato. True; and the fact *my* mind, dear friend, much eases—

I trust they'll try to doctor *my* diseases, I'm such a dreadful invalid!

Turnip. Ah! chronic.

Potato. Now, my dear Turnip, do not be laconic.

I know I'm like my patron, PADDY, troublesome—

Turnip. Well, do not dwell on your complaints—it doubles 'em!

Potato. Don't! I could cry my eyes out at your chilliness.

Turnip. Now, don't get "waxy." Mealy-mouthed soft silliness

Won't help you—or the Irishmen, you know.

You do not want more land—you want more hoe.

Potato. You BALFOUR of the beds, I *hoe* you one!

Turnip. Fancy a tuber stooping to a pun!

But Irishmen are good at *owing*. Paying

Is much less in their line.

Potato. What are you saying?

Well, Mr. WRIGHT assures us, I declare,

We Vegetables mostly live on air,

That ninety out of every hundred parts

Of that which lifts our heads and swells our hearts

Is "atmospheric food," which simply passes

Into our—stomachs say—from rain and gases.

Poor PAT might pay the Landlord every quarter,

If he, like us, could live on air and water.

Turnip. Oh, he lives on the "gas" of agitators,

Who of his soil are the worst cultivators.

BALFOUR'S "cold water" works some wondrous cures.

Potato. I prefer GLADSTONE'S nourishing manures.

Quick-acting nitrates, sulphates and ammoniates—

Turnip. Pooh! What PAT MURPHY longs for, MIKE MOLONEY hates.

How can you feed—or physick—such a crop,

So changeful, so capricious?

Potato. Oh, do stop!

You cold and squashy creature, you're unable

To understand my vegetable fable.

Turnip. One thing I understand, 'tis that in general,

We feed on gas and matters moist and mineral,

So that it seems—'twill fog the new sectarians—

That Vegetables are not Vegetarians!

GAGGING THE DRAMATIST.

WITHOUT referring to the rights and wrongs of the *Gilbert v. Boosey* case, every Dramatist must sympathise with any popular dramatic author who wishes to prevent the performance of one of his pieces to which the actors have "left but the name" of the author as an attraction on the play-bill. There are some leading actors who will and can gag, and who are uncommonly happy in impromptus which subsequently become stereotyped as part and parcel of the piece.

What is rarely, if ever, justifiable, is the introduction of the slang of to-day in any piece (not being *Extravaganza* or *Opéra bouffe*) the action of which is cast in an earlier century.

Take, for example, GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer*. The actress cast for Mrs. Harcastle would be scarcely justified in introducing modern variations of this sort:—

ORIGINAL TEXT.

Hastings. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Harcastle. O! Sir, you're only pleased to say so; * * * but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places, where the nobility chiefly resort.

IMPROMPTU GAG.

Hastings. Never up in Town! You astonish me. Why, from your style, I should say that you had passed all your life in Brompton Square or Bayswater.

Mrs. Harcastle. O! come now, you're chaffing! * * * but who is up to any style that has never done the Aquarium, Crystal Palace, and a West-End Music-hall or two, and such places as are patronised by the Upper Ten.

In like fashion *Dangle*, in *SHERIDAN'S Critic*, where he is running over the headings of the day's news, might be disposed to modernise the items as follows,—the gag being given parallel with the original:—

Dangle (reading). "*Brutus to Lord North. Letter the Second. On the State of the Army—*" new Board of Agriculture—" Psha! * * * "*Genuine extract of Stuff!*" * * * "*Doings on the a letter from St. Kitt's. Coacheath Congo. Neumarket Intelligence. Intelligence. It is now asserted Compulsory Athletics at Public that Sir Charles Hardy—*" Schools. Old Etonian writes—"

Roderigo, in *Othello*, might add a little more "go" to the livelier passages of the part, by announcing his intention of giving *Cassio* "two lovely black eyes," and *Hamlet* could introduce, "When you come to think of it" into his metaphysical soliloquy, or allude to *Ophelia* as "one of the angelic choir."

Such gagging is enough to make "the Ghost walk" at other times besides Saturday's treasury. What are we to think of the shock administered to the feelings of the living dramatist who drops in, after his piece has been running a month or two, to find his finest pet passages either mutilated out of all recognition, or else, perhaps, cut out altogether, while roars of laughter are greeting some catch-word or interpolated bit of "business," for which he is not only not responsible, but shudders on hearing, regarding it as a positive literary blemish and excrescence on his work? Perhaps an author might get his protection and remedy in the play-bill, which could give his name as the original author of the drama in question, and announce that "the introduced gags this evening will be by Messrs. GUFFAW, SIDESPLITTER, WAGSTAFF, MUMMER, and MUGGER." There's something in this suggestion—"when you come to think of it."

ODD ASSOCIATION.—In Pall Mall, in front of a house not far from Cockspur Street, a board was up last week announcing the location of the Office of "The Lady Guides," and, immediately underneath it, was another board, with the simple words, "Giddy and Giddy." Coincidence!



MR PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 1.

"Maria Wood," or Fire-wood?

COUNCILMAN! To *Maria Wood*
Fidelity thou sworest.
If thee the river doth not please,
Shouldst thou prefer the shady
trees
For rest? Shun good *Maria Wood*,
And go to Epping Forest!

Puzzle-Headed People Series. No. 1.

WHAT is this Grand Head made of?
Examine it well,
And soon you'll tell
What the Grand Head is made of.

BOULANGISM IN ENGLAND.—The threatened
Bakers' Strike.

Friar Farrar's Chant.

(To a well-known Refrain.)

Vow for a year, Vow for a day;
But alas for the Vow that vows alway.

DIVISION OF POLITICIANS. — Leaders of
Writers, and Writers of "Leaders."

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. IX.—THE DUETTISTS.

THE "Duet and Dance" form so important a feature in Music-hall entertainments, that they could hardly, with any propriety, be neglected in a model compilation such as *Mr. Punch's*, and it is possible that he may offer more than one example of this blameless diversion. For some reason or other, the habit of singing in pairs would seem to induce a pessimistic tone of mind in most Music-hall artistes, and—why, *Mr. Punch* does not pretend to say—this cynicism is always more marked when the performers are of the softer sex. Our present study is intended to fulfil the requirements of the most confirmed female sceptic, and, though the Message of the Music-halls may have been given worthier and fuller expression by pens more practised in such compositions, *Mr. Punch* is still modestly confident that this ditty, with all its shortcomings, can be sung in any Music-hall in the Metropolis without exciting any sentiment other than entire approval of the teaching it conveys. One drawback, indeed, it has, but that concerns the performers alone. For the sake of affording contrast and relief, it was thought expedient that one of the fair duettists should profess an optimism which may—perhaps must—tend to impair her popularity. A conscientious artiste may legitimately object, for the sake of her professional reputation, to present herself in so humiliating a character as that of an *ingenue*, and a female "Juggins"; and it does seem as if the Cynical Sister must inevitably monopolise the sympathies of an enlightened audience. However, this difficulty is less formidable than it appears; it should be easy for the Unsophisticated Sister to convey a subtle suggestion here and there, possibly in the incidental dance between the verses, that she is not really inferior to her partner in smartness and knowledge of the world. But perhaps it would be the fairest arrangement if the Sisters could agree to alternate so ungrateful a rôle.

First Verse.

First Sister (placing three of the fingers of her left hand on her heart, and extending her right arm in timid appeal).

Dear Sister, of late I'm beginning to doubt

If the world is as black as they paint it.

It mayn't be as bad as some try to make out—

Second Sister (with an elaborate mock courtesy). That is a discovery! Mayn't it?

First S. (abashed). I'm sure there are sev'ral who aren't a bad lot, And some sort of principle seem to have got, For they act on the square—

Second S. Don't you talk tommy-rot! It's done for advertisement, ain't it?

Refrain.

Second S. Why, there's nobody at bottom any better than the rest!

First S. Are you sure of it?

Second S. I'm telling you, and I know, The principle they act upon 's whatever pays 'em best, And the only real religion now is—Rhino!

[The last word must be rendered with full metallic effect. A step-dance, expressive of conviction on one part and incipient wavering on the other, should be performed between the verses.]

Second Verse.

First S. (returning, shaken, to the charge). Some unmarried men lead respectable lives.

Second S. (decisively). Well, I've never happened to meet them!

First S. There are husbands who're always polite to their wives.

Second S. Of course—if their better halves beat them!

First S. Some tradesmen have consciences, so I've heard said;

Their provisions are never adulterated,

But they treat all their customers fairly instead.

Second S. 'Cause they don't find it answer to cheat them!

Refrain.

First S. {What?

Second S. No.—They're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest.

Second S. I'm speaking from experience, and I know.

If you could put a window-pane in everybody's breast, You'd see on all the hearts was written—"Rhino!"

Third Verse.

First S. There are girls you can't tempt with a title or gold.

Second S. There may be—but I've never seen one.

First S. Some much prefer love in a cottage, I'm told.

Second S. (putting her arms a-kimbo). If you swallow that, you're green one!

They'll stick to their lover so long as he's cash, When it's gone, they look out for a wealthier mash.

A girl on the gush talks unpractical trash—

When it comes to the point, she's a keen one!

Refrain.

First S. Then, are none of us at bottom any better than the rest?

Second S. (cheerfully). Not a bit; I am a girl myself, and I know.

First S. You surely wouldn't give your hand to someone you detest

Second S. Why, rather—if he's rolling in the Rhino!

Fourth Verse.

First S. Philanthropists give up their lives to the poor.

Second S. It's chiefly with tracts they present them.

First S. Still, some self-denial I'm sure they endure?

Second S. It's their hobby, and seems to content them!

First S. But don't they go into those horrible slums?

Second S. Sometimes—with a flourish of trumpets and drums.

First S. I've heard they've collected magnificent sums.

Second S. And nobody knows how they've spent them!

Refrain.

Second S. Oh, they're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest!

They are only bigger hypocrites, as I know;

They've famous opportunities for feathering their nest,

When so many fools are ready with the Rhino!

Fifth Verse.

First S. Our Statesmen are prompted by Duty alone.

Second S. (compassionately). Whoever's been gammoning you so?

First S. They wouldn't seek office for ends of their own?

Second S. What else would induce 'em to do so?

First S. But Time, Health, and Money they all sacrifice.

Second S. I'd do it myself at a quarter the price.

There's pickings for all, and they needn't ask twice,

For they're able to put on the screw so!

Refrain (together).

No, they're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest!

They may kid to their constituents—but I know;

Whatever lofty sentiments their speeches may suggest,

They regulate their actions by the Rhino!

[Here the pair will perform a final step-dance, indicative of enlightened scepticism, and skip off in an effusion of sisterly sympathy, amidst enthusiastic applause.]

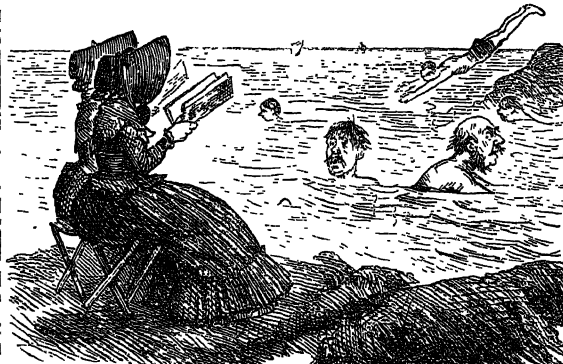
NEXT SESSION'S PROGRAMME.

THE business of next Session is already occupying the attention of eminent Statesmen. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN admits that it must be an Irish Session; Lord HARTINGTON stipulates that the Land Question shall be settled before Local Government is grappled with; Mr. BALFOUR promises a Catholic University Endowment Bill; and Mr. GLADSTONE says, "it is only a lightning conductor"—which we trust is Parliamentary language. This is all very well; but the arrangements fundamentally err in leaving Mr. JACOBY out. That great Parliamentary tactician has been attending a public meeting convened at Belper, to urge, in the interest of hand-framework knitters, that all hand-made stockings shall be marked to distinguish them from machine-made goods. Mr. JACOBY has pledged himself that this shall be done. The *Nottingham Guardian* supplies the following report of the Hon. Member's remarks:—

"He hoped it would not be a political question, and that they would be able to get some gentlemen who sat on the other side of the House to support them when the matter came before the House of Commons. However that might be, he had some little experience lately of whipping up Members of Parliament, and it was wonderful what a little experience did in those matters, how easy it was to get to know the innermost thoughts of men when they came to 'whip' them. He should feel it his privilege to use some of the experience he had gained as a whip when the question was before the House of Commons, in order not only to secure a good attendance in the House, but to put a sufficient amount of pressure on the Government."

Every schoolboy, as MACAULAY used to say, will bear testimony to the shrewdness of the remark as to the effect of whipping in drawing forth expression of the innermost thoughts of the person operated upon. The opening sentence appears to indicate an intention on Mr. JACOBY's part to forestall Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the establishment of a National Party. So that he fills his stocking, he evidently does not care from what part of the House he draws contributions. He gives fair notice to the Government that he intends to have his way in this matter. It is just as well that the notice is timely, so that the Cabinet, in arranging the business of the Session, may put, as it were, their best stocking-leg forward in the endeavour to meet his views. JACOBY'S war-cry is: "A has everything except les bas!"

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.



BATHING RECIPROCITIES.

THERE is a magnificent swimming-bath attached—I may say deeply, in some parts, at least, attached—to the hotel. But the Philosopher, the Poet, and myself, have never been able to make any use of it, because from ten to two it is given up to the ladies; and as from twelve to one—i.e., before luncheon—happens to be the only hour when a swim in a certain temperature is recommended us by the faculty, and the alternative of open-air sea-bathing involves so much discomfort, we have been reluctantly compelled to abandon all idea of testing the merits of the Ilfracombe Hotel Swimming Bath until such time as the present inconvenient rule is altered, or a separate bath built for the unfair sex who wish to have everything their own way. With only one swimming-bath, surely the ladies (bless 'em!) could be satisfied with three mornings a week, and give the gentlemen a chance, at all events, from mid-day till 1.30 on the other three, Sundays not being included.

The sea-shore bathing is pleasant enough for those who like *à la fresco* entertainment; and it is as free and easy as at a French watering-place. It is true there is one place set apart for the Nephews, and another for the Amphetrites. But these invidious distinctions are frequently set aside. One day I saw two soberly attired elderly ladies in the gentlemen's bathing-cove, seated reading, and occasionally looking up to see what the bathers were doing. I could not see what they were reading, but perhaps these two ladies were members of the Salvation Army, delivering sermons to the bathers. The only reason I had for thinking that they might possibly belong to the Salvation Army was, that they were seated on camp-stools. However, gentlemen stroll into the cove reserved for ladies, and so there can be no cause for complaint.

"We must visit Lynton," says Our Own Mr. COOK.

"Hear, hear!" interrupts HARRY SKRYMMAGER. "I recollect. I had to get up poetry for my exam. Beautiful description—

"On Lynton, when the sun was low"—

"Excuse me," says the Poet, "you mean Linden."

"Do I?" returns SKRYMMAGER, reflectively. "Well, perhaps I do. Awful jolly place, Miss NETTLEY. Stunning good ferns there. Let's go."

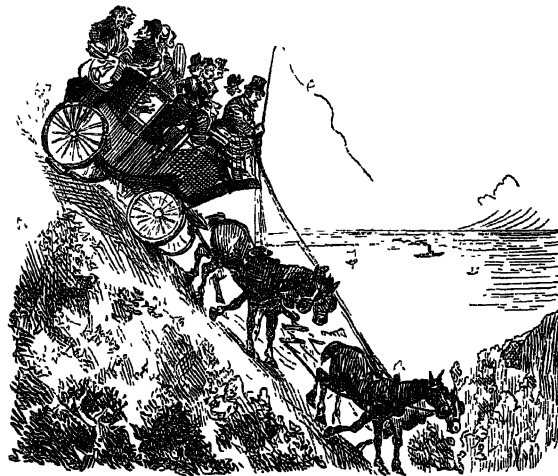
There are plenty of four-horse coaches travelling between Ilfracombe and Lynton, and the horn is tootling all day. The chief coaches,—which I may term the Government Coaches,—supplied from Messrs. POOL and WOOD's stables, are called *The Defiance* and *The Dreadnought*. The Opposition is represented by SAM Somebody's Coach, and two "sharrybangs" named respectively *Tickler* and *Teazer*. Beautiful subject for a political picture. *The Defiance* driven by Lord SALISBURY, and *The Dreadnought* by the Right Hon. ARTHUR BALFOUR, *Tickler* by Mr. TIM HEALY, and *Teazer* by Mr. LABOUCHERE. Every morning these coaches and the "sharrybangs" *Teazer* and *Tickler* keep the town alive with their coach-horns. The first Government coach for Lynton starts at 9.15, and commences proceedings by posing to have its likeness taken every morning regularly in front of the Clarence Hotel. Great rush, on these occasions, of every loungee to get himself into focus with *The Defiance*, and be taken, not by coach, but by photographer. All the outsiders are "in it," which sounds paradoxical, but so it is.

"Now, Gentlemen and Ladies!" says the coachman, in a white hat, which has had its pristine gloss taken off it by exposure to all sorts and conditions of weather, "Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, keep still, if you please!" And then everyone puts on his and her most festive appearance, all strike attitudes, and one or two, afraid of being lost in the crowd, stand up surreptitiously, and so exclude some shy and nervous passenger on the back seat. Everybody pretends utter indifference to the operation, both before and after; but for all that the gentlemen give a jaunty jerk to their hats, arrange their coat-collars and twist their moustaches, while the ladies lift

their veils and smirk, glancing slyly in the direction of the photographer, so as to catch his eye if possible, and secure his special if not exclusive attention.

Then *The Defiance* starts, and a lively drive we have to Lynton. The gentlemen are requested to walk up the worst hill, just out of Parracombe, which some do cheerfully and some grudgingly, as not having paid to walk. All sit well back and gasp as they descend into Lynton.

We furtively glance at one another to see how each one of us likes going down this precipitous descent. Catching each other's eye, we smile,—forced smiles,—merely to encourage the performance. Miss BRONDESIY laughs hysterically, stiffens herself as if to meet a shock, clutches her handkerchief, which she has rolled up into a small ball, with one hand, and grips the back rail with the other. Our Own Mrs. COOK smiles nervously. We try to distract each other's attention and our own from the present crisis by pretending to admire distant scenery; but the evident effort is a failure, especially when tried



Nothing when you're used to it.

on Our Own Mrs. COOK, to whom, as I keep one eye on the off-leader, I point out the distant prospect of hill and wood, and say, "Look! isn't that beautiful?" She replies, in a jerky tone—"Oh—yes—very pretty—beautiful!" and you don't get her to take her eyes off the horses, or her hands off the rail—she is prepared to jump off anywhere at the shortest notice—until we are safely ascending the next hill. Then we take a long breath, mutually congratulate one another, and look admiringly at the coachman, in whom we all have the most unbounded confidence.

Lynton is lovely. All I say now is, Go there and see. Capital luncheon, and reasonable prices, at the Valley of Rocks Hotel.

Advice gratis.—Take small traps, and drive by the lower road to Lynton, stopping for refreshment at the Hunter's Inn, and going down to Heddon's Mouth. Coach doesn't do this. And only a very first-rate experienced driver, as is the proprietor of *The Defiance*, for example, can safely conduct a "charrybang" along that rough road, a considerable part of which, like most of the Devonshire lanes, is length without breadth, and a tight fit for one.

"YOU ARE OLD FATHER WILLIAM."—A contributor to the *Figaro*, writing about M. COQUELIN's return to the Français, mentions that this clever comedian has got an adaptation, by M. PAUL DELAIR, of SHAKESPEARE's *Taming of the Shrew*, called, *La Mégère Corrignée*. But the writer does not anticipate much success for the venture. "Pas très communicative, en France, du moins," he says, "la gaieté du vieux WILLIAM." Perhaps M. COQUELIN had better leave old WILLIAM's farcical comedy alone.



"GROUND GAME."

Wife. "AH, THEN YOU 'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL AT LAST, DEAR!"

Husband (prevaricating). "YE—YES, I BAGGED——"

Wife (sniffing). "AND HIGH TIME YOU DID! I SHOULD SAY BY THE—OH!—IT MUST BE COOKED TO-DAY!"

[It came out afterwards the Impostor had bagged it at the Poulterer's!]

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

VI.

"'ROOKERIES must be put down!'" So, ten years since, All speakers, priest, philanthropist, or prince Accorded in asserting. [mist To-night look here! This scene of mirk and Confronts the economic analyst. Pray, is it not diverting?"]

So my guide queried with a mirthless smile. Darkness possessed the city mile on mile, But here the night's thick shadows Were dusk with horror and with foulness dank. Strange that so nauseous a nook should rank 'Midst the world's Eldorados!

Here, in cold scorn of decency and health, Proceeds that manufacturing of wealth Which seems the Town's chief duty. Mammon's alembic in this dreary den Drains, like a succubus, the sap of men, And woman's youth and beauty.

The steam that surges up like Tophet's breath From this dim haunt of toil, and sin, and Reeks with a foul infection. [death, What if some moral search-light's sudden glare

The loathly secrets of the slum laid bare To Fashion's close inspection?

Here festering toil, there congregated crime, In thick miasma, and 'midst sodden slime! This rotting roof-tree covers

Two swiftly-stitching creatures, haggard, pale; [and valed] And they once wandered free through wold Young, healthy, rustic lovers.

Drawn by the ever-widening whirlpool down To the huge maddening Maelström called the Town,

Behold them vainly swelling That great competitive *Carmagnole*-dance, More frenzied than the frantic whirl of France, Whose music is death's knelling.

What Dance of Death, what Witches' Round, indeed, [Greed?] More dread than that wild whirl of Need and Madmen tarantula-bitten, Dervishes frenzy-fired, less blindly spin Than captives of that huge commercial gin, By hope-light never litten.

"These hoped," my guide exclaimed, "for some brief space, [grace] Whilst he had manhood, and whilst she had Thy rack, relentless Labour, Soon slays down all the sweetnesses of Life. How soon will they relinquish the fierce strife, Like her, their hideous neighbour?"

"She laboured once, once loved. Strange product, she, Of *Laissez Faire* and the new Chivalry!" Not toiling, nay nor spinning, This other spectre of the Slum; she sits With slattern garb and spirit-sodden wits, That smile once sweet and winning?

The satyr grinning of a classic mask Leers less revolting. Drudgery's grinding task, Has this for one fair issue. Labour unstirred by love, unstarred by hope, Leads hither! Vain to weave the glittering In poesy's golden tissue. [trope]

The dignity of labour? Taking phrase, To form a tag for song in simpler days Of lyric exaltation. But who is he who gathers dignity From Labour, which involves man's misery, And woman's degradation?

"Behold!" my guide exclaimed. I looked and saw A portly person with prognathous jaw, And lips like purple lizards, [gold] A thing that seemed to reek of greed and With fat fast-clutching hands, and eyes as As caste, or arctic blizzards. [cold]

He lolled upon a velvet-cushioned couch, His bulk agleam with glittering gem and ouch; Watching his breast's upheaval, For all his shape of man, and sheen of gold, Methought that so the saurian might have rolled

Swine-like in slime primæval.

"A Lord of Modern London!" laughed my guide,

"A civic prince, a thing of pomp and pride, A magnate of the City, Possessed of power and popular repute; A self-made hero, and a selfish brute Barren of human pity.

"The Dagon-idol of a moneyed mob. Life's secret, friend, is knowing how to rob. A solemn unction hallows Accepted styles, they're secret, and succeed, Whereas unfashionable systems lead To prison or the gallows."

I watched the creature nodding o'er his wine, His solitude seemed filled with dreams divine. See! they take shape before us.

Rank grovels, Beauty bows to such success, Loud in his praise the platform and the Chant an ecstatic chorus. [press

And there in the dream's background pallid, dumb, I see those huddled spectres of the slum, Grim phantoms cold, intrusive.



"THE HIDDEN HAND."

He little heeds them; yet those dismal dens
Plump many a total his fat finger pens,
And *that* is not illusive.

Let them live on, so in the shade they work,
Sordidly sin, or wearily work,
Slaves, though no solid fetters
Shackle their limbs. What matters it how

sad
Those grovelling serfs, so that the brutes,
though bad,
Bring good unto their "betters?"

A human wolf, but one who need not scour
The snowy steppes, lean-flanked, long hour on
hour

In search of some stray quarry.
His food is folded safe in pen and sty,
Where she-things sin, and sweaters' victims
The spectacle is sorry! [die.

"Nay, friend; Necessity all Nature
rules,"
My guide replied. "Sentiment only pules
At Nature's law benignant.

The 'wise indifference of the wise' assume.
Fools only at the stern decrees of doom
Rail, fruitlessly indignant.

"How he, our full-fed wolf, would laugh,
elate,
At dreams of Law avowed lamb's-advocate!
Scarce in the form of fable
Would such a quaint conceit escape the scorn
Of that wide world of shearers and the shorn,
The shearers deem so stable!"

(To be continued.)

DEAD HEART ALIVE!

PROLOGUE. SCENE—Gardens somewhere in Paris, Old Mabilie, perhaps, about 1771. Very pretty and effective. Enter Wicked Abbé BANCROFT and Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary.

Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary. Are you a Monsignore? Wicked Abbé B. (considering). Aw—no. (Considers again, with head on one side, like Barnaby Rudge's Raven.) Why do you ask?

Insignificant Arist. (feebly). Because you're dressed in purple. Never heard of any ecclesiastic wearing purple, 'cept Bishop, or Canon, or Monsignore.

Wicked Abbé B. (considering). Aw—you see—I—aw—am going to wear black in the next Act—aw. So this makes a change. And it's effective—eh? (Earnestly.) I hope it's correct?

Insignificant Arist. My dear fellow, as Wicked Abbé you're not expected to be correct.

Wicked Abbé B. (with short laugh). True. Aha! "What's the odds as long as you're Abbé?" (Remembers what they're there for.) But about the girl? (Insignificant Aristocrat appears interested. Abbé continues darkly.) You can possess her. Her lover LANDRY has called me "the Court Jackal." Stupid, but offensive. I shall at once get an order to "admit one" to the Chamber of Horrors in the Bastille. He'll be the "one." Aha! See? [They go up talking.]

Enter Good Old ARTHUR STIRLING with Miss KATE PHILLIPS and merry members of the Democracy.

Miss Kate Phillips (to Good Old ARTHUR). They call you "the bear."

Good Old Arthur (growing). Um! And What's PHILLIPS?

Miss Kate. Not me, ARTHUR. WATTS wrote the piece, years and

years ago. It's been furnished up by another W. P. for this occasion, which it's WALTER POLLOCK. But "WATTS in a name?"

Enter Mr. HENRY IRVING as a merry, light-hearted, canary-coloured revolutionary Artist. All so glad to see him.

Good Old Arthur (growing—"and in the lowest depths a deeper st II"). Where's ELLEN TERRY?

Ellen (bounding on). Here! (Breathless.) Oh, I'm so pleased! (To Enthusiastic Audience.) I'm so pleased you're pleased. Oh, I'm so happy! O ROBERT! ROBERT toi que j'ame! (Whispers playfully.) How nice it is to see the house so crammed full, and everyone so delighted to see you,—and me too!

Robert Henry Irving Landry (merrily). Ay, isn't it? So cheery.

[Toys with her, and kicks about in a generally dislocated style.

Ellen (rapturously). Oh yes! You are so full of life and gaiety!

Lyceum Company (all frowning). Gaiety! Um!

Good Old Arthur (in his distant thunder bass). Where's the Lord Chamberlain?

Robert Henry Irving (in his sprightliest manner, waving his arms). Nar! Nar! Never mind the Chamberlain! He's an aristocrat. We can do without him. Come! a dance! a dance!

Ellen (beaming). Yes; let's dance! (Indignantly.) Just show that Mr. LESLIE how you can dance.

Teach him a lesson. [All dance.

We're out of this.

Wicked Abbé B. (assuming indifference, but scarcely able to refrain from joining in). Yes—aw—mistake not to have brought us in for this finish—and—let's—let's go and dance outside. (Aside.) Wish I was playing Hawtree in Caste at the Criterion.

[Exit with Feeble Aristocrat.

SCENE 2—Marguerite's Bed-chamber. Enter ELLEN MARG. DUVAL.

Ellen (at looking-glass). Oh, I am so pretty! I know I am. I said so when I played Marguerite, and I had much the same business—only better. Now, where are the diamonds from Faust? No—only a shawl. That's nice—oh, so nice! (Tries it on.) I should like to be a fine lady (cutsey), and have lots of money. (Skips.) What's this—Siebel's bouquet? Oh, no! It's from the Faust of this play! (Starts) and a note! Shall I read it? No—(reads it.) Oh, I was wrong to encourage the little man.



Enter Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary through window—Insignificant Arist. (trying to put his arms round her waist). You are mine!

Ellen (startled into telling the truth). Why, you poor weak-minded, feeble creature! What are you talking about? I've a mind to box your ears, and send you flying out of that window.



(Remembers herself.) Oh no, I don't mean that—I mean—if you're a gentleman—leave me—unhand me—unhand me!

Insignificant Arist. (remembering something out of old Melodrama). Nay—pretty one—

Enter ROBERT HENRY IRVING, also through window. Tableau.

Robert H. I. (finding letter). Wha-a-at!! You—he—

[Overcome with emotion.

Ellen (distractedly). ROBERT—you don't suppose—

Robert H. I. (wildly). He's here—you're here—I'm here.

Wicked Abbé (entering in quite an original manner through the door, with Soldiers). No—you're not,—at least you won't be in two twos. Here's a warrant. Away with him! To the Bastille!

[ELLEN faints. Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary, unable to support her, lets her fall. She falls. End of Prologue.

ACT I.—Eighteen years afterwards.—Enter Good Old ARTHUR STIRLING and Miss KATE PHILLIPS, neither of them looking a day older, and merry Revolutionists. Good Old ARTHUR and talented assistants take the Bastille, then take something to drink, then they bring out helpless figure of ROBERT HENRY IRVING LANDRY, and place him in a chair. Somebody begins filing off his chains.

Kate Phillips (to Good Old ARTHUR, with a cry of surprise). Ha! don't you recognise him?

Good Old Arthur (super-ciliously after taking a cursory glance at the weird figure). Yes—Rip Van Winkle.

Kate Phillips (annoyed with him). No—that was LESLIE. (ROBERT HENRY IRVING LANDRY hears the name, pushes aside his tangled locks and begins to glare.) You know him now?

Good Old Arthur (examining him more closely, but not lifting his eyes beyond his beard). Yes—it's MUNDELLA, M.P.

Kate Phillips (getting wild with him). No! No!—Can't you see—You know him?

[ROBERT HENRY LANDRY, pushes back his hair—strokes his beard, half closes his eyes, giving himself a dreamy appearance.

Good Old Arthur (sure of it this time). Yes. It's Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

Miss Kate (losing all patience). No, you—you stupid!—don't you remember the Prologue—

Good Old Arthur (a sudden light breaking in on him). Ah! it's—it's—(goes close to him, and examines him carefully)—it's HENRY IRVING, our Manager, as ROBERT LANDRY!

All the Revolutionists (who, of course, are perfectly well acquainted with his name and story). ROBERT LANDRY!



Good Old Arthur (growing softly to him). You remember me?
Robert (after staring at him). No.
Good Old Arthur (a little hurt, remonstrates). Oh yes you do—you remember me—(aside to himself)—what a chance to introduce song here—"You Remember Me!"—

Wish I were Manager.

[ROBERT begins to take notice.
Robert (rising). Ha!—I can walk—I can walk—I am strong—

[Stagger, and falls. So does the Curtain.

In the next Act Robert says "his heart's dead," and proves it by evincing the strongest emotion on recognising Miss Ellen Marguerite, who has now become Marquise de St. Valery, having long since married the insignificant Voluptuary, and become a widow with one son, a very nice-looking lad of seventeen, who makes his first appearance on the stage. The Wicked Abbé B., now dressed in black, makes love to the Marquise, and then tells her "Robert Landry is alive," which he thinks she will be sorry to hear. And so she is. Then the Wicked Abbé and the Young Marquis are condemned to death, but Henry of the Dead Heart gives Wicked Abbé a chance of life, on condition of his fighting a duel with him,



"A Ruined Abbé."

which has been skillfully arranged by Mr. WALTER POLLOCK. The Wicked Abbé, who comes on looking uncommonly like Triplet, and who has most likely seen a pantomime at Manager RICH's theatre, tries to take a mean advantage of Henry, when the latter is off his guard, by thrusting at him with his sword, aiming at the same spot in his body as the Clown selects when he has the command of the hot poker and the Pantaloon has turned his back towards him. This attempt, however, is a miserable failure, and Henry of the Dead Heart kills Wicked Abbé Triplet, who gurgles out that he dies in possession of a secret, gasps in failing tones, "Long-live-the-King!" and, with a short sharp hiccup on a high treble note, expires.

Then, in the last Act, ELLEN and HENRY touch all hearts.

Ellen Marquise Marguerite (beseechingly to Dead-hearted HENRY). You're wrong. My late husband, the Marky, was uncommonly fond of you. (With deep emotion.) He never spoke of you without tears in his eyes. (Dead-hearted HENRY begins to give way.) He only looked you up in the Bastille in fun (HENRY surprised), just for ten days, while he married me, and he wouldn't have done that if the Wicked Abbé B. hadn't come and told us you were dead. (HENRY smiles sweetly.) You see, it's all a mistake, and (cajoily) so easily explained.

Dead-hearted Henry (seeing it all in quite a new light). So it is. I've been incarcerated for eighteen years, but (with sweet unselfish abnegation) it's of no consequence. I oughtn't to be alive, that's where the error is. So I won't be any longer. My heart isn't dead at all; it was only my liver that was a trifle torpid. But that's all right now. You shall see your son. (To Good Old ARTHUR.) Does the gaoler know her son by sight?

Good Old Arthur (readily). No.

Dead-hearted Henry. And as I am the chief of the Republican Committee, of course no one knows me by sight. So I'll take his place.

[Waves his hand cheerily to sly Marquise, and glides out sadly. Marquise Marguerite (embracing her Son). Here you are at last! Safe! Oh, what crammers I have told that ROBERT LANDRY, who believed everything I said, just as he did twenty years ago.

Gaoler (without). Number thirty-two in the books!

Henry of the Torpid Liver (without). That's me. I'm thirty-two, and a trifle more.

Marquise (recognising the tone). Dead Heart Alive! Why, it's his voice! or some rude person imitating him again!

Henry of the T. L. (without). I am ready!

Marquise and her Son (Terryfied, the pair of them). Ready! for what?

Kind-hearted Henry (without). Ready! Aye, ready—for anything! Lead me to—the photographer's, and I'll have my head taken off by the pencil of some real good caricaturist. I don't mind that!

[Scene opens, discovering HENRY of the Dead Heart and Active Liver with the limelight full on him, standing before an easel. Delight of everybody. Loud applause. Enthusiasm. Curtain. More enthusiasm.

WHAT IT MAY COME TO IN BERLIN!

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum in the Office of the "Zumtzing Zeitung." Staff of Paper discovered, trembling.

First Member of the Staff. Ah, it-is-too-altogether-awful to be borne any longer!

Second Ditto. That is so! Oh, unlucky day, when I was to a newspaper office introduced!

Flourish of trumpets, and roll of drums. Enter the Emperor-King Editor, brandishing a copy of the Journal.

Emperor-King-Editor (foaming at the mouth with anger). Near relatives of pigs! Friends and acquaintances of donkeys! How dare you admit an article saying that your Master ever listened to the Prince-Chancellor!

First and Second Members of the Staff (falling on their knees). Mercy, Sire, mercy!

E.-K.-G. (wildly). Never! Convey these scoundrels to the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat—I should say, publishing office. (First and Second Members of the Staff are heavily chained, gagged, and removed, protesting in dumb show). So far, so good! Whom have we here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain, ushering in Manager of the Composing Department.

M. of the C. D. (bowing profoundly). Sire, we are very short of copy.

E.-K.-E. (haughtily). What of that?

M. of the C. D. (deferentially, but firmly). Well, Sire, unless we have another column and a half, we cannot possibly go to press!

E.-K.-E. (much annoyed). Nonsense! Rubbish! Bosh!

M. of the C. D. (with some hesitation). Perhaps you Majesty would like to use an article standing in the overset, which would just make the proper quantity.

E.-K.-E. Why, certainly; but what is it called?

M. of the C. D. (soothingly). Well, Sire, the title is worse than the matter. Perhaps it might be altered.

E.-K.-E. (exploding). Slave! Hound! Knave! Out with it! What is it?

M. of the C. D. (trembling in every limb). It is called, Sire, "Royalty Yesterday and To-day; or, The Dead Lion versus the Live Donkey."

E.-K.-E. (with terrible calmness). Shoot this man! (The M. of the C. D. is taken away protesting.) And now he's gone, what shall I do? Column and a half of copy wanted! Why, I never wrote a dozen original lines in my life. (Suddenly, with joy.) Happy thought! We will fill up the paper with advertisements. Where is Herr von AUGENEHM?

An Aide-de-Camp (saluting). In prison, Sire, for failing to get a repeat for that business announcement about the insurance office.

E.-K.-E. Let him be brought before me!

[Herr von AUGENEHM, the great Publishing Contractor, is produced in the condition of Mr. HENRY IRVING in Act I. of the "Dead Heart."

Herr von Augenehm (with a deep sigh). Ah, the past is a blank to me! All gone, gone, gone!

E.-K.-E. Now, then, cease muttering!

Herr von A. (drearily). But I have lost everything! My mind is gone, my brain is numbed, my heart is—

E.-K.-E. (impatiently). Yes, we know—your heart is dead. But that's not business. Have you enough advertisements to fill up the vacant space?

Herr von A. (wandering). Vacant space! What vacant space?

E.-K.-E. (violently). Why, he mocks me! Off with him to the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat—I should say, publishing office!

Aide-de-Camp. It is already occupied, Your Majesty, with the two gentlemen you sent there ten minutes ago.

E.-K.-E. Well, then, have a further dungeon dug under the one in use, and put this man into it! (Herr von A. utters a piercing shriek, and is removed in a fainting condition by Warders.) And now get the paper out with a blank for the leaders.

Aide-de-Camp. And if the Public won't buy it? What shall we do then, Sire?

E.-K.-E. (with deadly determination). Why shoot them. (Relaxing his form.) But there, I have had enough of editing for to-day, and I am off to enjoy a little holiday! Put up the shutters when you have done your work. Ta-ta! See you again soon!

[Exit, jauntily, to review half a million of Troops. Curtain.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—Immense things are expected of Sir HENRY ISAACS. Of course, his Mayoralty will have to be judged by its fruits. Sir HENRY ISAACS is not a lineal descendant of Sir WALTER SCOTT's "Isaacs of York," who wasn't ISAACS, but "ISAAC,"—though it is pretty certain that the Lord Mayor Elect bears a strong family resemblance to the great Ivanose family.



THE NEW PICTURE GALLERY.

"BEAUTIFUL THINGS, AREN'T THEY, MARY?"

"YES, MISS! WE'RE SO DELIGHTED DOWN-STAIRS. WE'VE ALWAYS SAID AS WHAT THIS 'OUSE WANTED WAS A NICE COLLECTION OF FAMILY PORTRAITS!"

"BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR!"

THE Heathen Chinees,
When he played with BILL NYE,
Played a hand which we see
'Twas scarce sapient to try;
But the game which those two appear
playing
Means mutual mischief—and why?

AN SIN was a cheat,
Little better was BILL;
But here where we meet
Wealth encountering Skill,
At a mad game of Beggar my Neighbour,
Which deems he may win? And which
will?

The smile of the one
Is not childlike and bland,
And there isn't much fun
In the player whose hand
Is dealt out in a fashion which shows that
This game he does not understand.

Labour flings down his card
With a force which shows spite;
Though his luck may seem hard,
It can hardly be right
To bring malice or sleight to a game
Which is not won by malice or sleight.

Sullen Capital, too,
Has a look in his eye
Which AN SIN might well view
In the orbs of BILL NYE,
When the Chinaman played that "right
bower,"
Which WILLIAM perceived with a sigh.

In Trade's fair and square game
They might both take a hand,
And with interests the same,
Did they but understand;
But this mad game of Beggar my Neighbour
Brings ruin to them—and their land.

Look at Capital's face!
There's a look *Punch* can't like.
Be it Jack against Ace,
Or Look-Out against Strike,
There seems mutual hate in their actions;
'Tis too much like shark *versus* pike.

Capital—do not rage!
Labour—don't play the goose!
Give and take—work for wage.
If that rule you refuse,
You will find, when too late, you've been
playing
At a game where *both* of you must lose.

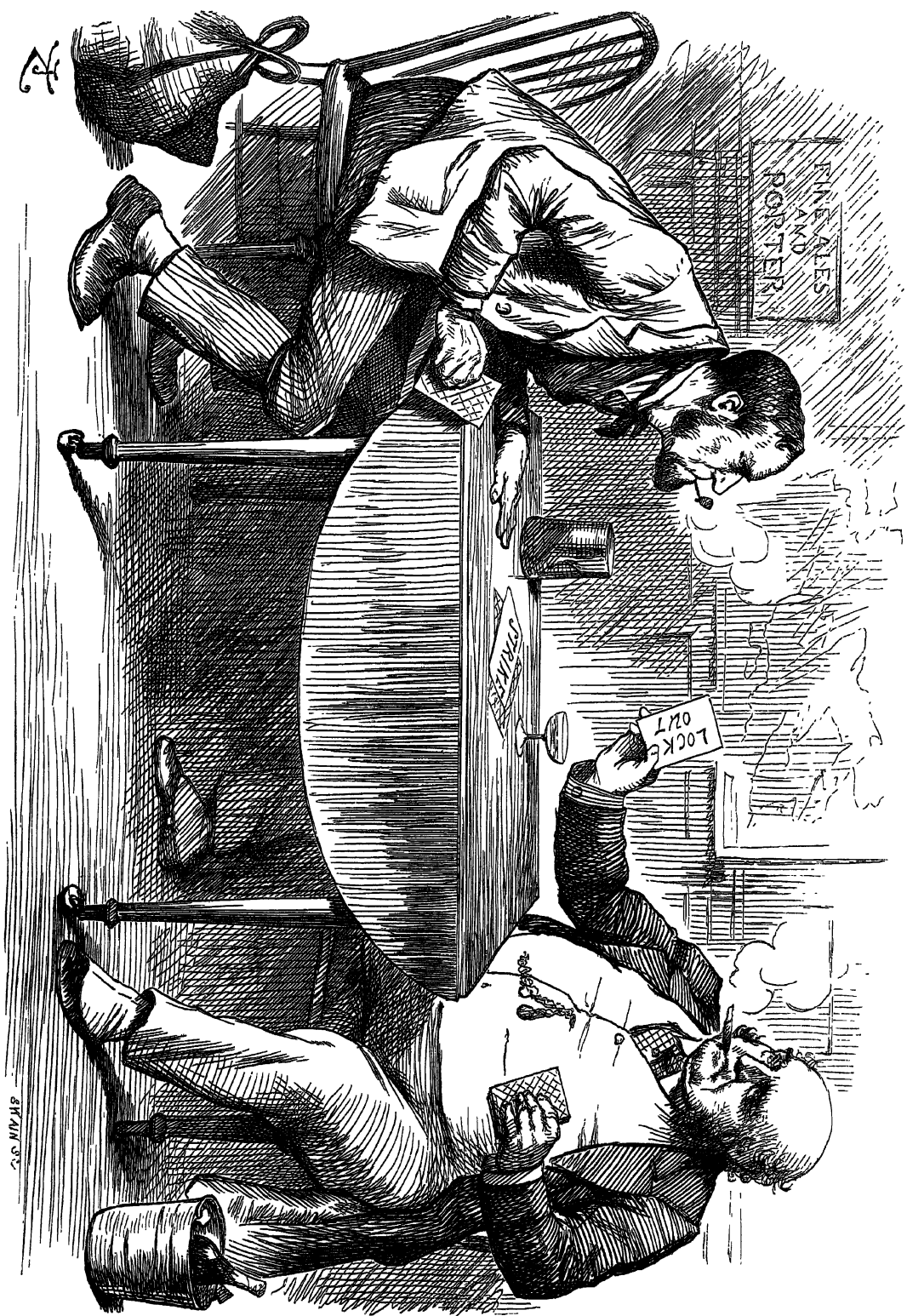
THE STRONG MAN LAST WEEK.—There are always sceptics who disbelieve in the story of SAMSON. They appeared in great force—apparently, according to the *Daily Chronicle*, in greater force than SAMSON himself,—at the Aquarium one night last week. The strong man was jeered at, and for a time SAMSON once again found himself among the Philistines and being made a sport of. With great forbearance he did not smite his enemies, and, evidently, did not "bring down the house."

WHAT'S the difference between a friend's hand and a physician's draught?—The latter has to be well shaken before taken; the former is just *vice versa*.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT.

[Scrap from Waste-paper Basket, believed to have been recently in possession of a Harwarden Dustman, and blown by a side-wind to our Office.]

"NICE place Paris. Nice people, too. They liked my speech in their own native tongue. Find I speak it just as fluently as Italian. Little tired of Italian: shall take up French a bit for practice. Must have object though, in order to give zest to study of language. *La République, —c'est la paix!* Quite so. Why shouldn't they have back Alsace-Lorraine? Might help 'em a bit with an article about the Triple Alliance. Should like to keep up my Italian contemporaneously with my French. Bring French and Italian studies together. Think I might upset that randan of Germany, Austria, Italy. *Italia la bella!* "*Que diable va-t-elle faire dans cette galère?*" Who shall have article when written? KNOWLES, of the so-called *Nineteenth Century*? HARRIS, of the *Fortnightly*? Under which flag? . . . ha! —flag! Bunting! *Vivent BUNTING and Contemporary!* And to think that this should be the result of my visit to the Parisian Exposition and the Tour Eiffel! One good "Tour" deserves another. *Mem.* Article will pay week's expenses in Paris. *Bien! très bien! Heureuse pensée en effet,—ou, en Eiffel.* Getting on with my French. *Je ferai plus pour la paix du monde que BIS-MARCK et son élève le jeune Empereur d'Allemagne. Encore une heureuse pensée,—sign it with jocosse Greek name. HOMER Gracious!* ΔΑΡΕ.



“BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR!”



THE RIVAL SPORTS.

Huntsman (exercising Hounds, to non-Fox-Preserving Keeper). "UM! YOU CALL PHEASANT-SHOOTING SPORT, DO YOU? WHY, WHAT IS IT? UP GETS A GUINEA,—OFF GOES A PENNY-FARTHING,—AND, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, DOWN COMES TWO-AND-SIX! BAH!"

A FEAST OF REASON.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE recently suffered a great disappointment, and, in my distress, I write to you. It has been the dearest wish of my heart, for many years, to meet the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, a gentleman, I have been given to understand, absolutely brimming over with information. That wish seemed on the point of realisation, when I received a letter from a friend, inviting me to meet the erudite gentleman at the festive board. I rushed to my desk, where I keep a number of lists of questions that I have prepared to suit any occasion on which (to quote the song) "I may meet him," and looked eagerly through them. I discarded "Queries for an Interview on the top of the Monument," "Ditto for ditto at Mr. SURGEON'S Tabernacle," "Ditto for ditto at a first night at the Lyceum," "Ditto for ditto in a Turkish Bath," in favour of "Ditto for ditto at a small convivial dinner-party."

Judge of my sorrow when the post brought me a second note from my friend, informing me that, as the best-informed man in the world (as I think I may safely call the Editor of *N. and Q.*) had a previous engagement, our own genial gathering, for the present, must be "off." I am terribly cast down, and, for the moment, all is gloomy about me. That you may judge of the amount of knowledge I proposed to add to my store, I subjoin a list of the questions to which I fondly hoped to obtain answers during the course of what would have been to me a delightful and intellectual meal.

1. Who invented soup; when and where? If the inventor was an Englishman, give his coat-of-arms and pedigree as recorded in the *Heralds' Visitations*.

2. In whose reign was birds'-nest soup introduced into China? What were the other principal events of this Monarch's tenure of Celestial Power?

3. Is it true that *potage à la jardinière* is a favourite dish of DON CARLOS? If it is not, what is the customary diet of the ex-Pretender to the Spanish throne?

4. How is cod-fish prepared in (1) Greenland, (2) Mexico, (3) Turkey in Europe, and some parts of (4) Herne Bay?

5. What are the chief reasons for supposing that *sauce à la Cardinal* was invented by MAZARIN and not RICHELIEU?

6. Were oyster-patties known to the Romans? What would be the chief ingredients of a luncheon-basket intended for discussion in the Second Century by a number of patricians at a classical picnic party? Would the slaves be allowed to partake of the good things;

and, if so, what would be their *pecuniam*, as defined by the laws of JUSTINIAN?

7. What is the origin of the term sweet-bread? Give six illustrations of a similar application of a compound word to describe an article of food.

8. What was the plot of the *Mask* that was being played at Whitehall, when the Merry Monarch knighted Sir Loin of Beef?

9. Trace the history of apple-tart from its invention, until the end of the reign of QUEEN ANNE.

10. What are the reasons *pro* and *con*. for believing or disbelieving that jelly in some shape or form was known to the South-Sea Islanders from the earliest times? Give in support of your contentions, quotations from the works of (1) Captain COOK, (2) Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and (3) VASCO DE GAMA, bearing upon this interesting subject.

11. What do you know about *Meringues à la crème*? Relate the anecdote that connects the name of MARIE ANTONETTE with this delightful confection.

12. Give a short history of the Game Laws, emphasising the differences that exist between the statutes of (1) England, (2) France, and the (3) Colonies.

13. What were the principal dishes at the Coronation Banquet of GEORGE THE FOURTH? Which of them were entirely free from cheese?

I am still looking forward to meeting the Editor. Should you be so fortunate as to run across him before I do, may I beg of you (as a personal favour) to put the above questions to him, and when obtained send me his replies.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,

A THIRSTER AFTER KNOWLEDGE DAY AND NIGHT.

Cur "Loafere" Vocatur?

Tommius Etonensis ad suum amicum Punichium poeticam mittit Epistolam.

AUXILIUM mi Punche tuum da, candide iudex!
Et ne crede precor quæ de me *Tempora* dicunt.
Non ludos cuto quia solus loafere volo;
Nec nolo parvus cum parvis kickere ballum,
Sed quod non liko est mixtum scrimige magno
Meipsum, pedibus cum contentione solutis,
Pro ballo designatos recipere kickos!
Hoc Punche crede mihi est et fons et origo malorum!



MUCH TOO DIFFIDENT TO PLEASE!

Shy but well-meaning Youth (to Elderly Young Lady). "ER—WILL YOU—ER—GIVE ME A DANCE? I WOULDN'T VENTURE TO ASK YOU, BUT THERE'S NOBODY ELSE NOT DANCING!"

FURS.

[A writer on fashion says that Autumn dresses are being prepared with borders of furs, chinchilla being much in request.]

FASHION bids you wear furs that will fill a
Fond heart with delight, for full soon
You'll be charming and *chic* in chinchilla,
And ravishing quite in racoon.
Silver fox may be praised, but leave ermine
For monarchs. Among all the rest,
I'm sure, dear, I cannot determine
The fur in which you'll look the best.

You have called your poor poet a dreamer;
In sooth, dear, he dreams but of thee,
And he vows you'll look simply "a screamer,"
When fur-clad, whatever it be.
While he swears that he gladly would peel skin,
Could his hide be made handsome by art;
But alas! he must yield to the seal-skin,
That can count all the beats of your heart.

FROM OUR COURT NEWSMAN.

ONE of the funniest things on the Stage at the present moment is the frock-coat worn by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH (with Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH in it) as *Juffin*, *Aunt Jack's Country Solicitor*. As for the piece, already noticed by one of *Mr. Punch's* young men, its first two Acts are ingeniously constructed, and very amusing, but the last is too outrageously farcical.—Author and Actors both to blame,—though, for all that, Mrs. WOOD, the Inimitable, ought to sing two verses of the comic song, and the comic song ought to have been one written specially for her, and not an ordinary Music-hall ditty, sung by kind permission of Mr. JAMES FAWN. Glad to see that Miss FLORENCE WOOD, the Inimitable's daughter, is playing very nicely in the piece. She is a bright and lively young lady,—quite a Flo' of good spirits. ARTHUR CECIL's head is a master-piece of the making-up art; it quite makes up for anything that is deficient in the part.

CONTEMPORANEOUS.

"Ουριδαβός." All papers quote it;
State "ow 'tis" written, but not "'oo 'tis" wrote it.

EXTRACT FROM A CONSCIENTIOUS COUNTY COUNCILMAN'S DIARY.

In the interests of the public, and as a County Councillor, determined to collect evidence about Music-Halls. Told wife so. She asked, "What is there objectionable in Music-Halls?" Couldn't exactly tell her. Replied, "Ventilation—they soon become too hot. All places of amusement ought to be under strict supervision." "In case of fire?" she asked. I replied, "Yes: that among other things." Wife wanted to know if there was good music at the Music-Halls. Told her that this was one object of my visiting them. Our Chairman, Lord ROSEBERRY, very particular about the music being good. She observed, "that she could be of some use in this matter, on account of her musical education, and would like to accompany me." Awkward. Turn it off with jest. "Accompany me? What on? Piano?" Created diversion, and went out for the day. Determined not to return. Wired from City to say "County Council business. Lord ROSEBERRY cannot get on without me." Always bring in ROSEBERRY. Useful. Wife likes idea of my going about with Nobleman. Dined early with SMITHSON, and went to the Little Turk's Head Music-Hall.

8 P.M.—Rather hot. Sixpence entrance, shilling best seats, near the Chairman. Ordered drinks for two, and cigars. Heard the Sisters SQUEELAH in duet and duologue, "Where did you go last Sunday?" SMITHSON roared with laughter. Funny chorus. Everybody joined in, "Where did you go last Sunday? How did you feel on Monday?"

Forgot the rest. Had to leave because we were going on elsewhere. SMITHSON sorry to go. As we got near the bar couldn't help remarking (for County Council purposes) some very nicely dressed young persons. SMITHSON whispered to me, "Superior people." Thought so, till they commenced singing choruses pointedly at us, and asking, "Where did you go last Sunday?" Made note for evidence. This must be put down. Must ask where the song is published.

9.30 P.M.—The Imperial Music-Hall. Brilliant. Crowded. Just in time to hear the great SMASH singing, "Click! Click! Click!" Very droll. Capital chorus. Soon learnt it. Made friends with Chairman. Ordered liquors and cigars. "Click! Click! Click! That's the very thing, Take care how you wind up your watch. Or you may break the spring!" Saw acrobats and ventriloquist. Some

of ventriloquist's dialogue with man up the chimney in questionable taste. Must make a note of this for C. C. purposes. Man up chimney ought to be put down.

10.15 P.M.—The Papillon. Driven here rapidly. Think Manager recognised me. Don't recognise him. SMITHSON getting stupid, laughs at everything, and joins in chorus at wrong times. SMITHSON nearly turned out. Noisy place this. Licence must be refused.

10.45 P.M.—Where are we? Have to shake SMITHSON out of cab. He wakes up, but nearly tumbles down. Says it's the heat. We enter the Merrypoltan Music-Hall. Boo'ful girl on platform singing. People in hall noisy and rude. Shall 'port circ'stance. Make note. Who's singing? "LITTLE LOTTIE." "What about?" SMITHSON asks. I repeat words of song: "The Canon and the Cockatoo." Very funny. "Polly, Polly, pretty Polly, cocky Cockatoo. Jolly, jolly, ain't it jolly—Here's a how dee do!" Great noise. I ask people to be quiet. Worse row. Lost sight of SMITHSON. See him in distance at bar. Difficulty in getting to him. Place horribly misconducted. What do they mean by shouting "Outside! Outside?" Is it a chorus? . . . I am outside. So's SMITHSON. Shall report this place. Civil policeman sees us into cab. Drop SMITHSON on the way—that is, I think I've dropped him, as he isn't in cab when I get home. Nearly one o'clock. Go up-stairs, quietly humming "Polly, Polly—Click, click, click—Where did you go last Sunday?" Voice from bedroom says, "I wish you wouldn't make that noise. It's disgraceful!" Pert'otly 'gree. "Polly, Polly, click, click"—tune haunts me. Begin to explain through door that I've been visiting Music-Halls in the interests of the morality of London. Voice from pillow says, "Oh, a nice sort of moralist you are! No more of your Lord ROSEBERIES and County Councils here! You don't go out again without me!" Won't discuss subject now. Lights out.

Next Morning.—Headache. Quite agree with wife. Such places must be under strictest supervision. "You require strict supervision," she says. Get out on condition of coming home very early to take wife to theatre. Called on SMITHSON. He has left town. Shall never be able to visit Music-Halls again. Shall oppose all the licences for Music-Halls to-morrow. "Polly! Polly! Polly!" Can't get it out of my head.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 2.

A DEFINITION.

WHAT is Parliament? A place men may admire, respect, or hate, Where the Electorate's elect orate to the Electorate.

DR. FARRAR'S "BROTHERHOOD."—"Monastic dress isn't much good in the winter," observed Canon WAGSTAFFE to the Arch-deacon of WESTMINSTER. Dr. FARRAR requested to be informed

why this was so. "Because," returned the lively Canon, "a monk always feels thoroughly 'cowl'd.'" The Canon exploded, and went off.

FOREWARNED.—A piece entitled *Mahomet* is announced as in rehearsal, with MOUNET-SULLY in the principal part. When produced, M. MOUNET-SULLY and the Manager will have to scrutinise most narrowly the nightly returns, as it is so easy to be deceived by the appearance of a false profit.

IMPERIAL MEASURES.

VERY pretty Ballet at the Empire, showing the gathering of the Representatives of all Nations at the Paris Exhibition. JOHN BULL and Uncle SAM are on most friendly terms, which is quite pleasant



Tripping an Imperial Measure.

to see, while a party of Scotch youths dance a reel to a tune which is not at all Scotch, but reelly Monsieur HERVE's. The Irish jig is welcomed heartily; but of all the dances, a Lancashire Lad and Lass, who execute a Lancashire clog-dance, gain the success of the entertainment.

Mlle. DE SORTIS—who is among the dancers of all sorts and sizes—is always a fascinating danseuse, but has not much to do; and when all's danced and done, I hold to it that the clog-dance above-mentioned is the feature of this show, as no doubt it would be in real life, if this youthful couple from Lancashire began dancing it in the grounds of the Exposition. Wouldn't the *sergents de ville* be down on them at once, very naturally concluding that this was only an English adaptation of the forbidden *Cancon*? You can get a first-rate evening's entertainment at the Empire. The Hanlon Voltas, or Hang-on Vaulters, are *de première force*. The GRIFFITHS BROTHERS are still the "safe" men as an attraction, with their wonderful performing donkey, who does everything but speak, and he's not such an ass as to do that. The star of the Empire is in the ascendant.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. X.—DISINTERESTED PASSION.

WHEN a Music-hall Singer does not treat of the tender passion in a rakish and knowing spirit, he is apt to exhibit an unworldliness truly ideal in its noble indifference to all social distinctions. So amiable a tendency deserves encouragement, and Mr. Punch has much pleasure in offering the following little idyl to the notice of any Mammoth Comique who may happen to be in a sentimental mood. It is supposed to be sung by a scion of the nobility, and the *artiste* will accordingly present himself in a brown "billy-cock" hat, a long grey frock-coat, fawn-coloured trousers, white "spats," and primrose, or green, gloves—the recognised attire of a Music-hall aristocrat. A powerful, though not necessarily tuneful,—voice is desirable for the adequate rendering of this ditty; any words it is inconvenient to sing, can always be spoken.

First Verse.

When first I met my MARY ANN, she stood behind a barrow—
A bower of enchantment spread with many a dainty snack!
And, as I gazed, I felt my heart transfixed with Cupid's arrow,
For she opened all her oysters with so fairylike a knack.

Refrain (throaty, but tender).

She's only a little Plebeian!
And I'm a Patrician swell!
But she's as sweet as Aurora, and how I adore her,
No eloquence ever can tell!
Only a fried-fish vend-ar!
Selling her saucers of whilks,

[Almost defiant stress on the word "whilks."

But, for me, she's as splend-ar—far more true and tend-ar,
Than if she wore satins and silks!

[The grammar of the last two lines is shaky, but the Lion-Comique must try to put up with that, and, after all, does sincere emotion ever stop to think about grammar? If it does, Music-hall audiences don't—which is the main point.

Second Verse.

I longed before her little feet to grovel in the gutter:

I vowed, unless I won her as a wife, 'twould drive me mad!

Until at last a shy consent I coaxed her lips to utter,

For she dallied with her Anglo-Dutch, and whispered, "Speak to Dad!"

Refrain—For she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Third Verse.

I called upon her sire, and found him lowly born, but brawny,
A noble type, when sober, of the British Artisan;
I grasped his honest hand, and didn't mind its being horny:
"Behold!" I cried, "a suitor for your daughter, MARY ANN!"
Refrain—Though she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Fourth Verse.

"You ask me, Guv'nor, to resign," said he, "my only treasure,
And so a toff her fickle heart away from me has won!"
He turned to mask his manly woe behind a pewter measure—
Then, breathing blessings through the beer, he said: "All right,
my son! Refrain—If she's only a little Plebeian,
And you're a Patrician swell!"—&c.

Fifth Verse.

(The Author flatters himself that, in quiet sentiment and homely pathos, he has seldom done anything finer than the two succeeding stanzas.)

Next I sought my noble father in his old ancestral castle,
And at his gouty foot my love's fond offering I laid—
A simple gift of shellfish, in a neat brown-paper parcel!
"Ah, Sir!" I cried, "if you could know, you'd love my little
maid!" Refrain—True, she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Sixth Verse.

Beneath his shaggy eyebrows soon I saw a tear-drop twinkle;
That artless present overcame his stubborn Norman pride!
And when I made him taste a whilk, and try a periwinkle,
His last objections vanished—so she's soon to be my bride!
Refrain—Ah! she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Seventh Verse.

Now Heraldry's a science that I haven't studied much in,
But I mean to ask the College—if it's not against their rules—
That three periwinkles proper may be quartered on our 'soutcheon,
With a whilk regardant, rampant, on an oyster-knife, all gules!
Refrain—As she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

This little ditty, which has the true, unmistakable ring about it, and will, Mr. Punch believes, touch the hearts of any Music-hall audience, is entirely at the service of any talented *artiste* who will undertake to fit it with an appropriate melody, and sing it in a spirit of becoming seriousness.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NOT so grand a work as *Marzio's Crucifix* is Mr. MARION CRAWFORD'S *Sant' Ilario*, but a powerful Novel, for all that. His Roman life is real life, and the glimpse he gives us of Cardinal ANTONELLI, lightly sketched in with a masterly hand, is appetising. For a finished picture of this remarkable statesman, I must refer to *Roman Candles*, written by, as I think, WILKIE COLLINS'S brother—a charming book, first published about a quarter of a century ago. As *Sant' Ilario* is a continuation of *Saracinesca*, so the Author, who has left the future of his two lovers wrapped in uncertainty, probably intends undoing the wrapper, and letting them out to have another run. Certainly, any one will ask at the end of the story, "What will he do with them?" and we "wish there was more of it," to create which effect on the mind of the reader may be the perfection of the art of letter-writing according to Mr. Samuel Weller; but, whether it is equally so of novel-writing, is another matter.



A Paper-Cutter.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

LORD SALISBURY missed an opportunity of doing a graceful act in connection with the settlement of the Great London Strike. If he had offered Cardinal MANNING a Privy Councillorship, he would have done well. It is to be hoped that further mistakes will not be made by offering the LORD MAYOR a Knighthood. It should be a Baronetcy or nothing. That is the usual mark of Royal recognition of success in the City chair. No year of recent times has been better than Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD'S. His royal entertainment of the SHAH was in the ordinary course of things; but he struck new ground in the establishment of the Volunteer Equipment Fund, and did the State signal service in bringing the Strike to a happy end. That was a striking conclusion to a splendid year, and we trust we shall soon be in a position to hail Sir Torpedo WHITEHEAD amongst our B. B. K.'s.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

UNTILED; OR THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

VII.

"TRIMALCHIO has his antitypes
 to-day,"
 Smiled my companion. "Modern
 orgies pay,
 Although Petronian pictures
 Of vulgar wealth and gloating
gourmandise
 Might rouse the puling hedon-
 ists they please
 To self-condemning stric-
 tures.

"Drives at dinner with his
 chosen guests
 Behold!" A long array of
 low-cut vests
 And shirt-fronts snowy-
 shining
 I saw disposed about a festal
 board.
 A marvellous sight is man, or
 lout or lord,
 When dedicate to dining.



Eyes eager, fingers fleet, and pendulous lips!
 Phoebus when feeding suffered some eclipse
 Of dignity and beauty
 E'en at Olympian banquet. But to eat
 In company is, with the world's *élite*,
 A sacred social duty.

These are fulfilling it with zealous zest:
 Each straitened soul beneath each spacious
 vest
 Is solemnly concentrated
 Upon the *plat* before him, or the glass
 From which his gloating gaze should scarcely
 pass,
 Though Egypt's omen entered.

What skeleton can haunt this gorgeous feast?
 Wealth of the West and glitter of the East
 Most sumptuously are mingled.
 And he who heads the board? Society's ear
 At tales of daring fraud and furtive fear
 Now and again hath tingled.

His tale, at least as yet, is unrevealed,
 Behind that smooth and smiling mask con-
 cealed.

His pliant jackal yonder,
 He of the wandering eyes and visage pale,
 Could, and perchance may yet, unfold a tale
 Petronian art might ponder.

What know, or guessing, care his gathered
 guests?
 He is "good form" by all the modish tests,
 At least to chat or wine with.
 A man with millions must be *very* bad,
 Who is not, though a charlatan or cad,
 Quite good enough to dine with.

No, his guests know him not, their Sphinxian
 host.
 Not many of his confidence may boast.
 If all the world could see us
 At Wealth's *symposia*, as in a glass,
 'Twould fit with thematics for a new *Golden Ass*
 A modern Apuleius.

"London's young LUCRUS," sneered the
 Shade, "will meet
 A scrutinising glance in every street.
 He needs no transformation
 Into the obvious Ass to point his tale,
 Which, told, might turn e'en polished
 prurience pale,
 And stagger stark sensation.

"TRIMALCHIO knows his guests. The smooth
 young Lord
 Who loves the wines and "weeds" he can't
 afford;
 The doctor subtle, sinister,

But softly smiling, whom "no man may
 plumb,
 The potent critic, here discreetly dumb,
 The cold, astute ex-Minister;

"All have their places—and their prices—
 here, [dear,
 With 'the mixed mob of mashers, stiff and
 Till wine, wit, song well chosen
 Awake the slumbering animal within,
 Then comes the cynic laugh, the satyr grin
 To lips no longer frozen.

"The true Amphitryon is the Amphitryon
 With whom one dines." When all the
 guests are gone,
 Our host and his sleek henchman
 Hold curious discourse, which, heard, might
 throw
 Much modern light upon the pregnant *mot*
 Of the ironic Frenchman.

"Say, shall we listen? How these *vauriens*
 scorn
 The venal talent and the greed well-born
 They fawned upon so lately!
 How mock the tastes Boeotian, prurient,
 dense,
 They pander to at such superb expense,
 And smile on so sedately!"

I hear, and hearing sicken. This, said I,
 Is modern modish hospitality
 Glittering parade *plus* gulling,
 Half ostentation, subtle scheming half.
 How the coarse *cultus* of the Golden Calf
 Man's finer sense is dulling!

Warmer the welcome of the Syrian tent
 Than that on which this *parvenu* has spent
 His calculated dollars.
 The host who o'er his guests' dull greed can
 gloat,
 Is but an Atræus in claw-hammer coat,
 And the last thing in collars.

"Those guests," the Shadow answered, "did
 you hear
 Their chat as they disperse, you'd deem, I
 Than their Amphitryon meander.
 They mock the *nouveau riche*, his talk, his
 taste,
 All but his Cook; exult that 'swagger' waste
 Must leave his coffers leaner.

"Lord LIMPET, puffing at that last cigar,
 Whispers to NEWCOME of the 'Nenuphar'
 Some toothsome private scandals
 Anent 'our modern Midas.' JENKINS jeers
 About the fitness of those 'fair large ears'
 A stage-Titania handles."

And languid LUCRUS, in the latest cut
 Of coat and collar? "Nay, our ears may
 shut

To his sardonic chatter.
 Our Golden Ass—we call him Gilded Youth—
 Is ass all over, and his bray in sooth
 Is no important matter."

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR the first time, in one of the volumes
 of Messrs. MACMILLAN's excellent re-issue,
 I have just read CHARLES KINGSLEY's *Plays*
 and *Puritans*. It was not by this Essay that
 KINGSLEY made his reputation as a writer.
 In it there is nothing fascinating in the
 style, and not much that any unprejudiced
 person—which KINGSLEY decidedly was not
 —with more than a superficial knowledge of
 the subject, would consider as trustworthy.
 Then follows his *Life and Times of Sir Walter*
Raleigh, sketched with the pen of a rough-
 and-ready writer strong in graphic power.
 The volume concludes with an Essay on
 FROUDE. This perhaps KINGSLEY would not
 have written nowadays, in the face of recently
 discovered state-papers and authentic manu-
 scripts which throw quite a new light on his-
 tory that we have hitherto accepted as Gospel
 truth. KINGSLEY found that in this out-
 spoken, manly, muscular-Christian style, lay
 his popularity, and, when it did not come
 naturally to him, he had to affect it, and the
 affectation is transparent and wearisome.

What on earth has happened to Mr. F. C.
 PHILLIPS, the author of *As in a Looking-
 Glass*, that he should give us such an utterly
 weak, spun-out, stupid bit of a story as *Young*
Mr. Ainslie's Courtship? The *Dean and His*
Daughter was second to, but a long way
 after, *As in a Looking-Glass*; and as for the
 others, *Little Mrs. Murray* was weak, and
Lucy Smith weaker, and now *Mr. Ainslie's*
Courtship is the weakest of all. The story
 could have been well and dramatically told in
 twenty pages of a magazine, but he spins
 two volumes. It is a thorough skipper's
 novel; and any novel-reader with an hour to
 spare, and absolutely nothing to do,—I won't
 say nothing better,—can skip through it very
 nearly as quickly as I tell the story, which
 briefly is this. *Mr. Ainslie* is accepted by
Miss Keane; he loses his sight; *Miss Keane*
 throws him over, and marries *Lord Helsham*;
Mr. Ainslie commits suicide. Then, in the
 last two pages, we ascertain that *Lord*
Lady Helsham's marriage is an unhappy one;
 that she goes back to her father; and that my
 Lord takes a "Mlle. STEPHANIE, of the Eden
 Theatre," out for a drive. *Voilà tout!* Has
 the hand of F. C. PHILLIPS lost its cunning?

Capital number of the *Cornhill Magazine*
 for October. JAMES PAYN's Commentaries on
 the characters and incidents of his own Novel,
The Burnt Million, very amusing; *Mostly*
Fools, light and interesting; and *The*
Hundred Gates is conceived and written in
 the true vein of humorous satire.

Most interesting and amusing are MR.
 GEORGE AITKEN's two volumes about *Richard*
Steele—the DICK STEELE, the scholar, the
 toping trooper for whom, among the wits and
 humorists of the past, THACKERAY entertained
 so strong an affection. The interesting illus-
 trations are reproduced from photographs.
 They ought to have been STEELE engravings.
 "Dear PRUE," he writes to his wife, "I have
 been a little intemperate, and discomposed
 with it; but I will be very Sober for the
 future, especially for the sake of the most
 amiable and most deserving Woman who has
 made Me Her Happy Slave and Obedient
 Husband." DICK STEELE's life is summed
 up in this. BARON DE B.-W.

TRANSVAAL TRANSFORMATION: OR. THE COLONIAL CINDERELLA.



"There are not wanting those who prognosticate a future for Johannesburg which is positively blinding in its brilliancy. They promise a million inhabitants in five years, an output of gold which shall gild the whole world, a commercial importance threatening the established trade-centres of the old world, and a political and social position second to no city in Africa, North or South."—*Daily News on the Gold discovery in the Transvaal.*

CINDERELLA sings:—

O HILLS, O valley! I rise, I rally. A radiant squadron of golden birds
Of aureate feather all flock together in vision
bright, which my soul engirds.
I who was down now wear a gown of lustre
not to be limned in words.

SWINBURNE sweet poet, you did not know it,
when singing latently in words of flame
Of South Coast splendour in tropes so tender,
or else I'm sure you'd have changed the
name
Of your poem new, and have told—'tis true!
—South Afric's title to flaming fame.

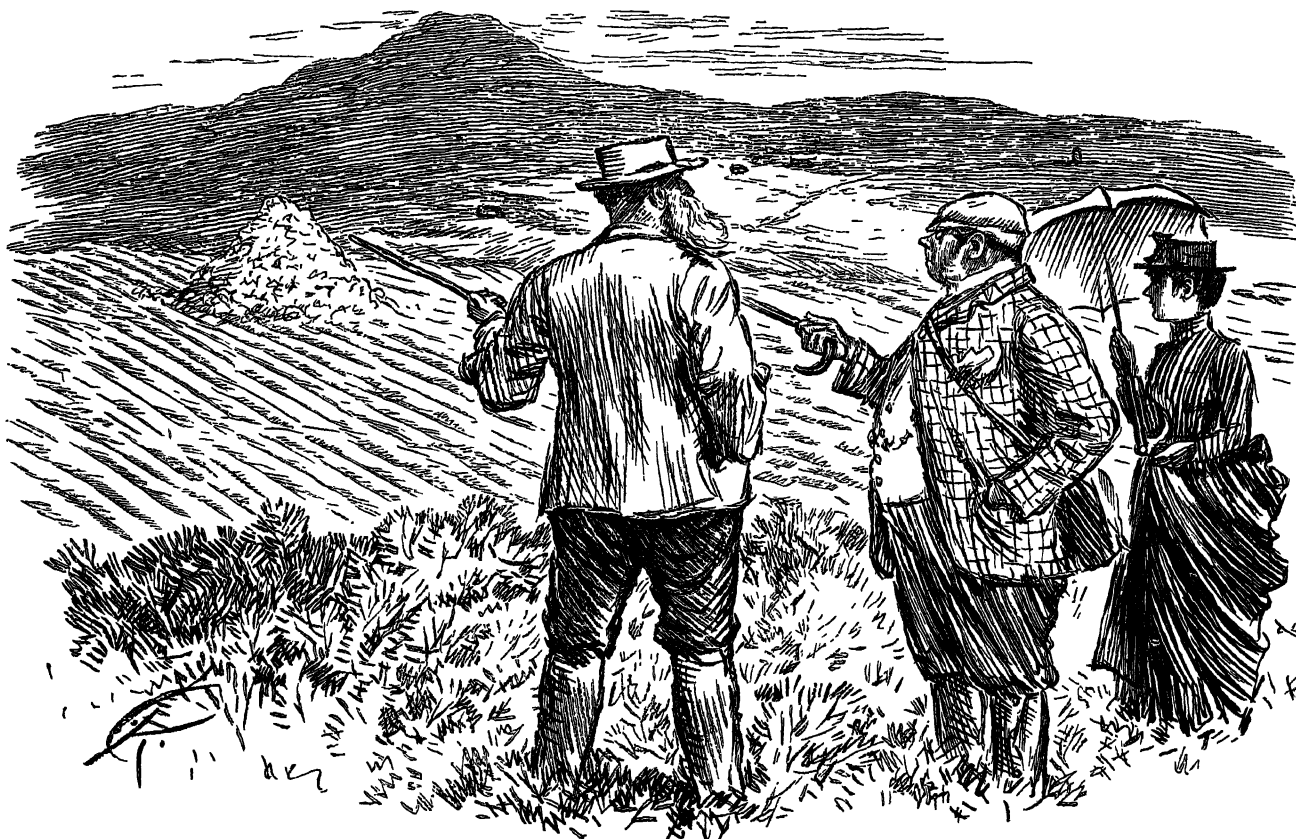
O goodness gracious! is it veracious, this tale
of Ophir the New that's told?
At Treasure Island I now may smile, and
say STEVENSON'S fancy was brave and
bold.

But at this minute he is not in it with Trans-
vaal Truth and my Tale of Gold.

My Golden Treasure I'll delve at leisure, but
for the moment I'm mad with joy;
I'm all a-flutter, I scarce can utter the
thoughts that fill me. My gold-decoy
Will draw all mortals to my new portals, I'll
witch the rich, and the poor employ.

O RIDER HAGGARD, your wit was laggard;
yea, even yours, I am sore afraid:
Your great romances may fill man's fancies,
but I am as real as Truth, or Trade,
And I you'll see am dark Afric's She, the
real, "She who must be obeyed!"

Miss Kilmansegg with her Golden Leg, was
a poor attraction compared with Me.
My Fairy Godmother is Gold! No other
will mortal look at when her they
see.
I'm CINDERELLA, but not prunella, or *viv*,
or glass shall my slippers be.



"SERMONS IN STONES."

Tourist (of an inquiring and antiquarian turn). "NOW I SUPPOSE, FARMER, THAT LARGE CAIRN OF STONES HAS SOME HISTORY?"

Highland Farmer. "OOH, AYE, THAT BUIG O' STANES HAS A GRAN' HISTORY WHATEVER!"

Tourist (eagerly). "INDEED! I SHOULD LIKE TO—WHAT IS THE LEGEND—?"

Farmer. "JUST A GRAN' HISTORY!" (*Solemnly.*) "IT TOOK A' MA CAIRTS FULL AND HORSES SAX MONTHS TO GATHER THEM AFF THE LAND AND PIT THEM THER-R-RE!"

"Dem Golden Slippers" will draw all trippers; look at them shining upon my feet
In aureate glory! My wondrous story will fly the world round than light more fleet,
And very shortly, all brave and courtly, princes galore at my throne will meet.

My sisters jealous will puff like bellows their swarthy cheeks at my golden luck.

"All things that glitter not gold?" They're bitter because a gold-field they have not struck.

Ho! sound the tabor! Flock hither, Labour! Fairy Godmother, you are a duck!

[*Left pirouetting.*]

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—So great has been the success of Dr. MACKENZIE'S "*Pibroch*," written for SENOR SARASATE, that for next year the same composer has been commissioned to write an Oratorio for the Bagpipes only. The news has already got wind. Miss MAGGIE MACINTYRE has also been Macintyresuccessful at Leeds. Scots wha hae! Hurrah for the "Two Maes!"

"TRUTH WILL OUT."—So Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD commenced life as a bagman! All honour to him. We never suspected it. Curious that his brethren of the road, who recently presented him with a testimonial, should have waited till the close of his Mayoralty to let the cat out of the bag.

SUGGESTION FOR THE D. T.—Another objectionable use of Tobacco:—"Chew quoque."

FORTHCOMING NOVELTY.

WE understand that arrangements are already made for the serious Opera by Messrs. SULBERT and GILLIVAN. The title of the piece has not as yet been settled. It is not improbable that it may be called *The Prince of Padua*; or, *The Sexton and the Suicide*; but at the last moment, or any other moment, for the matter of that, this may be changed.

The story is briefly as follows:—The young *Prince of Padua*, a youth of scholarly tastes and melancholy temperament, is much grieved and distressed by the hasty marriage of his mother, a widow, with the brother of her late husband, who had met his death under exceptionally suspicious circumstances. The one brother was, in point of fact, poisoned by the other, for the very purpose of succeeding to his throne and wife. The murder is revealed to the Prince, his son, by a Scotch relation, gifted with second sight. He immediately determines to revenge his father's death, and in order to accomplish this end with more certainty and safety to himself, he feigns idiocy. Among other ingenious devices for bringing home the crime to the guilty person, he hits upon the following plan. The murder having been committed by means of a well-known anæsthetic, administered aurally during an after-dinner nap, the Prince takes advantage of an evening party at the Palace to get up a charade—the word chosen being thus divided—*Clo'-Reform*. The climax of the scene, when the convicted assassin, suddenly guessing the

charade, shrieks out, "*Chloroform!*" and then goes into hysterics, is one of the most highly-wrought situations in the piece. We need hardly remark on the splendid opportunity for a grand finale which the situation affords.

At a later stage of the drama, the Prince, who has been sent abroad on diplomatic business by his step-father, returns unexpectedly, only to find that the lovely *Lady Dulcinea*, to whom he had been betrothed, has committed suicide by drowning. At this point the Village Sexton first appears. This part was originally intended for Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH. His humorous business (with a song), while engaged in digging a grave for the departed lady, would have afforded this eminent comedian a magnificent opportunity for the display of his peculiar talent.

The precise incidents which bring about the *dénouement* have not finally been determined on, but it is understood that they will include the death of almost all the leading characters in the drama. The opera is in rehearsal. GILLIVAN has already composed the first four bars of the opening song, which we have been permitted to hear, and, without betraying a confidence, we may just whisper to the music-loving public that the new work will probably be the popular composer's *chef d'œuvre*. The objection raised by one timid friend of the Management that portions of the plot too nearly resemble the incidents of a Shakspearian Play, has very properly been dismissed as frivolous, and the greatest success is anticipated for the forthcoming novelty.



THE LATEST STRIKE.

FOR JUST A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S ROMP BETWEEN BATH AND BEDTIME.

HOW WE STRUCK AT OUR SCHOOL.

(By a Boy Burns.)

Monday.—Great indignation meeting in the Jimnasium. Harrangd the chaps on the iniquitous sistim of Impots, and the tirrany of Iregular Virbs. All the fellows inthusiastic—except that young sneak FOOTLER. Organising unanimously resolved on. DOBBS wanting to know *how* you organised. Told him not to bother *me*, but do it. Must be firm with chaps like DOBBS.

Tuesday.—Maturring plans. Our numbers rapidly increasing. Swore in two dayborders, in the box-room, over crossed pocket-knives and a scull tobacco-pouch one of the fellows had. Drew up Ultimatom with PORT Major. Our Demands are: (1) No corpral punishment, except on the hand. (There isn't any at our School, but MORTERBORD might take it into his head to do it at any time, so we put it in.)



"Maxima debetur pueris."

That was all the grevanses we could remember, but we reserved power to add to the number, if nesesity.

Wednesday.—Read Ultimatom to the chaps. All thought it cappatal, except old DUMPS, who said "we should never get it." Told him he was a funk. One of the dayborders brought us a flag he had painted on glassed calaco, with the motto, "Death to Tirants! No Parsing!" A half holiday, so we could plot without attracting atention.

Thursday.—Posted inflamtry proklamation on blackbord where old MORTERBORD could see it. Thought we heard him coming, and tore it down. Felt we were not ripe yet for open Revilution. At evening prep. GASSITER Minor—like the young snipe he is!—called for "Three Cheers for Libaty!" and got kept in

by GIGGLAMPS. How long will such outridges go on? Discontent general. Settled in the dormitries to go out after breakfast to-morrow.

Friday.—We have done it, all except a few blacklegs, like FOOTLER. Told off party to watch FOOTLER, and picket him—not too hard, unless he is obstinit. Marched in percesshun, with baners, round the town. Much simpaty from the pliee and populus. Mass meeting outside tuckshop. Saw a fellow taking down all I said in a book, and thought he ment sneaking, but he was only reporting it for a London newspaper, which I don't so much mind. Slept pretty much where we could. One of the dayborders asked me home with him, and I was made pretty comfortable. His peple very respectful to me. Told them that I would sooner die than give in now!

Saturday.—More marching round. Some of the cads in the town asked to join us, and we let them, as they are too big to fight. Told them how we were made to do parsing and iregular virbs, and they were most indigent. Go round to other schools, to pursuade the fellows to come out. I believe they would have, too, if they hadn't seen the cads. Tell a chap they call "BLACK JOE" that we'd rather he and his friends didn't come round with us. He says they're going to see us through with it. Told him if I let them stay, I should expect strict dissipline. I hate the grin some cads have. Back to MORTERBORD's to bring out all the black-legs; deminstration in front of school-gates. Think MORTERBORD might come out and meet me, as man to man, in a parley—I hung out a white flag! Believe he's skulking in the schoolroom. Our skirmishers have siezed FOOTLER as a hostidge. Tell BLACK JOE that, if anyone is to kick FOOTLER, I prefer to do it myself. He says he'll kick me if he has any of my jaw. If only he was a size smaller! FOOTLER is blubbing—says he believes both his shins are broken. These cads do haack hard. . . . This is too bad! BLACK JOE, and a fellow he calls "LARRIKIN BILL," and some more, are shying stones at the windows! This will probably delay a pieceable settlement with old MORTERBORD. BLACK JOE says "we haven't half pluck, and he and his mates will break into the school for us, and give the head-master a rare doing." Can't help seeing this *must* alinuate poppular simpaty with our cause. And Mother MORTERBORD and the kids too! I tell them we mean to strike like gentlemen, not cads, and we set our faces against violence. They only say "they'll smash our faces in if we don't take care," and go on shying. All the windows are smashed now—no more pocket-money for us this half! Hold a Council of War with the other fellows. We all agree that this sort of thing must be stopped. Ask BLACK JOE and his mates, quietly, how much they'll take to go away. They have taken all our watches, and knives, and pencil-cases, and every bit of money we had, and then gone off grumbling! Draw lots who shall go in and tell old MORTERBORD we are willing to listen to any propositions he may have to make. Glad old TWITTERS drew it, and not me!

Saturday Night.—Strike over. Agreed to refer justice of our demands to Committee of Arbatration, composed of fellows' parents. The ringleaders to submit to corpral punishment—not on the hand, which shows how corect my fourbodings were. All quiet now—except TWITTERS, who is snivelling. MORTERBORD took him first, certinly, but I don't believe he got it any hotter than me, and I didn't snivel—much. All the chaps in a bait with me—say I let them in for this! Ungrateful sneaks! Catch me sticking up for them another time, that's all!

PROPHECY AND PROFIT.—MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH seems to have cut the Saveloy and gone in for a musical entertainment round the country, which is most successful, as long ago we predicted it would be. No one heard us predict it, but we did. The entertainment must be an inexpensive, jog-trot, quiet kind of travelling-circus affair; a one-horse show, with a little "G. G." in it. When "Gee-Gee" makes "a pony" a night as his profit in the country, let him remember our prophet in London.

"THE Day will Come" is Miss BRADDON's new novel. From what we hear its second title should be, *The Book will Go*. Our "Baron DE BOOKWORMS" must see to this.

"O RARE 'BEN'!"—MADDISON MORTON's at the Haymarket.

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

THE best way of seeing the country, if you've anything like good weather, is to hire a sturdy Devonshire-trained horse, quite safe, and—as sound as you can get him. With a waterproof strapped on to the saddle, you can defy the elements to a certain extent,—though



Anne Trudger.

Hints for Visitors.—You can't do better than expend one penny in *Twiss's Pocket Guide*, in which the fares of hack conveyances of all sorts are given, the distances to all the principal places, and the excellent bye-laws regulating the conduct of the fly-men, who, if you're not prepared for them with a thorough knowledge of this handy volume, will impose upon the stranger's ignorance to any extent, and with a profession of the most engaging civility.

MISS BRONDESLEY is in raptures about her particular old donkey-woman, ANNE TRUDGER. Miss BRONDESLEY, after the first few days of walking and climbing, subsided into one of those bath-chairs drawn by a donkey and guided by ANNE TRUDGER. Seated in this, she makes triumphal progresses everywhere, laughing, nodding, waving the miniature pocket-handkerchief, and accompanied by a troupe of merry little COOKIES, generally enlivening the walk with snatches of melody which they have picked up from the Mysterious Minstrels, or from the black man in the Punch-and-Judy Show, and frequently by Our Own Mrs. Cook herself, 'in another similar chariot, with the smallest COOKY, sitting jubilantly astride the donkey as postilion, and at first making his mother very anxious for his safety, until she is convinced of his ability to hold on by the donkey's collar.

"I eat very little here," observes Miss BRONDESLEY, confidentially, to ANNE TRUDGER. "I think I want more exercise."

"Lor bless you, Miss, you don't want no more exercise than you takes with me," says ANNE TRUDGER, treating the case from not an entirely disinterested point of view.

"But I don't go climbing and walking, and all that sort of thing, you know," says Miss BRONDESLEY, playfully laughing.

"And you don't want to do it," replies ANNE TRUDGER, who has all the instincts of a courtier, if ever woman had.

"Oh!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY, "but I am not growing any thinner from eating so little."

"Ay coorse not, Miss," argues ANNE TRUDGER. Then she adds, decisively, "It's the air that's a nourishing of you. That's what it is," she repeats, as if confirming this opinion beyond all chance of dispute; "it's the air that's a nourishing of you."

Many of the donkey-chair proprietors, who are generally the drivers, reside in their neat cottages with considerable amount of garden, about a mile out of the town, at a place called Hele, at the foot of Hillsborough, or Hele's-borough. Though these donkey-chair people are a well-to-do and respectable class, you will generally find them "down at Hele."



People "down at Hele."

THE DUTCH DOCTOR.

[An ingenious Dutchman has invented an Automatic Doctor, which, after putting a penny into slots labelled with the names of various organs, supplies the public with appropriate medicines.]

Put a penny in the slot, and, no matter what you've got,
Be it measles, gout, or jaundice, here are pretty little pills;
Here's the Automatic Doctor, of cheap drugs a skilled concoctor,
And he'll cure you for that trifle of all human aches and ills.

Is it liver, there's the place; just a penny cures your case;
For no sooner has it entered than medicaments come out.
You can get a pill or potion, plaster, ointment, draught or lotion;
For the doctor, says the Dutchman, knows right well what he's about.

If you feel your nerve is gone, here's a tincture gives you tone.
All the apertures are labelled after organs we possess;
'Tis a beautiful idea, you can find a panacea
For all ailments for a penny, when a little knob you press.

You need call no doctor in for your heart, or spleen, or skin;
Here are economic portions of all medicines for the sick:
You can shirk a consultation, which oft causes perturbation;
Just decide what organ's ailing—the machine can do the trick.

If you cannot sleep at night, here's a draught will put you right,
You can cope with indigestion at this little copper fee;
If you're "chippy" in the morning, after rules of diet scorned,
You can purchase for a penny what will rival "S. and B."

But be sure to bear in mind what's the matter, or you'll find
That you're treating the wrong organ, and that's not precisely fun;
While your *Punch* will bet a tanner that you'll have to go to JENKES
To repair the playful mischief the automaton has done.

ECCENTRIC ART REVIVAL.

THE humorous monastic "carvers and sculptors" in Mediaeval times used to amuse themselves and their brethren by "making faces," in the wood and stone of our ancient churches and cathedrals. Whether nowadays this mediaeval example should be followed, and its scope developed so as to admit of general application, is a question which Mr. HANLEY, the sculptor of "the Corbel caricatures at Chester Cathedral," recently mentioned in the *Times*, seems to have settled in the affirmative. Mr. HANLEY has represented Mr. GLADSTONE, armed with a long crowbar, trying to upset the Church, which Lord BEACONSFIELD, that guileless child of Israel, is endeavouring to prop up.

Of course, were there any chance of such representations becoming objects of an idolatrous worship to Primrose-Leaguers, faculties would at once be applied for, in order to have these comic images defaced or removed. But as this is not likely, where is the line to be drawn? May we look forward to a comic Liberal Cathedral, in which the sculptured heads will be all caricatures of Tory opponents, beginning with Lord SALISBURY, who would make an excellent corbel, as would also the HOME SECRETARY, ARTHUR BALFOUR, and SIR RICHARD TEMPLE. We fancy the Tory Cathedral would have the best of it, their sculptor having such heads to deal with as those of Messrs. BIGGAR, LABOUCHERE, BRADLAUGH, three beautiful subjects, not to mention the G. O. M. himself, G. O. M. Junior M.P. for Leeds, JOHN MORLEY in a cap of liberty, and last but not least, Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT. The heads of Liberal Unionists could be executed by sculptors of both parties, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with his eyeglass would be invaluable on many a corbel. In a Church and Stage Cathedral, we should expect to find among several very comic corbel faces, specially those of Rev. STUART HEADLAM and Mr. EDWARD TERRY spouting at the Church Congress, where, both as Vestryman, Churchwarden and actor, he seems, being on his trial, to have acquitted himself uncommonly well.

AN EXCEPTION.—Although, from time to time complaints of immorality and indecency have been urged against the Stage and Music-Halls, who has ever heard one word against a Circus Entertainment? Isn't this form of amusement the very one to which children in the holidays are most attracted? They go there for pure amusement. Adapting DUCROW's celebrated speech, purists might recommend everyone to "cut the Music-Halls, and come to the 'osses."

MRS. R.'S. METEOROLOGY.—She is sadly afraid that very much mischief has lately been done by the equally-noxious gales.

New Spelling of Name of well-known Common Councillor much interested in Sewerage and in Music-hall morality:—THE MUCK DOUGALL.



INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Mr. Plumpington. "A—YES! I WENT TO NUREMBERG ON BUSINESS, YOU KNOW, AND LEFT MY WIFE IN LONDON! I THOUGHT THE JOURNEY MIGHT BE TOO MUCH FOR HER!"

Tommy. "AH, I SEE. 'THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET—THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME!'"

ORPHEUS LULLS CERBERUS.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)

"Cerberus barked a little, and stirred himself; but, when I quickly struck my lyre, he was at once charmed to silence by the melody."—*LUCIAN'S Menippus.*

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog bark."

Well, that depends, my truly British BYRON. The triple-headed one is yelping. Hark! That will not suit the Man of Blood and Iron.

To keep a watch-dog, and to bark oneself, Is looked upon as quite the height of folly; [Guelph,

Perhaps—in that queer kingdom of the At present watched by my sagacious SOLLY. But here—well, Cerberus serves us best when napping—

I cannot have too much promiscuous yapping.

Good dog, and useful!—under due control.

An obvious "leader," or obtrusive muzzle Would hardly do. No, I must seek my goal By other paths that duller wits might puzzle. [here;

MONROE'S frank mandate would not suit us To nab this dog would beat the average "Bobby";

But I'll make shift to catch him—by the ear; [hobby.

Lyre-thrumming, à la Orpheus, is my He and Apollo at the art might whip us, But—I'm as good a mimic as Menippus:

My own Eurydice,—I call her *Pax*.— I must secure, and mean to, at all hazards.

To soothe the triple heads my powers will tax;

I'd like to smite the monster "o'er the mazzards."

As SHAKESPEARE says, but that will hardly do; They might resent it, and begin to wrangle. No. I will try the charm of tootle-too, Likewise the subtle spell of twingle-twangle. [Orpheus,

And when I've patly played my part as Cerberus will soon be in the arms of Morpheus.

Two heads of him at least; as for the third, With that I have a private understanding.

That "OUTDANOS," (he is most absurd), Fancies his skill at Cerberus-commanding; Thinks he's a better Orpheus, far, than I:

He may be—upon trees and (British) cattle; But I should like to see the sophist try

To soothe this creature; there would be a battle!

He'd soon be in the state—oh, *absit omen!*— Of him who angered those wild Thracian women.

He subtle and sagacious "OUTIS"? Nay,

He's much more like a purblind Polyphemus,

Flinging big rocks about in his wild way.

He may out-chatter, but he can't out-scheme us.

Yes, I must keep my own dear Cerberus calm. My policy's not mad, but metamorphic.

Tum-tum! That falls upon his ears like balm. *Twang-twang!* I think that strain is truly Orphic.

He thinks I'm really Orpheus and no stranger, And whilst he's in a drowse, there's little danger. [Left twangling.

A LATE LOVE-SONG.

FOR me alone!

I know not why it should be so, She loves me—will not let me go; Yet I am—I will own it—slow, And round the waist inclined to grow. Yet glances she will at me throw, Which make my heart with rapture glow, And this is too absurd you know. The great world passing to and fro Was fain to leave her on the shelf. Whatso? She keeps her sacred self For me alone!

For me alone!

She is not fair to outward view; Her loveliness I never knew Until the girls were getting few Who took my vows *au sérieux*. And, fancy to affection true, Proceeded lavish to endure With every grace the pallid shrew, Who, like Diana, will pursue The heart, though not without an "E." And fixes her affections free On me alone!

For me alone! She will not brook Trim parlour-maid or comely cook; She shepherds me with shortest crook, And sees in my austerest look Things that one reads in yellow-book. I should not mourn if she forsook This strain'd fidelity, and took Herself awhile to other scenes; Though well—though very well—she means, She grapples me with steely hook; Ah! would she leave our ingle-nook To me alone!



ORPHEUS-BISMARCK LULLS CERBERUS TO SLEEP.



"BROTHERHOOD" PROSPECTS.

The Rev. Quiverful (watching his Daughters at play). "BY THE WAY, MARIA, WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUNG BROTHER ANSELMUS TO THE HOUSE SOMETIMES? HE'S SUCH A NICE MAN!"

Mrs. Q. "WHAT'S THE GOOD? HE HAS TAKEN VOWS OF CELIBACY!"

The Rev. Q. "ONLY FOR A YEAR, MY LOVE,—OF WHICH SIX MONTHS HAVE ALREADY EXPIRED!"

THE LIBERTIES OF LICENCE.

THE Committee of the London County Council again met at the Surrey Sessions House, Newington Causeway, yesterday, to hear applications for licences from the proprietors of out-door shows and street amusements; and the proceedings, owing to the persistent opposition of one or two members of the Committee, were of the usual lively character, and excited a considerable amount of local interest. The first case taken was that of Mr. MUGGINS, the proprietor of an itinerant Punch-and-Judy Show.

MR. NOLAND, in explanation, said that his client, the applicant, had, since he last came before the Committee, provided, as directed, fresh exit from his show in case of fire, and trusted that his licence would be renewed.

MR. McMUCHADOO rose and said, apart from all considerations of public safety, he strongly objected to the character of the exhibition altogether, as highly improper, degrading to public morality, and subversive of all regard and respect for law and order in the popular mind of the audiences who assembled to witness it. What was Punch? He was represented as a ferocious and bloodthirsty, gin-voiced villain, armed with a huge rolling-pin, with which he murdered, in turns, his wife, his friends, and the merest casual acquaintances who dropped in to see him.

A Butcher Boy, who said he frequently attended the performances, here observed that he thought it "a jolly good lark"—a remark which elicited a burst of prolonged cheering from the public in the Sessions House.

The Chairman (excitedly). If there is any further grossly indecent manifestation of this description, I'll have the Court cleared, and the entire audience thrown bodily out of window at once.

The Proprietor urged that Punch only knocked people about in a jovial, good-natured sort of way. Of course his ideas and those of the Committee might differ as to the meaning of jovial and good-natured. (*Laughter.*)

MR. McMUCHADOO said that was evident. He objected strongly, too, to the Beadle, as the representative of Authority, being knocked on the head together with the common crowd. It seemed to him that in this there was a covert attack on the County Council itself. But his complaints did not end here. On several

occasions on which he, in the discharge of his duty, had listened to the entertainment, he had noticed a song of a highly improper and suggestive character put into the mouth of a clown. What had the proprietor to say in defence of that song?

The Proprietor said he saw nothing in the song whatever. It was only one verse taken from an old nigger song book.

Mr. McMuchadoo (to the Proprietor). I happen to have taken it down, and I ask you whether the following words are fit to be uttered before a mixed audience of both sexes in the public thoroughfares (*reading*):—

"Lubly ROSA, SAMBO come,
Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum.
Someone in de copper wid Jo!"

The Proprietor. Well, I don't see what you've got to object to in that.

Mr. McMuchadoo. "Got to object to?" Why, the whole thing is most suggestive. Who is in the copper with Jo? It is open to anyone to infer that it may be the Rosa already mentioned, and that I consider a highly improper inference.

The Proprietor said the word should be altered to "no-one" in the copper with Jo. It would serve his purpose equally well, if it would suit the views of the Committee.

MR. McMUCHADOO said he thought the change smacked of subterfuge, but that the Committee would take it into consideration when discussing the matter presently. But he had still grave objections to make. It was bad enough to lower the general moral standard by the introduction of such features into an entertainment. What had he to say to bringing the Devil on the scene? Was not that a distinct attempt to tamper with public faith, as well as public morals?

The Proprietor said he certainly did not see it in that light. The Devil was only introduced as a sort of comic Bogey, as an appropriate finish to the whole affair. To take it in a serious light was, indeed, stretching a point. Why, to show the jocular vein in which the whole entertainment was conceived, Punch brought down the Curtain, so to speak, by twirling the Devil about on the top of his stick.

Mr. McMuchadoo. Yes, and I consider such a termination eminently horrible and theologically shocking.

The Committee then retired to consider their decision. In less than three minutes they returned, when the Chairman announced that they had decided on recommending the Council not to renew the licence. The Proprietor's application was, therefore, refused. The announcement was received with signs of consternation by an angry and threatening crowd, who, however, on receiving an assurance that there would be an appeal on the matter coming up for consideration before the whole Council, with "MR. ROSEBERRY" in the chair, when it was expected that the narrow and bigoted action hitherto followed by this Committee in this and other cases would be signally reversed, quietly separated, and the proceedings terminated.

QUITE PLAYFUL.—"A SUFFERER" writes,—“Sir, I have a riddle to ask you. At Toole's Theatre a piece was produced on Monday last which taxed my patience to the utmost. It was adapted from the French. No doubt in the original it was full of *risqué* situations, and certainly, even after submission to the Licensor, it was still far from lacking suggestiveness. Well, it was very long, and very dull, and not too well played. And yet, under the title of *The Bungalow*, it was acted, and is still being acted (so far as I know), at Toole's Theatre. Now for the riddle that has been puzzling me ever since I saw the piece. Given the theatre and the play, why was the one used for the other? Do you give it up? So do I!—unless the joke was in the title—*The Bungle O!*”

VERY SMART AND UP TO DATE.—We see advertised a new work by HAWLEY SMART, entitled, *Without Love or Licence*. Probably *à propos* of the Music-hall County Council question. If so, it should be announced as by MUSIC-HAWLEY SMART.

MR. SHARPER always dealt himself a good hand of trumps. Subsequently suspicions were aroused as to his not playing fairly. "Ah," observed a considerable loser at cards, "that accounts for a good deal."



DRAMATIC CONTRAST.

Portrait of Music-hall Proprietor (any time during the year except September, listening to Lionne Comique Songstress).

"SHE'LL DO! RATHER SPICY! SONG AND DANCE! HA! HA! BY JOVE! THAT'LL FETCH 'EM! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HAVING A LICENCE IF YOU DON'T TAKE A LITTLE NOW AND THEN!"

Portrait of the Same on Licensing Day, before the Licensing Committee of the County Council.

Counsel (for the Licence). "MY CLIENT AGREES THAT THE SONG AND DANCE WAS OF A MOST OBJECTIONABLE CHARACTER, AND THAT IMMEDIATELY HE HEARD IT HE FORBODE THE LIONNE COMIQUE SONGSTRESS EVER TO SING IT AGAIN, ON PAIN OF DISMISSAL." [*Licence renewed.*]

FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

(Comparison of Theatricals, with a Suggestion for "The Middleman.")

THERE yet may be some things "which are managed better in France;" but certainly theatres are not of the number. Except the Grand Opéra, there is not a comfortable theatre in Paris,—not even the Français; and, as to scenic effect, go where you will, it would be difficult to find the spectacle of Drury Lane, the Lyceum and the Adelphi equalled, still less excelled. Again, the way in which a comedy is placed on the stage of the Gymnase would not be tolerated at any one of our Comedy theatres.

And then the French *ingénues*! Take the best representative of the type, whom, as the Standard-bearer in the song says of "the Lady of his love"—"I will not name," and what a mass of affectation she is,—how coarsely painted, how artificial! As an example of what they cannot do better in Paris, I would instance the two young girls in *The Middleman* at the Shaftesbury. For simplicity of "make-up," for gentle pathos and sprightly humour, commend me to Miss MAUD MILLET for the first two, and to Miss ANNIE HUGHES for all three combined. Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES seems to have been unconsciously thinking of *Esther* and *Polly Eccles*,—though I doubt if he had a *Caste* in his mind's eye, while scheming out this really well-conceived and admirably-written drama,—when he designed these characters, and assigned to one of them the officer lover, and to the other the common artisan. But, be that as it may, here are two *ingénues*, two young middle-class girls, possessing some educational and social advantages, perfectly played by two young actresses without the over-Indian-ink'd, belladonna'd "lovely black eyes," without such adventitious aids to beauty as pink ears, coloured eyelids, powdered faces, pearl-whitened arms and hands, and rose-pinked nails, without which French actresses of no matter what age, young or old, ingenious or crafty, never seem to consider themselves "fit to be seen" on the stage,—or, perhaps, off it.

As to the play itself, which Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES tells me

was directly inspired by Mr. Punch's picture and poem about the Middleman,—this too is among the things that couldn't have been written better in France. Mr. MACKINTOSH is the Middleman he represents, who stands between the inventor and the public; *Batty Todd*, excellently played by Mr. CANE, batters on the Middleman. *Batty* (O Shades of Astley's Amphitheatre!) rides the Middleman.

Could the representative of *Cyrus Blenkarn* be improved upon in Paris anywhere? No; Mr. WILLARD's is a powerful performance, never exaggerated, never obtrusive, and only once theatrical, and that, I should say, is probably the fault of author and actor. I allude to the last situation:—A letter arrives, the contents of which the audience may subsequently guess from the events, but do not know at the time, and never do really know, as only Miss HUGHES and Mr. GARDEN (excellent!) are in the secret; then *Captain Julian*, who has now married *Blenkarn's* daughter, whom he had previously betrayed, comes in alone, for the evident theatrical reason of affording Mr. WILLARD a chance to give *Julian* a violent shaking, as if about to take his life; then a second chance of showing how he can suffer from a sudden revulsion of feeling (perfectly unintelligible on any but theatrical grounds), when he commands the Captain to produce his wife, of whose identity with his daughter he is unaware; and a third chance, of course, when his daughter *Mary*, whom he believes dead, and who is now Mrs. *Captain Chandler* (of the first Night Lights), enters, when there is nothing left for Mr. WILLARD except to go off his head (which wouldn't do), or to be killed by the sudden shock, which of course would be too tragical an ending, or to go through a whole cycle of emotions in half a minute, and fall speechless on his daughter's neck. It is the last alternative which the actor selects, and does it admirably, and, on this touching situation, reached by a conventional theatrical process, the Curtain descends.

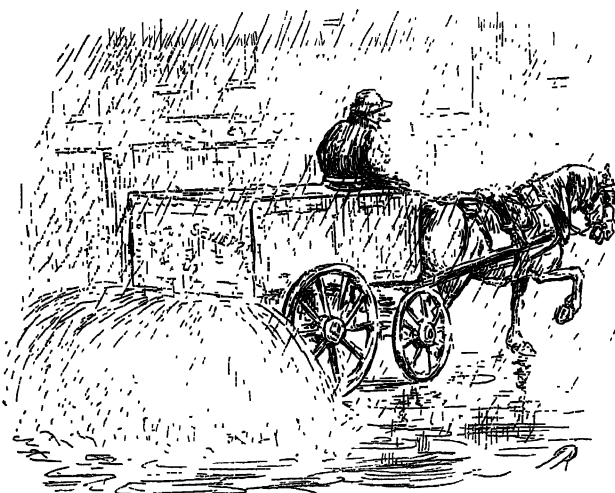
Success condones this employment of theatrical artifice, which is the only blot on the piece; that is, as it seems to me. Here is the remedy. Why shouldn't that first-rate old scoundrel, Mr. MIDDLE-



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 3. L-RD GR-NV-LLE.

MAN MACKINTOSH," have cleared his son's character, and confessed to his having destroyed the letter in which his son offered marriage? When Chandler the Bankrupt wants to ingratiate himself with *Blenkarn* the Capitalist, isn't this exactly what he would have done, so as to wipe off the heaviest item in the score that *Blenkarn* has against him? Then when that secret information is received by Miss HUGHES and Mr. GARDEN, couldn't AUTHOR JONES have contrived some situation analogous to the one in *Caste*, where the lively sister gradually prepares the sad widow for the re-appearance of her

husband? Imagine a similar scene, played by Miss HUGHES, Mr. GARDEN, and Mr. WILLARD, leading up to the entrance of the daughter, followed by her husband, both of whom have already arrived, have been seen by the audience, and kept in the background until the psychological moment. I have no hesitation in saying that this would have been a grand scene and a strong situation worth a dozen such stereotyped theatrical makeshifts as is the one which now brings down the Curtain. But I don't suppose that HENRY AUTHOR will alter this at the suggestion of THE MEDDLE-MAN.



SUPEREROGATION. (A Recent Sketch in Holborn.)

POLICE INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

(Supplied by our Prophetic Reporter for 1895.)

YESTERDAY, the Duke of SOUTH KENSINGTON, the Marquis of BEDFORD PARK, the Earl of AQUARIUM, Lords BELGRAVIA, TYBURNIA, and BURLINGTON OF ARCADIA, with some thirty other Noblemen and Gentlemen, were charged before the presiding Magistrate with being proprietors of a gambling Club known as "Black's," and taking part in certain games of chance called whist, *écarté*, and billiards.

The Inspector-General of Police (instructed by the London County Council) prosecuted, and the Defendants were represented, by Sir GEORGE LEWIS, Bart., M.P.

The Inspector-General of Police stated that, from information received from the Inquisitor-in-Chief of the London County Council, he had caused "Black's" to be watched night and day for the last two months.

Sir George Lewis. What has the London County Council to do with a prosecution of this character? Surely their jurisdiction only extends to Music-Halls?

The Magistrate. I will make a note of your objection, Sir GEORGE. The Inspector-General explained, that he believed that Music-Halls had ceased to exist for some time, owing to the action of the Council, and that several of the larger establishments had been purchased by the same body and converted into workhouses.

Sir George Lewis. And I suppose the workhouses are now filled with the employés of the Music-Halls?

The Inspector-General. I believe so.

The Prosecutor then described how the raid upon the Club was conducted. It appears that, at half-past eleven, after the theatres were over, half-a-dozen police-constables made a rush for the hall-porter, whom they succeeded in gagging with "the latest intelligence," which had just arrived on a slip from the House of Commons. Having overcome this obstacle (who made a desperate resistance), thirty more constables were introduced, and a vigorous search was made for the page-boys, who, it was believed, would give an alarm, and thus frustrate the intention of the Authorities.

SIR GEORGE asked if the Inspector-General had any warrant authorising him to arrest the page-boys.

The Inspector-General replied that he had not—but this point was immaterial, as the page-boys were out on strike, the Committee having declined to allow them to wear tail-coats instead of buttons. (Laughter.) He continued: The coffee-room was then searched, and the Duke of SOUTH KENSINGTON, and the Marquis of BEDFORD PARK were immediately arrested.

Sir George. Were not His Grace and the noble Earl only partaking of grilled bones, and a pint of light champagne?

The Inspector-General (who promised to produce the supper-bill) said this might be the case, but His Grace was heard to offer to challenge the noble Lord to "match him" who should settle with the head waiter.

Sir George. Surely "Matching" is not a game of chance?

The Magistrate. I have been looking through the Act of HENRY THE EIGHTH, upon which these proceedings seem to be founded, and I fancy that "Matching" would come within the meaning of the statute. I am not sure, but I fancy that Cardinal WOLSEY used to indulge in some such game at Hampton Court; but I will consult the Authorities at the British Museum.

Sir George. And these Noblemen and Gentlemen are to be put to

the inconvenience of appearing before your Worship because some statute was passed three or four hundred years ago with the evident intention of causing annoyance to Cardinal WOLSEY!

The Magistrate. Well, you know, Sir GEORGE, we do not make the laws. We have only to see that they are not infringed.

The Inspector-General (continued). The Police, after leaving the supper-room, then entered an apartment where a game of Pyramids was progressing.

Sir George. Is it suggested that the Police actually saw the billiard-balls on the table?

The Inspector-General replied that it was not, but on searching the pockets of one of the Defendants (Lord BURLINGTON OF ARCADIA), no less than five red balls were found in his Lordship's coat-pockets, and the Marker, on the entrance of the constables, was seen to swallow the remainder. Twelve of the Defendants were taken in the billiard-room, but several other Members (not at present in custody) escaped through the window. One person, well known to the Police as a prize-fighter, of the name of "JIM the Infant Slogger," made so determined a resistance that he made good his escape.

Sir George. Is it suggested that "JIM the Infant Slogger" is a member of "Black's"?

The Prosecutor said that he had been given to understand that the gentleman in question was an Hon. Member under a rule of the Club which permitted the Committee to elect to Hon. Membership persons distinguished in Literature, Science, and Art.

Sir George (after consultation with his Clients). I find that the gentleman is an Hon. Member.

The Magistrate. I am not surprised to hear it. As a pupil of "JIM the Infant Slogger," I can myself testify to his claims to Science.

(Cheers, which were with difficulty suppressed by the Usher.)

The Inspector-General (continued). After leaving the billiard-tables, the Police visited the card-room, where they found a number of the Defendants busily engaged in playing whist. There was no attempt to conceal the cards up their sleeves.

Sir George (indignantly). I should think not! My clients are not card-sharpers!

The Inspector-General said, that *écarté* was also being played in the card-room, and there was one old gentleman, fast asleep over a cribbage-board.

Sir George. I think you were present at this point. Why were not the Members arrested at once? I am instructed that there was some delay.

Inspector-General. Well, I am an old whist-player myself, and I did not like to interrupt the game until the conclusion of the rubber.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS then addressed the Bench, contending, that the case had not been made out. Pyramids and Whist were not games of chance, and as for "Matching," with the assistance of a lucky halfpenny, that also might be removed from the same category. No doubt his Worship would remember that a kindred amusement known as "Pitch-and-toss" had been decided not to be a game of chance.

The Presiding Magistrate. Can you give me the case you are quoting?

Sir George. Certainly. You will find it in Q.B.D., page 11,897. It is the case of *Coz versus Boz*, Bouncer interpleading. However, if your Worship decides to send the matter for trial, I, on behalf of my clients, will reserve the Defence.

The Magistrate said he had given this case very careful consideration, and had come to the conclusion that he had no option, but must send the Defendants to be tried at the Central Criminal Court. He did not wish to increase the pain that an appearance before him under such humiliating circumstances must cause to so many men of light and leading, but it was his duty to point out to them that there was no excuse for their conduct. If they wanted to gamble, why did they not go to the Stock Exchange, or Tattersall's, where they might indulge their taste to the utmost without fear of unpleasant consequences.

The Defendants were then admitted to bail in £20,000 each, with one surety for the same amount. SIR GEORGE LEWIS having tendered himself as security for all his clients, the proceedings terminated.

A NEW "TEACHER'S ASSISTANT."—Last week's *Saturday Review* has an article entitled "Music hath Charms," describing a system of education "apparently of American devising," that shows how easily boys may be taught by the teacher singing the instruction, and his pupils joining in chorus. Among the examples given is the following, where the teacher sings, recitatively:—

"Black and wintry is the sky,"

and then the boys are to sing it all together. There is nothing novel in this. In *Betsy* the tutor adopts this plan for teaching dynamics and mechanics, and selects the air of "Said Aaron to Moses," his pupils answering their instructor with "Right you are, says Moses," which would be very appropriate, by the way, if the tutor were demonstrating the agreement of scientific geological theories with the Biblical cosmogony.

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UNFILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

VIII.

DULNESS, unmitigated dulness,
 reigns [Wearied brains,
 In this grey southern suburb.
 Dead hearts, and pallid faces,
 Seem native to this worse than
 desert waste
 Of stony streets untouched by
 human taste,
 Untuned by Nature's graces.
 Even decay and desolation lone
 Some semblance of the pictu-
 resque put on;
 But these rectangular ranges
 Of close-packed dwellings never
 seem to know
 Dawn's radiance gay, the even-
 ing's golden glow,
 The seasons' kindly changes.

Unroof these sordid sheds spread
 on the sight [mirk of night,
 In miles monotonous through the
 And what will greet our vision?
 Close toil, keen pain, coarse mirth, and vulgar
 vice,
 All that might move sleek Culture's soul of
 ice

To cynical derision.

Beneath yon glimmering garret's sloping
 slates,

What sordid scene our searching eye awaits?
 "See!" sighed the Shadow. Slowly
 Through the thick gloom a tragic *tableau*
 shaped.

Not with fine trappings of the stage are
 draped

The dramas of the lowly.

"The secrets of the strong," remarked my
 guide,

"Like basking sharks, lie hid beneath the
 tide

That ripples calm above them.

This is the day of 'Booms,' of those 'Big
 Things'

The leader-writer, our true Laureate, sings.
 How lesser things must love them!

"The little things of life await the doom
 Of yeomen and the dodo. Where is room
 In the great huckster hustle
 For petty independence? Though it strive
 How can it hope to conquer and survive
 'Midst Trade's belligerent bustle?"

"The world adopts the great Darwinian test;
 The fittest are the strongest, not the best.
 What use to war with Nature?

The Town is strewn with scattered wrecks of
 those

Who strove to hold their own with giant foes,
 Though dwarfs in strength and stature.

"See one of them, in this dismantled room,
 His grey head bowed in dull despairing gloom
 Upon the scant-spread table!

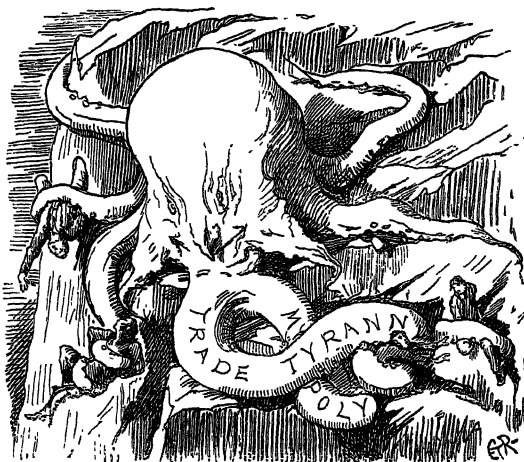
No, friend, the Tragedy of Trade to-day
 Has not the dignity of classic play,
 The grace of epic fable.

He was a prosperous petty tradesman once,
 And held his head up—poor deluded dunce!—
 With quite amusing vanity.

'Tis low enough at present, is it not?
 How should the earthen brave the brazen pot?
 The effort shows insanity.

"He serves a Big Store bully humbly now,
 A gorgeous creature whose Olympian brow
 Scowls, and he shrinks and shivers.
 The bully sold him down and bought him
 up."

"Strange," muttered I, "how souls on sorrow
 Whilst there are ropes and rivers!"



"Friend," said the Shadow, "yonder black
 Thames stream

Holds more crushed pride than pride un-
 crushed may dream;

But this poor broken 'duffer'
 Possessed a conscience and six children; ties
 Which nerve e'en his unheroic energies
 To live,—which means to suffer.

"'Duffer' his rich supplanter calls his tool.
 Knavish success dubs honest failure fool,
 A charge the world endorses."

"Is it," I asked, "Leviathan's fault, or fate's?
 Tends not our world to huge compacted states
 And concentrated forces?"

The Shadow smiled. "'Tis scarcely strange
 to find

BISMARCKS and Big Store bullies of a mind.

Yet Behemoth may bellow,
 Loudly and long about the glorious goal
 Of the Absorbing Arts ere he'll console
 Their prey—like this poor fellow.

"Could you have seen him, pompously polite,
 Behind his counter trim with apron white,
 Sealing out lard or gammon,
 Watching him now you'd question the great
 gain

Of sweeping him, sad slave, in the huge train
 Of all-absorbing Mammon.

"Him, and so many like him. Yonder dines
 Mammon himself. Fair women, dainty wines
 Adorn his glittering table.

How bright eyes gleam upon the lord of gain!
 So some would smile upon full-coffered Cain
 Fresh from the grave of Abel.

A huge Trade-Octopus he knows the arts
 Which make such monsters masters of our
 marts.

Mere huckstering will not fatten
 The creatures fast enough; they must pull
 down

In herds the peddling toilers of the Town,
 And on them gorge and batten.

"So swell huge fortunes; by such spider-craft
 Wealth plumps on wreckage, and no tainted
 waft

From the trade shambles reaches
 Society's dainty nose. There Ceresus sits,
 Admired by women and amused by wits,
 Amidst his pines and peaches.

"And one poor broken tool, whom but to-day
 He flung with words of callous scorn away,
 Bows there, in hopeless ruin.

Redress? Resistance? He as well might hope
 To strive with Ceresus, as a child to cope
 With the brute-clutch of Bruin.

"His daughter—she was once a trim
 coquette,
 Is now a haggard slattern, comely yet,
 But chill from long despairing—
 Out of her cheerlessness essays to cheer
 Greed's victim, but his eyes are dim, his ear
 Is dull, well-nigh past caring."

"Father!" — I hear her voice — "Take
 heart, look up!
 You'll need your strength to-morrow; rouse
 and sup.

See, father, I've forgotten
 Our tyrant's words of insult. Years ago
 He flattered me on my good looks, you
 know."

"Base brute, and misbegotten!"

(So the poor father, stung at last, outflames)
 "Flattery from him is worse than scorn; it
 shames

Me—you—but to remember
 The glosing words which schemed your ruin.
 Yes!

Now you've no witchery,—in that draggled
 dress—

To fan dead passion's ember.

"Shrink not, girl! What have you and
 I to do

With sensibilities? Put on the screw,
 Rich brute, turn hard, turn often!
 What matter though our hearts, our lives it
 crush? [blush

Your heart nor man's appeal nor woman's
 Hath any strength to soften."

"Let us be gone!" I cried. "I little care
 To play eavesdropper upon mad despair,
 Or spy on passion's anguish."

"So be it!" sighed the Shade. "He thrives,
 yon knave,

Whilst his poor victim to a pauper's grave
 Must lingeringly languish!

"Said I not that the secrets of the strong
 Were sinister? The ceaseless tale of wrong
 Hums through this opulent City
 In scarce-heard undertones. The countless
 slain [plain,
 Cumbering the clods of Mammon's battle-
 Few mark, and fewer pity."

(To be continued.)

A "UNIVERSAL" AND A "PARTICULAR."—
 HARRY QUILLER of the ever Red-y *Universal*
Review, has attacked MERRY ANDREW LANG,
 under the impression that he had been pre-
 viously attacked by the latter in an article on
 WILKIE COLLINS in the *Saturday Review*.
 The *Saturday* replies denying that MERRY
 ANDREW wrote, or knew anything about the
 article in question. Instead of being neat of
 fence, and pinking the Red 'Un with a rapier,
 as we should have expected of the *Saturday's*
 Editor, he goes in for quilting QUILLER. The
 quarrel is a very pretty one as it stands, till
 next month, when we shall see if it's a case
 of "Q. in the corner" or not. Logically, the
 "particular" upsets the "Universal."

MANSFIELD COLLEGE.—Those benighted
 Londoners who only connect the name of
 "Mansfield" with a memorable occupation
 of the Lyceum, ask if the two leading pro-
 fessors in this Educational establishment will
 be *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*, both taken by
 one person to save a salary? We beg to inform
 these ignorant individuals that Mansfield
 College is not theatrical but Nonconformist,
 and the artful Dissenters are congratulating
 themselves on having been able to "take a
 site" at the Old University.

MEM. FOR THE DIRECTORS.—The Aquarium
 ought certainly not to be a place for "loose
 fish."

THE THREE JUDGES.

A SONG OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. AIR—"The Three Ravens."



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THERE were three Judges sat on a Bench,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
And from their task they all did blench,
With a down.
And one of them said to the others,
"Oh, here's a bore, my learned Brothers;
With a down derry, derry, derry down
down."

Behold! alas, at yonder table,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
Gather the counsel sage and able.
With a down!
They rouse us from Vacation sleep,
Us many a day they yet may keep;
With a down derry, derry, derry down
down."

The faithful public hither hie,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;

To hear Sir HENRY by-and-by,
With a down.
And see there comes G-REE L-w-s! Oh!
DAY, SMITH, this is an fearful go!
With a down, derry, derry, derry down
down."

DAY lifted up his drowsy head,
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
He sighed, "I would I were in bed,
On the down."

SMITH said, "It takes an awful time
To search the source of Irish crime;"
With a down, derry, derry, derry down
down."

Grave HANNEN yawned, and said, "I wis"—
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;
"Cute RUSSELL is well out of this;"
With a down."

"Heaven send we soon may close the Court,
And give our minds to our Report!"
With a down, derry, derry, derry down
down."

INTERESTED SUPPORTERS.—The Chaplain,
the Recorder, and the Mace-bearer, are most
anxious that Sir HENRY ISAACS should stick
to his principles, and walk the whole way
along the line of procession. Individually,
each of these distinguished personages thinks
that the other two ought to accompany the
LORD MAYOR, so that the remaining one of
the City trio would have the State Coach *all*
to himself!

THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.—Is it quite a
toss-up? As the French say, "*PEEL ou*
face?"

"THE MAN WHO SAID HE WAS SALA."

"CHARGE OF IMPERSONATION.—At Worcester Quarter Sessions yesterday a man named STEVENSON was sentenced to three months' hard labour for having obtained board and lodging by false pretences. In June last he went to several hotels in Worcester and Malvern, representing himself to be Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. He said he was a very comical fellow and would give the hotel-keepers good notices in a book he was writing. His luggage consisted of a dog-whip, a time-table, a cucumber in brown paper, and a hamper of vegetables. He said he had a grand house in London, and had dined with DICKENS and THACKERAY. He denied any intention to defraud, and said he had been driven to it by drink and domestic trouble."

—Times, October 17.

O HAVE you heard the news of late?
If not, I'll post you up to date,
And tell you of the wretched fate
Of the Man who said he was SALA!
He went about with lots of chaff,
He said he wrote for the *Telegraph*,
And that he'd give you a hearty laugh
If you stood him a pint of half-and-half,
He went about to every town
With luggage packed in paper brown;
But he claimed to himself world-wide renown,
Did the Man who said he was SALA!

He boarded and lodged at Worcester, whence
To Malvern he went at great expense;
He lived, without paying, which showed the sense
Of the Man who said he was SALA!

They took him in at the best hotels,
They thought he was the biggest of swells,
Then he took them in, so history tells,
Which was but fair in the way of "sells,"
His luggage,—a time-table, whip with lash,
A cucumber, hamper of green-stuff, trash,
But not so green as those who lent cash
To the Man who said he was SALA!

He'd stories of DICKENS and THACKERAY too,
And all the distinguished men he knew
Were boon companions, good and true,
Of the Man who said he was SALA!
He promised that he, in return for each gift,
Would write 'em a puff which would give them a lift,
But some one, suspecting the lute had a rift,
Prosaic, determined the matter to sift,
Alas! how impersonation may fail!
The Magistrates, after they'd heard the whole tale,
Decided on sending for three months' to gaol
The Man who said he was SALA!



"WELL OUT OF IT."

Uncle. "AND YOU LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, ETHEL?"

Ethel (promptly). "YETH, UNCLE."

Uncle. "AND WHO ARE YOUR ENEMIES, DEAR?"

Ethel (in an awful whisper). "THE DEV—"

[The Old Gentleman doesn't see his way further, and drops the subject.]

COURT SHIFTS.

From a Very Well-informed Correspondent.

IT is reported that the CZAR has just written a private letter to the EMPEROR WILLIAM cordially thanking him for the precautions he took to protect his person during his two days' recent visit to Berlin. It is not, however, generally known that the Russian Police Authorities more than met the EMPEROR half-way, by having no less than three doubles of their August Master ready for any emergency. It was owing to the fact that, through some blunder, one of these who had been substituted for the real CZAR could not be changed again in time, and so was borne on by the official programme, and had to take his place at the Imperial Luncheon-table, that the untoward incident over the reply to the EMPEROR's speech arose. What the confused substitute really said was not in French, but in broad Russian. The words, too, of which he made use were not as reported:—"I reciprocate the sentiments of my beloved brother and ally, and empty my glass to the glorious traditions of the two armies. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" But, "Goodness gracious! I don't know what to say. It's too bad of them to have let me in for this!" This he mumbled out in a low voice, much at first to the surprise of his host, who, however, on getting a wink from BISMARCK, soon discovered what had happened, and only took care the incident should not leak out, by himself revising and correcting the proof-sheets of the Court Circular for the official journal. Again, later in the evening, a similar hitch occurred, another of the doubles having, by some mismanagement, been taken, instead of the CZAR himself, to the Gala Performance at the Theatre.

The newspaper reports of the evening's proceedings had noted the fact that there seemed a decided coldness of manner in the conduct of the EMPEROR to the CZAR. This, of course, was accounted for by the circumstance that the EMPEROR discovered he had been again told off to entertain a dummy. Later in the evening, the sham CZAR was smuggled out, and the real one took his place; and it was laughing

over this incident that gave the character of "jovial intercourse" to the conversation between the two potentates on which the papers next morning indulged in such favourable comments.

The departure of the CZAR from Berlin was conducted with more than usual precaution. Three sham Imperial trains, with a dummy CZAR ostentatiously displayed at the windows of an Imperial saloon carriage in each, having been started simultaneously respectively from three stations in different directions, while His Majesty, disguised as a common droschky-driver, really departed half-an-hour later in a horse-box attached to an ordinary third-class mail.

But the precautionary measures did not end here. On his arrival at Neufahrwasser, the CZAR instantly made for the beach, and passing the night in a bathing-machine, hung about on the look-out for the arrival of the *Derjava*, which was bringing the CZARINA and his children to meet him. Here, again, he had recourse to his doubles; and, leaving one to represent him in the bathing-machine, and another lunching in his own saloon carriage, drove through the back streets of the town in a common cab, catching the third-class train for Königsberg, at which place, disguised as a commercial traveller, he arrived at twenty minutes after six.

Still preserving his *incognito*, at one time appearing in a long white beard and spectacles, and at another donning a red wig and bagpipes, personating a travelling Scotchman, His Majesty at length touched the Russian frontier. Here, having assured himself that Mounted Cossacks, three yards apart, guarded the whole line on both sides all the way to St. Petersburg, and, having dispatched the three dummy Emperors in three sham Imperial trains in front of him, he donned his own proper dress, and following them in a luggage van, drawn by a pilot-engine, somewhat fatigued by the changes of his continued "variety entertainment," reached his home once again in safety.

ANOTHER TITLE TO DISTINCTION.—*The Birds of Mr. Marks, R.A., or, The Birds of Aristophanes, R.A.*

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

"Is this the head?"—Miss Squeers.

Of the local Guide-books *Twiss's*, which I have already mentioned, s by far the best, but the ordinary maps of North Devon are decidedly unsatisfactory for the pedestrian or equestrian. The bicyclists' map, which is generally useful for a rider, is of very little service here, as it is not a knowledge of high roads but of the lanes, short cuts and bye-ways, that gives the horseman the advantage over the traveller in a carriage, and the space he can cover without fatigue gives him his advantage over the pedestrian. But the bicyclist map does not assist you here; indeed, the ordinary map which accompanies *Twiss's Guide* is the best I've seen up to now.



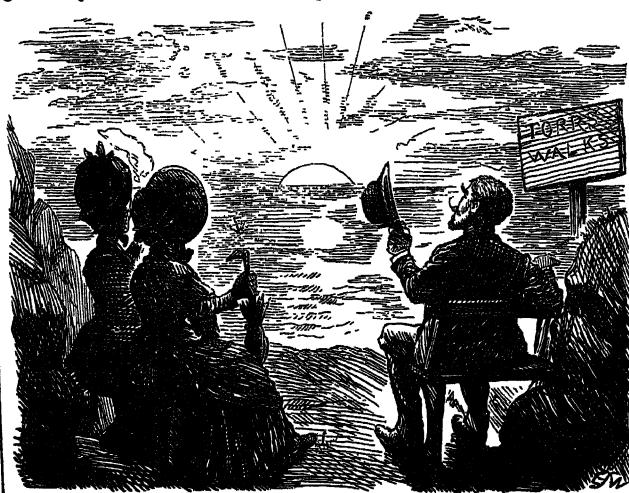
Down to Lynmouth.

—and I cannot find it in its pages,—is certainly incomplete."

The guide-books give the distances accurately, but rarely do they give you more than one route to any place, and still more rarely do they inform you of public foot-paths across fields. MURRAY's young men should be sent out again, some on bicycles, and some walking, and some riding, and let the result be a good, clear, well-defined map of North Devon, with short cuts distinctly marked, and let the instructions tell us whether a town or village is supposed to be at the end, in the middle or at the beginning of its name on the map, as an eighth of an inch on the map makes about four miles difference on the road.

Essential for North Devon.—A good waterproof. Not one of your showy, flimsy, so-convenient, roll-up-to-nothing-and-weigh-less-than-that, which will tear and split like rotten rag, and costs from three to five guineas, but an ample, long, stout waterproof, made to brave the Scotch mists that have gone astray in North Devon, the torrents, the showers, the after-dripping from the trees, and that won't tear on its catching in any obstacle when mounting a coach or embarking in a boat.

Time's up! Our Own Mr. and Mrs. COOK and all the little COOKIES must depart for town. COPELEY MARKHAM has left us for Paris. Young SKRYMMAGER is climbing the Welsh Mountains. The Poet has gone to stay with his publisher. Miss BRONDESLEY has been sent for, and she parts from ANNE TRUDGER with "cheers, tears, and laughter." One more breaking-up. Sad thing, all breaking-up gradually. The Ilfracombe holiday is at an end.



"Down Again!" The Last Ha'porth of Sunset. Grand Finale.

SHALL WILKIE COLLINS HAVE A MEMORIAL?—Certainly: otherwise he may be forgotten, as he left *No Name* worth mentioning.

A GRIEVANCE AT THE GROSVENOR.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SHOULD like to know what the world is coming to. The Art-world is undoubtedly tottering to its fall, and will shortly cease to exist. You have doubtless heard of the disastrous catastrophe that took place last week, which came upon us like a thunder-clap, and which has undoubtedly sealed the fate of the Grosvenor Gallery, and has removed for ever Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY from the exalted pedestal on which We had placed him. At the very last moment I was informed that there would be no *Private View* at the Grosvenor Gallery! It is too bad! This is the reward for years of faithfulness. I who—by reason of my extraordinary costumes, by my weird expression, by my high voice, and by my striking attitudes—along with my band of devoted disciples—who have been the making of Sir COUTTS—to find that we were disestablished at one rough blow, and to hear that we could come in with the *Common Shilling Public*. That, my dear Sir, is what I absolutely refuse to do! What do I care for Pastels? What do I care for Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, or GAINSBOROUGH, or Sir JOHN MILLAIS, or VANDYKE, or Old Masters, or Young Masters, or Middle-aged Masters? What does anybody care for them? The object of the Grosvenor Gallery, Sir, is *Art*. And the real meaning of Art is a crowded *Private View*, in a hot room, and the feeling that you are a celebrity! Oh, the glow of glory that comes over me when I hear people audibly whisper, "There goes Mrs. SHAD-THAMES!" Oh, the delight, when one knows that the name of Mrs. SHAD-THAMES will be chronicled amid the host of distinguished people who were "observed." Oh, the rapture when one feels a dozen *Lady-journalists* are minutely taking down every detail of one's costume! Again, I ask, is the Profession of Private-Viewer—a profession, which, by the way, requires neither taste, beauty nor intellect, but something beyond all; a *Private-Viewer*, like a poet, is born not made—to be ruthlessly crushed by some silly fad of the Head of the Grosvenor? If Sir COUTTS thinks he can compensate Society for his unceremonious treatment of Us, by inviting a few of his private friends to take tea in the Gallery on Sunday—all I can say, is, Sir COUTTS is most egregiously mistaken. And when the time comes, as it surely will come, when he sits alone in his Gallery while the public no longer pay their shillings, and he will have the satisfaction of enjoying the very *privatist* of *Private Views*, I trust his conscience will smite him for his scandalous treatment of We, who, have made him! When I look at my terra-cotta gown, my slashed canary sack, my artistically bulged fluffy hat, especially prepared for last week, when I think I shall no longer be chronicled as a celebrity three or four times a year, and that my occupation is gone for ever, I declare I could cry with vexation! Believe me, to be,

Yours wrathfully,

SOPHONISBA SHAD-THAMES.

FOR LODER OR PEEL ("WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE DEAR") ON FRIDAY NEXT:—

"And all his prospects Brightening to the last."

Quoted from "Resignation."

GREAT BARGAIN.—SECOND-HAND GOLD STICK TO BE DISPOSED OF.—Owing to recent changes at Court involving the suppression of the functionary who has hitherto made use of the above-named useful and ornamental article, he is now willing to part with it at a merely nominal value. It would cut up into a couple of elegant walking-sticks or umbrella handles, or, subdivided into three, would furnish a handsome and showy set of presentation cricket stumps. Would also chop up into an effective set of drawing-room ninepins. Might still be used with effect at a cannibal court ceremony, and if any enterprising Missionary wished to purchase it with a view to utilising it in this fashion, the Advertiser, who is a thorough Master in the Art of carrying it with becoming effect, will be happy for the purchase money, to throw in as well, a few lessons in "Official Deportment!"



QUITE THE STILTON!

Suggestion for the Lord Mayor Elect should the Ninth of November be a particularly dirty day.



HOW DOES HE LIKE THIS?

Dedicated to the Rev. Hee-Hancois, who thinks dogs ought to be used for draught purposes "because they like it."

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

MR. H. S. MARKS, R.A., on the subject of birds is bound to be interesting. Says the great Bird-painter:—

"I always say that people like birds for three reasons:—To shoot—To eat—To wear."

Quite so. Mr. MARKS doubtless thinks, and Mr. Punch agrees with him, that birds were not intended only to be shot, eaten, or even worn. Indeed, the latter custom rouses Mr. MARKS's indignation, as it often has Mr. Punch's. Says the former:—

"There is nothing makes me so furious as this miserable fashion of birds in bonnets."

Hear! Hear! But Mr. MARKS adds:—

"Next to a Woman, a Bird is the loveliest thing in creation."

Humph! Perhaps lovely Woman might ingeniously retort, that that is just the reason why she likes to wear them *next to her*! A woman, who is capable of "killing birds to enhance her beauty," is quite capable of turning Mr. MARKS' words against him. But the outspoken R.A. is right. Birds in bonnets (like dirt), are just "matter in the wrong place." Perhaps, if people knew more about birds, as much as Mr. MARKS does, for instance, they would not be so eager to decorate themselves *à la Chocktaw*, with their stolen plumes and wantonly slain bodies. Mr. Punch is quite ready to join the good painter in a crusade against the beautiful (but barbarous) bird-slaughters:—

Hang me, Ladies fair, if tell I can
Why you'd slay the blameless pelican,
Or—to utilise slang lingo—
"Spifflicate" the poor flamingo,
Give the "adjutant" his gruel,
And, with faces blandly cruel,
Cause the stork, the crane, the gannet,
To skeddaddle from our planet,
Like the dodo, prematurely,
Just to deck your bonnets! Surely
In pursuit of Fashion-culture
To kill out the useful vulture,

Or exterminate the eagle
Bird (excuse the rhyme) so regal
Rob, as it is feared your manner is,
Of its snowy plumes our swanneries;
Needlessly "wipe out" macaws,
And, without sufficient cause,
Lessen, as by annual inches,
Our supplies of tits and finches.
Surely all this ruthless slaughter
Means disgrace to each EVE's daughter;
All these birds are found you know
In friend MARKS's great "Bird Show."
These and more in great variety
See at the Fine Art Society,
One, four, eight, New Bond Street, W.
Ladies, Mr. Punch will trouble you
To attend this fine display,
Which you'll owe to MARKS, R.A.
Oddities in Ornithology
There you'll see. Then make apology
To your Mentor, Mr. P.,
And all join the S. P. B.!

The S. P. B., or Society for the Protection of Birds, Mr. Punch may inform repentant bird-slaughters, was formed at the beginning of the present year to "discourage the enormous sacrifice of bird-life at present exacted by the milliners," and, of course, acquiesced in by the matrons and maidens the milliners cater for. "The sole obligation of members is that they shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird that is not killed for purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted." Not a *very* severe self-denying ordinance that, Ladies? "It is hoped" (says the Hon. Sec.), "that many women will feel induced to join the Society (to which there is no subscription), and so make a protest against the present wholesale destruction of wild and singing birds."

Mr. Punch heartily echoes this wish. So, he is sure, does Mr. MARKS. The Hon. Sec. says she shall be happy to receive the names of intending members; and she signs herself, EMILY WILLIAMSON, The Croft, Didsbury, near Manchester. *Verb. sat, Ladies!*

TO A FAIR NICOTIAN.

(WITH A WHIFF OF LORD TENNYSON.)

DEAR Lady CLARA, let me, pray,
Remonstrate. It's beyond a joke,
When your flirtations, so you say,
Begin, as oft they end, in smoke.
You're beautiful, but fairer far
You'd be, if only you would let—
Your male friends smoke that big cigar,
And yield them too that cigarette.

You smoke because you think it's fast.

How sad the day when you began

To bridge the difference—so vast—

Between a woman and a man.

The heroine of idle tales,

Of scorn, of slander, and dispraise;

Your womanhood is lost 'mid veils

Of smoke, your foolish lips upraise.

And, Lady CLARA, though mayhap

These words may never reach your ear;

Young LAURENCE was a decent chap,

And his old mother held him dear.

Why did you teach the hapless boy

To smoke?—'twas quite against his will;

Tobacco, you so much enjoy,

Made him, we know, extremely ill.

Oh, trust me, CLARA, though I like,

Myself, my yard-long Brosely clay,

Your lovers all will go on strike,

If you smoke in this awful way.

How'er it be, it seems, my girl,

Your ladyship too oft forgets

A maiden's lips were meant to curl

And kiss, and not smoke cigarettes.

Dear Lady CLARA, as I've said,

If time be heavy, work and play;

Try going earlier to bed,

With some lawn-tennis every day.

Don't give the orphan boy bird's-eye,

The orphan boy a pipe. You know

How ill they made you first. Good-bye!

Remember ALFRED told you so.

RE-ENGAGEMENT REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY BY A NOBLE EARL who has had, through no fault of his own, but owing to the desire of his late employers to cut down excessive expenditure, to resign his situation as Master of Buckhounds. The Advertiser would be willing to take any place involving the discharge of similar duties. Can furnish excellent references testifying to his fitness for the post. Would not object to the charge of a pack of Beagles. Salary in last place £1500, but might take less. Thoroughly understands "whipping in," and all the subordinate business of the profession. Would be glad to hear from *Dogs' Home*.

AN EX-ASSISTANT MARSHAL OF THE CEREMONIES, who can bring an excellent character from his last place, which he has, however, been compelled to leave, owing to his services having been dispensed with in conformity with certain new regulations of retrenchment, is anxious to meet with some kindred occupation in which the special acquirements with which his calling have rendered him familiar could be usefully and adequately called into requisition. Thinks he could undertake a provincial stage management, or arrange an effective parade of "Salvationists." Would also undertake to organise striking processions of Ritualistic Clergy. Foresters' Clubs might communicate.

AN ASSISTANT FIRST GENTLEMAN PORTER, suddenly thrown out of employment at Buckingham Palace, is anxious to hear of any light job-work by the day or hour. Would be glad of any opening. No objection to a little cab running.



FILIAL PIETY.

Ingenuous Youth. "MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?"

The Bishop's Daughter. "THANKS—NO! I NEVER DANCE ROUND DANCES IN MY FATHER'S DIOCESE!"

"COOPED UP!"

Grecian Game-cock loquitur :—

OH, Cockadoodledo! Could I only get at you,
You big and brutal Turkish Bubblejock,
I would make your feathers fly! But they will not let me try,
And these bars my eager efforts foil and mock.
Those old buffers at Berlin cooped me up to keep me in,
For they knew my spurs were fretting for the fray.
Now, like STERNE's immortal Starling, though that Cretan chick's
"I can't get out" to help it any way. [my darling,

It is really quite too bad. That confounded feathered cad
Of a Turkey is the barnyard's scourge and pest.
Surely every other bird should boycott him. It's absurd!
He only feeds and feathers his own nest.
He is not a mite of good, not as ornament or food,
And he's always getting someone in a row.
He's the tyrant of small coops, but to bigger birds he stoops,
With a meanness which is horrid anyhow.

Though I'm but a small game-cock, yet I come of fighting stock,
And I'd lick that Bubblejock into fits.
The big bully I don't fear, yet behold me cooped up here,
Whilst he's picking that poor chicken there to bits!
A callow chick from Crete he can buffet, bang, and beat.
He will pull the little creature limb from limb.
You tyrant, let him be! Come and have a turn at Me!
Only wish that I could have a turn at him!

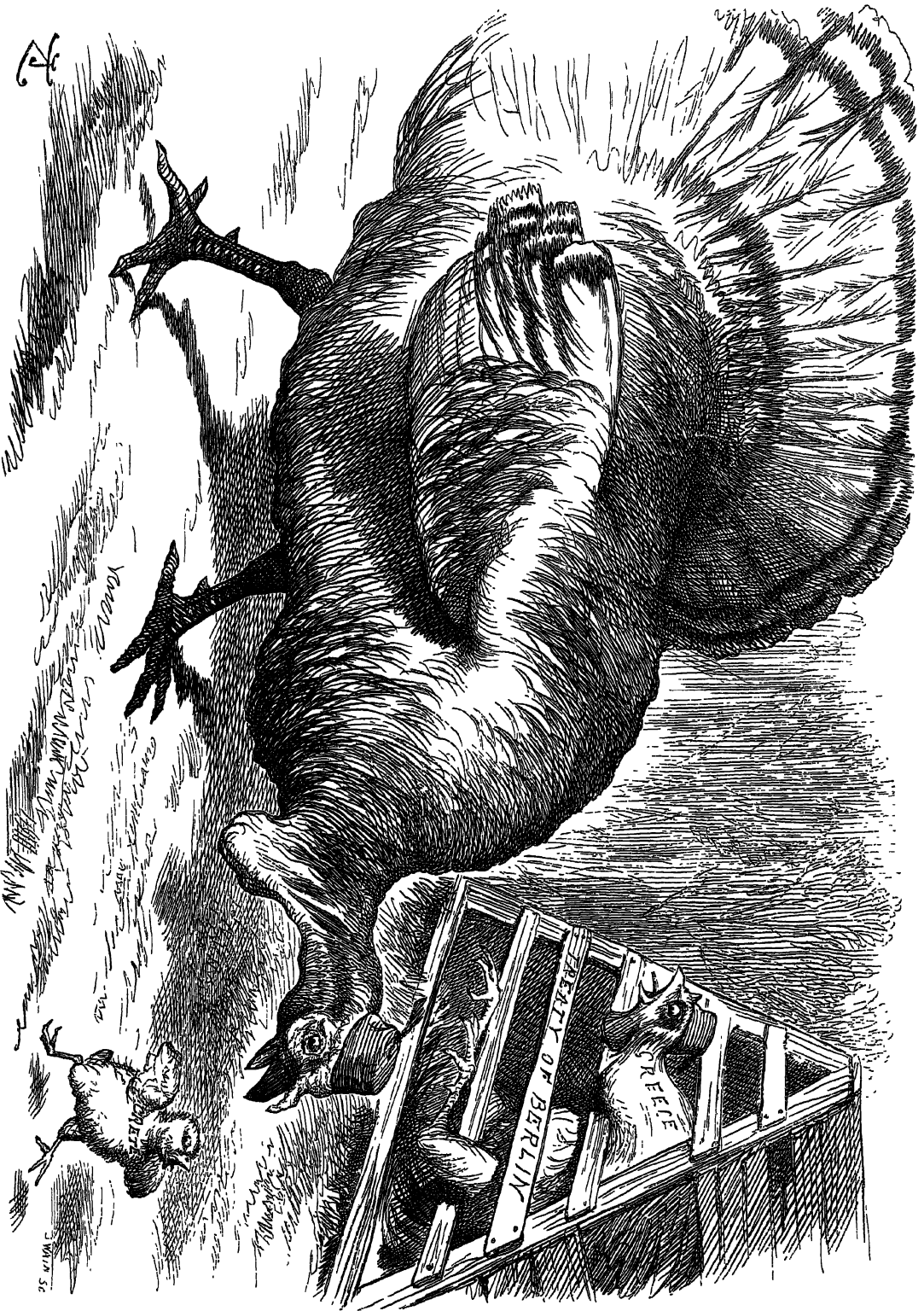
Oh, I feel so cock-a-whoop. But for this confounded coop,
"Grecian game-cock to the rescue!" it should be.
My opinion is emphatic: a small rooster, if he's Attic,
Is a match for such a lumbering brute as he.
He is killing him! Oh dear! Will no one interfere?
What a callous lot of cowards they all are!
If this coop I can upset, I'll get at the bully yet,
Then, by Jove, you Barnyard shirkers, there'll be war!!!

THE NEWEST THING IN CYCLES.

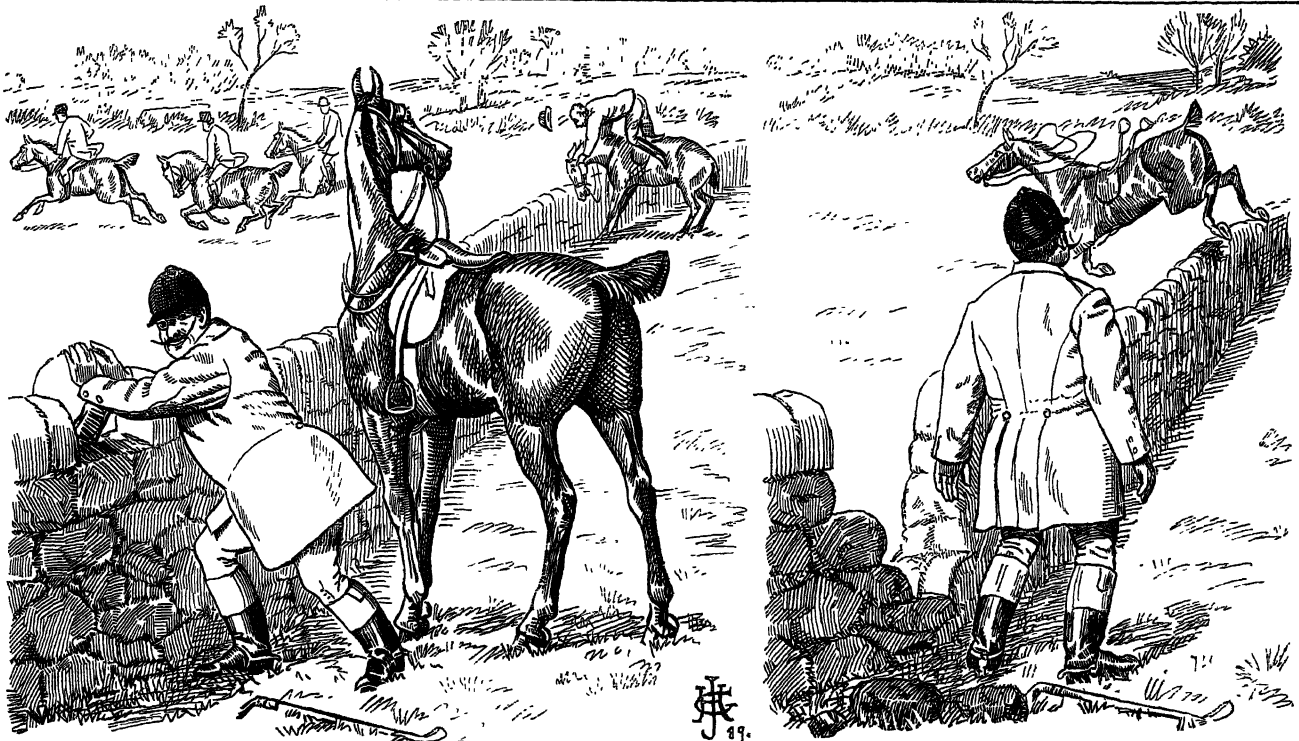
SIR,—Every schoolboy knows what great events from little causes spring; how Dr. WATTS discovered his hymns while listening to the singing of the tea-kettle; and how little ROWLAND HILL, while watching the cook ornamenting a pie-crust, hit on the idea of the perforated postage-stamp, which has generated the Christmas-card and touting circular nuisance, and ruined the art of polite letter-writing. I was coming in weary yesterday from a long tricycle ride over heavy roads, and was revolving schemes for an automatic cycle, when my attention was caught by the sound of rapidly galloping hoofs, and the excited cries of an enthusiastic driver. Coming towards me at a surprising pace, I beheld a trim and vigorous donkey, attached to a light cart, on which were perched two genial-looking persons of the easter-monger class. They were not beating their willing little steed. Far from it. They were exciting his emulation by moral suasion—a bunch of carrots on the end of a pole was held in front of his nose, and the intelligent creature was making every effort to secure the dainty but delusive bait. Then in one flash my great invention came to me.

A powerful magnet on the end of a pole in front of the tricycle, and a light steel bar fixed to the machine, so as to come within the sphere of the magnet's greatest influence! You mount your tricycle, whip off the neutralising cover of the magnet, and off you go. The bar, of course, is drawn to the magnet, and the tricycle is fixed to the bar. The magnet being also fixed, the more the bar tries to reach it the faster the tricycle goes. To stop, you have only to turn the magnet by a simple lever arrangement alongside the saddle, and the red end is presented to the bar. Every observer of the habits of toy-ducks and fishes in a basin will see at once what will happen. The speed will immediately be checked, and if the opposing force be kept at work long enough, a retrograde motion will be established. With a little practice, however, the cap will be clapped on at the right instant, and the machine will be at rest. This seems to me not only an invaluable invention for the wheelman, but also to come very near solving the problem of perpetual motion. MANGNALL BREWER.

P.S.—I hope to form a company forthwith. My son PONSONBY declares that a man will be necessary to run in front with the magnet. This is ridiculous. No one ran in front of the donkey with the carrots.



“COOPED UP!”



"MY HORSE HE LIKE NOT YOUR WALL OF STONE—I GO TO MAKE IT MORE LOW!"

"HÉ! LA BAS!!"

WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT.

(Modern Hypnotic Thaumaturgist's Version, as sung by the Rev. A. Tooth.)

[The Rev. ARTHUR TOOTH has introduced a form of neo-hypnotic treatment for dipsomaniacs and others, which he calls "Cure by Suggestion."]

I'm a nineteenth century thaumaturge, with "will-force," and a lot
When I come to think of it, [of it,

There *might* be happiness in life, though little man's yet got of it,
When I come to think of it.

They talk to me of Science,—humph! I do not think a deal of it;
Tooth-ache (no pun!) is a great scourge; I do not like the feel of it.
I have a sort of fancy, now, that I could make a heal of it,
When I come to think of it.

Mesmeric force, hypnotic power?—men do not like the names of them,
When they come to think of it.

Reminds them of 'cute charlatans, and all the little games of them,
When they come to think of it.

But mental power o'er matter?—there can surely be no harm in it,
Give it a nice new name, and none will find cause for alarm in it.
"Cure by Suggestion!" That's the very thing, there's quite a charm
When you come to think of it. [in it,

If TOMMY's got the toothache life is troublesome and slow to him,
When he comes to think of it;

He needs the dentist's services but does not like to go to him,
When he comes to think of it.

But what if I "suggest" to TOM when forceps get a bite of it,
That molar or incisor, he will howl—with the *delight* of it?
TOMMY of course, at once will feel that I am in the right of it,
When he comes to think of it.

The dipsomaniac again!—he likes rum as a beverage,

When he comes to think of it;
But by this same "Suggestion" on his will I get a leverage,
When I come to think of it.

I hint to him that Zoedone much nicer than "Pine-apple" is
(Suggestion the best manner with his morbid taste to grapple is)
He'll own that Zoedone *the* thing to titillate his thrapple is,
When he comes to think of it.

Repressive laws are hateful to JOHN BULL, he loathes the style of them,
When he comes to think of it;

He has a fad for freemen, and he thinks he has an Isle of them,
When he comes to think of it.

But surely mere "Suggestion" freedom cannot bind, or shackle it.
No, "Local Option" sounds not sweet though Temperance men be—
Sir WILFRID *must* prefer my way, if he will fairly tackle it, [cackle it,
When he comes to think of it.

HAMPERING HYMEN.

[A Bill is to be introduced into Parliament next Session—so it is said—to stop improvident marriages by forbidding anybody below twenty-five years' old to contract a matrimonial alliance.]

Monday.—After a sleepless night, summoned up enough courage to declare myself (sounds rather as if I was accused of carrying contraband goods), to the object of my affections, Miss CLEMENTINA TAILBOYS. Had rather a bad five minutes—of vacillation on CLEMENTINA's part—but at last was accepted. Rapture! Presented her with the brass coal-scuttle (which I had left out in the hall, and should have taken away with me had I been rejected), as an engagement gift. CLEMENTINA looked as if she might have preferred jewellery. However, the coal-scuttle will be useful when we begin housekeeping.

Tuesday.—Curious! CLEMENTINA anxious to have my exact age. Tell her, twenty-seven and nine months. She seems doubtful. *Can* she distrust me? She explains that, by the new law, I should be sent to prison for any time not exceeding five years (gracious!) if I married before the age of twenty-five. CLEMENTINA actually sheds tears as she mentions it. I tell her how glad I am to find that she cares for me enough to weep at thought of my imprisonment. She replies—"Oh, it's not that so much, but anybody aiding and abetting would also be punished; and so I might have to go to prison too!" I suggest that "love would make even a gaol pleasant." She answers (coldly I think) that "she would prefer to spend her honeymoon somewhere else."

Wednesday.—CLEMENTINA's father has written to ask for my Baptismal Certificate! *Query*—insulting? He tries to explain his request by saying, "it would be so awkward if you had made a mistake about your age. You have a young look (rather flattering, that), and CLEMENTINA naturally wishes to avoid committing a misdemeanor."

Thursday.—CLEMENTINA trying to pump me about money-matters. I should not have thought it of her! Says, blushing, "her Papa would be glad to see me about settlements." But I haven't anything to settle!

Friday.—No letter to-day from either CLEMENTINA or her father! Have they discovered a flaw in the Baptismal Certificate? Call, and am told "the whole family's not at home." *Query*—a whopper?

Saturday.—Frigid note from CLEMENTINA herself, saying "she has just happened to remember that, though I am twenty-five, she is only twenty-two, and therefore, by the new law, she cannot marry for three years. She begs accordingly to break off our engagement, and returns the coal-scuttle." Believe, myself, she's thirty, if she's a day. This excuse of age is a subterfuge. I am rejected for lack of money—settled by settlements! If Parliament had not passed that idiotic law, I should take immediate action—a Breach of Promise one—against CLEMENTINA's perfidy.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 4.

STATESMEN AT HOME.

No. I.—MR. GOSCHEN AT 69, PORTLAND PLACE.

You approach Portland Place from different avenues according to the point from which you start. Supposing you go along the Marylebone Road, it would be necessary, on reaching Park Square, to turn to the right by Park Crescent, which gives upon a broad road "that does not always lead to destruction," as the Gentleman in difficulties said, when he was going to call upon Mr. GEORGE LEWIS at No. 88. If, on the other hand, you approach Portland Place from the South, it would be necessary to pass up Regent Street through the narrow gully by the Church, and so into Portland Place; on

beholding which, especially if it be a hot day, you will wonder that the genius of English people lacks the inspiration which might clothe this noble thoroughfare in verdure. In any other city but London, Portland Place would be planted on either side with avenues of trees, under which you might carelessly loiter at high noontide. Mr. GOSCHEN presently tells you that he has thought of this, and had at one time half elaborated a scheme whereby each householder was to be compelled to plant before his doorway one or more trees.

"Under the Municipal Acts," this great authority says as he toys with a tassel of the priceless Chippendale chair which you learn has a quaint history, "householders are compelled to clear away the snow before their house-fronts. Why should they not be obliged

by an extension of the Act to plant a tree? The principle of Every Man his own Tree-planter once firmly established, London would blossom as a garden."

Standing on the steps of No. 69, regarding the still treeless waste, you notice an inscription on the door-plate, whose polished surface would certainly shine in the sun if there happened to be one. Bending forward you read the legend, "Knock and Ring." You feel at once how strikingly characteristic this is of the eminent statesman whom you presently find seated on the sofa, the saddle-back sacking whereof tones gently from deepest blue to liveliest red. For some people it would be sufficient to knock at a door through which they desired admission. Others, differently constituted, would ring. The Right Honourable GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN, now Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer in the Ministry of Lord SALISBURY, as he at one time was in the Ministry of Mr. GLADSTONE, leaves nothing to chance. "Knock and Ring" is his motto.

You do so accordingly, and are promptly admitted within the hall, where Jokim, a half-bred retriever, salutes you with transports of affection. You observe that he is not muzzled, and you cannot help permitting your mind to trifle with the inquiry, Has the Dog-tax been duly paid? Your meditations are, however, broken in upon by the appearance of your host, clad in a long dressing-gown of purple silk, turned up at the sleeves with azure velvet, and picked out at the collar with tasty splashes of red. Your host wears a smoking-cap, thickly tasseled with gold lace, and in his mouth, cleverly held between his teeth, is a short clay pipe. Busy as he is, occupied with the affairs of an Empire compared with which that of ancient Rome was nought, your host can still spare a few moments to warmly welcome you. There is no misunderstanding the cheery twinkle in the orb half obscured by the eyeglass.

"Very glad to meet you here, dear TOBY," he says, gracefully removing the short clay from between his shining rows of teeth. "Haven't seen you since the House adjourned. Hope you've had a good time. But what's this you're up to now, going about interviewing your friends at home? Is this what's called the New Journalism? As far as I have looked into the matter, it seems to me that New Journalism is simply Old Americanism."

You take the seat which your host warmly proffers you, and look round the room, somewhat surprised to find a poker and tongs lying within the well-cut fender, that incloses a hearth in which, in spite of October chills, a coal fire brightly burns. Your host, walking up and down the cosy room, and seizing the opportunity of dusting the chairs with the skirt of his dressing-gown, tells you the history of his life from the day he retired from the firm of FRÜHLING and GÖSCHEN, of Austin Friars, E.C., through his experiences at the Poor Law Board, as First Lord of the Admiralty, and in various other more or less lucrative offices.

"I have," says your host, as he gently but firmly knocks out the ashes from his pipe on the mirrored surface of the oak sideboard that stands under the line engraving of MILLAIS' portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE, "no sympathy with men who decline to serve their country only in certain circumstances. Some people, because they came to the front under GLADSTONE, would decline to take office with Lord SALISBURY. I am not one of those, TOBY, dear boy. All I ask for is opportunity of doing good; and, whether with SALISBURY as chief, or GLADSTONE, that is an accidental circumstance having no particular bearing on the case."

As there is no mention of luncheon, or even inquiry as to your disposition towards sherry and bitters, you lightly turn the conversation in the direction of the bye-elections. Your host (if, in the painful circumstances alluded to, you may still call him so) energetically flicks a fly off a costly blue china vase, that stands beneath a well executed portrait of the Marquis of SALISBURY as CINCINNATUS.

"Bye-elections," he said, "vary with circumstances. If we win it is irrefragable proof that the adversary is getting deeper and deeper into the mire, and that the country as a whole is with us. If we lose, bye-elections are a delusion and a snare having absolutely no value as a test of current public feeling. As to the series that have recently taken place and led to such indecent exultation among the Gladstonians, it is true that they have resulted in the transfer of two seats counting four on a division. But that is a mere incident. If you take the figures as a whole you will see that we have had one of the greatest triumphs in recent political warfare. In 1885, there polled in the three Constituencies of Peterborough, Sleaford and North Bucks, 77,000 voters. Well, divide that by four, add ten per cent. for out-voters, take off 750, say, for electors who have for various causes been removed from the Register, add one per cent. for spoiled votes, and you will see at a glance that the preponderance of the Unionists is so great as to make the return of Lord SALISBURY after a General Election an absolute certainty. Mr. GLADSTONE isn't in it. You will see that, if you work out my calculation."

You promise to do so, and as at this juncture the white-haired butler enters and announces the arrival of Lord SALISBURY on urgent business, you take your leave of your host, noticing as you pass out the admirable contrast of the purple silk dressing-gown, with the



HAPPY THOUGHT.

"WHY, MY BOY, YOU'VE SPELT WINDOW WITHOUT AN N! DON'T YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WINDOW AND A WIDOW?"
 "YES, SIR. YOU CAN SEE THROUGH ONE—AND—AND—YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE OTHER, SIR!"

rich grass-green hue of the curtains that heavily drape the oriel windows. As you slowly walk down-stairs, ready to return if what you think is an obvious idea should occur to your host (it being just half-past one o'clock) it strikes you as strange that Lord SALISBURY, who is understood to be at Hatfield, should have called at this precise moment. But you decline to entertain the suspicion that the hidden meaning of the butler's message is, that luncheon was served, and that your host selfishly desired to be alone.

POETIC LICENCES.

A FORECAST.

SCENE—A Committee-room of the L. C. C. Sub-Committee of Censors, (appointed, under new regulations, to report on all songs intended to be sung on the Music-hall Stage,) discovered in session.

Mr. Wheedler (re'ained for the Ballad-writers). The next licence I have to apply for is for—well, (with some hesitation)—a composition which certainly borders on the—er—amorous—but I think, Sir, you will allow that it is treated in a purely pastoral and Arcadian spirit.

The Chairman (gravely). There are arcades, Mr. WHEEDLER, I may remind you, which are by no means pastoral. I cannot too often repeat that we are here to fulfil the mission entrusted to us by the Democracy, which will no longer tolerate in its entertainments anything that is either vulgar, silly, or offensive in the slightest degree.

Mr. Wheedler. Quite so. With your permission, Sir, I will read you the Ballad. [Applause.]

"MOLLY AND I.

"Oh! the day shall be marked in red letter—"
 The Chairman. One moment, Mr. WHEEDLER, (conferring with his colleagues). "Marked with red letter"—isn't that a little—eh? liable to— You don't think they'll have read the book? Very well, then. Go on, Mr. WHEEDLER, please.

Mr. W. "'Twas warm, with a heaven so blue."

First Censor. Can't pass those two epithets—you must tone them down, Mr. WHEEDLER—*much* too suggestive!

Mr. W. That shall be done.

The Chairman. And it ought to be "sky."

Mr. W. "When amid the lush meadows I met her,"

My MOLLY, so modest and true!"

Second Censor. I object to the word "lush"—a direct incitement to intemperance!

Mr. W. I'll strike it out. (*Reads.*)

"Around us the little kids rollicked,
Lighthearted were all the young lambs—"

Second Censor. Surely "kids" is rather a vulgar expression, Mr. WHEEDLER? Make it "children," and I've no objection.

Mr. W. I have made it so. (*Reads.*)

"They kicked up their legs as they frolicked—"

Third Censor. If that is intended to be done on the stage, I protest most strongly—a highly indecorous exhibition!

[*Murmurs of approval.*]

Mr. W. But they're only lambs!

Third Censor. Lambs, indeed! We are determined to put down all kicking in Music-hall songs, no matter who does it! Strike that line out.

Mr. W. (*reading*). "And frisked by the side of their dams."

First Censor (severely). No profanity, Mr. WHEEDLER, if you please!

Mr. W. Er—I'll read you the Refrain. (*Reads, limply.*)

"MOLLY and I. With nobody nigh.

Hearts all a-throb with a rapturous bliss,

MOLLY was shy. And (at first) so was I—

Till I summoned up courage to ask for a kiss!"

The Chairman. "Nobody nigh," Mr. WHEEDLER? I don't quite like that. The Music-Hall ought to set a good example to young persons. "MOLLY and I—with her chaperon by," is better.

Second Censor. And that last line—"asking for a kiss"—does the song state that they were formally engaged, Mr. WHEEDLER?

Mr. W. I—I believe it omits to mention the fact. But (*ingeniously*) it does not appear that the request was complied with.

Second Censor. No matter—it should never have been made. Have the goodness to alter that into—well, something of this kind. "And I always addressed her politely as "Miss"—Then we may pass it.

Mr. W. (*reading the next verse*).

"She wore but a simple sun-bonnet."

First Censor (shocked). Now really, Mr. WHEEDLER, really, Sir!

Mr. W. "For MOLLY goes plainly attired."

First Censor (indignantly). I should think so—*Scandalous!*

Mr. W. "Malediction I muttered upon it,

One glimpse of her face I desired."

The Chairman. I think my colleague's exception is perhaps just a little far-fetched. At all events, if we substitute for the last couplet,— "Her dress is sufficient—though on it

She only spends what is strictly required."

Eh, Mr. WHEEDLER? Then we work in a moral as well, you see, and avoid malediction, which can only mean bad language.

Mr. W. (*doubtfully*). With all respect, I submit that it doesn't scan quite so well—

The Chairman (sharply). I venture to think scansion may be sacrificed to propriety, occasionally, Mr. WHEEDLER—but pray go on.

Mr. W. (*continuing*). "To a streamlet we rambled together.

I carried her tenderly o'er.

In my arms—she's as light as a feather—

That sweetest of burdens I bore!"

First Censor. I really must protest. No properly conducted young woman would ever have permitted such a thing. You must alter that, Mr. WHEEDLER!

Second C. And I don't know—but I rather fancy there's a "double-intender" in that word "light"—(*to colleague*)—it strikes me—eh?—what do you think?

The Chairman (in a conciliatory manner). I am inclined to agree to some extent—not that I consider the words particularly objectionable in themselves, but we are men of the world, Mr. WHEEDLER, and as such we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a Music-hall audience is only too apt to find significance in many apparently innocent expressions and phrases.

Mr. W. But, Sir, I understood from your remarks recently that the Democracy were strongly opposed to anything in the nature of suggestiveness!

The Ch. Exactly so; and therefore we cannot allow their susceptibilities to be shocked. (*With a severe jocosity.*) MOLLY and you, Mr. WHEEDLER, must either ford the stream like ordinary persons, or stay where you are.

Mr. W. (*depressed*). I may as well read the last verse, I suppose:—

"Then under the flickering willow

I lay by the rivulet's brink,

With her lap for a sumptuous pillow—"

First Censor. We can't have that. It is really not respectable.

The Ch. (pleasantly). Can't we alter it slightly? "I'd brought a small portable pillow." No objection to that!

[*The other Censors express dissent in undertones.*]

Mr. W. "Till I owned that I longed for a drink."

Third C. No, no! "A drink"! We all know what that means—alcoholic stimulant of some kind. At all events that's how the audience are certain to take it.

Mr. W. (*feebly*). "So MOLLY her pretty hands hollowed

Into curves like an exquisite cup,

And draughts so delicious I swallowed,

That rivulet nearly dried up!"

Third C. Well, Mr. WHEEDLER, you're not going to defend that, I hope?

Mr. W. I'm not prepared to deny that it is silly—*very* silly—but hardly—er—vulgar, I should have thought?

Third C. That is a question of taste, which we won't dispute. I call it *distinctly* vulgar. Why can't he drink out of his own hands?

The Ch. (blandly). Allow me. How would *this* do for the second line? "She had a collapsible cup." A good many people do carry them. I have one myself. Is that all of your Ballad, Mr. WHEEDLER?

Mr. W. (*with great relief*). That is all, Sir.

[*Censors withdraw, to consider the question.*]

The Ch. (after consultation with Colleagues). We have carefully considered this song, and we are all reluctantly of opinion that we cannot, consistently with our duty, recommend the Council to license it—even with the alterations my colleagues and myself have gone somewhat out of our way to suggest. The whole subject is too dangerous for a hall in which young persons of both sexes are likely to be found assembled; and the absence of any distinct assertion that the young couple—MOLLY and—ah—the gentleman who narrates the experience—are betrothed, or that their attachment is, in any way, sanctioned by their parents or guardians, is quite fatal. If we have another Ballad of a similar character from the same quarter, Mr. WHEEDLER, I feel bound to warn you that we may possibly consider it necessary to advise that the poet's licence should be cancelled altogether.

Mr. W. I will take care to mention it to my client, Sir. I understand it is his intention to confine himself to writing *Gaiety* burlesques in future.

The Ch. A very laudable resolution! I hope he will keep it.

[*Scene closes in.*]



"CULTURE IN OLE VIRGINNY."

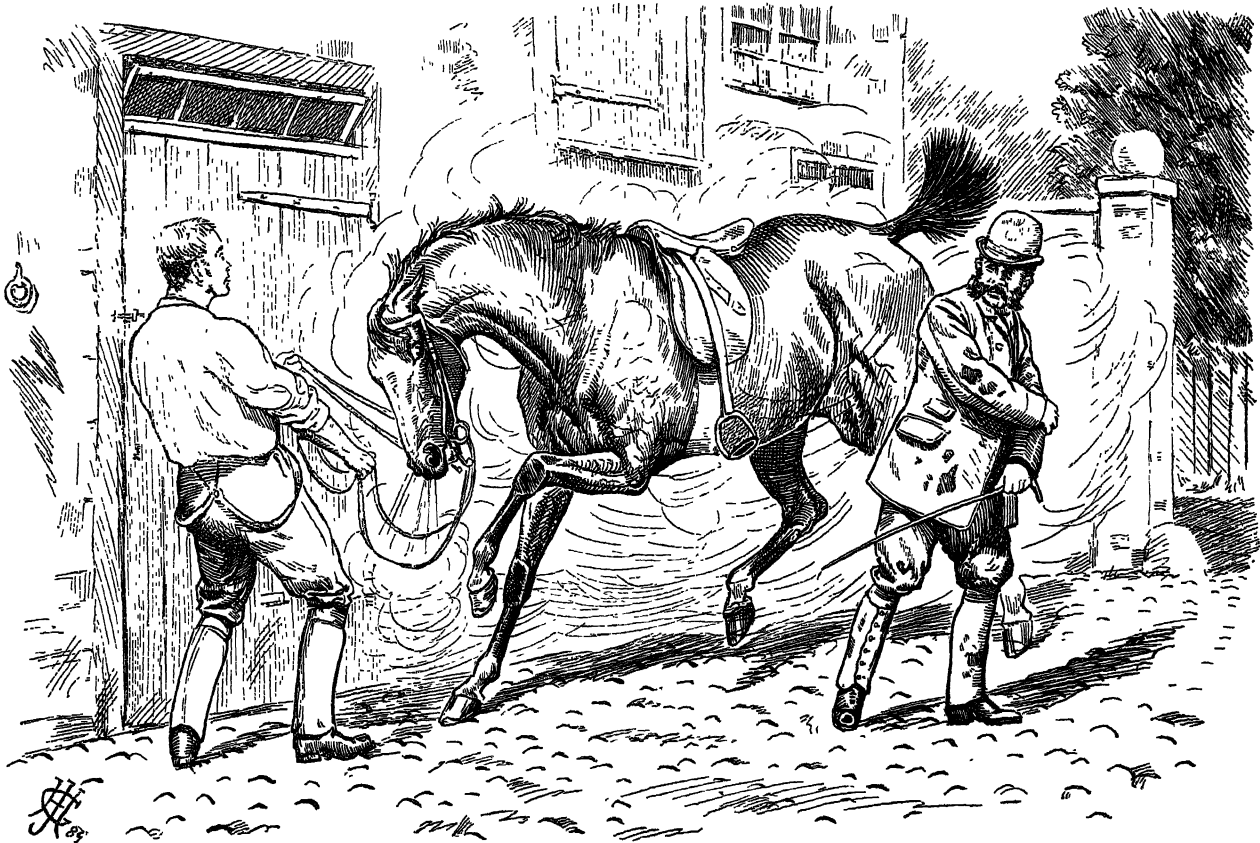
Probable result of importing Millet's "Angélus" into the United States.

EX ANTHOLOGIA.—Excerpts from Mr. GRAHAM R. TOMSON's edition of *Translations from the Greek Anthology* will be known in future as "Ex Antho-(roll)-logia." One epigram of XYLOXYLINDROS of Sidon has escaped the Editor. It runs as follows:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Though till now unfamed in story, | Alma, spread thy verses freely |
| Modern tho' thy method be, | Through the Greek Anthology. |

HORSEMANSHIP AND CHAIRMANSHIP.—Mr. *Punch* sincerely congratulates "Mr. ROSEBURY" on his recovery, and on his pluck in taking the Chair at the London County Council, and sticking to the business in such a thorough manner as he did last Friday. The MUCK DOUGALL and Charitable CHARRINGTON must feel that "approbation from 'Mr. ROSEBURY' is praise indeed!" As an equestrian, may he never experience a tumble, and, as Chairman of the L. C. C., may he long be able to keep his seat.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule



QUANTUM SUFF.

Brown (just returned from a trial ride on his new Mare). "TAKE THE BRUTE AWAY! TAKE HER TO THE STATION! PUT HER ON THE FIRST TRAIN. DON'T ASK WHERE IT'S GOING TO. NEVER LET ME SEE HER AGAIN!"

LARGE FORTUNES FOR EVERYBODY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—You have on several occasions allowed me to ventilate the domestic or financial difficulties by which I have occasionally found myself surrounded; so I again venture to ask you to permit me, for the sake of all impecunious gentlemen, to state my present difficulty, which I think I may fairly designate "*Un embarras des richesses*," not exactly in possession, but most certainly in prospect. I have already stated that, thanks to the discriminating liberality of a distant relation, I am the happy possessor of a sum of £20,000, invested in Her Majesty's Consols. Until the great financial authority, Mr. JOKEM GOSCHEN, so unexpectedly deprived me of one-twelfth of the income I derived from my little fortune, I was well able to accomplish what so many find the very difficult task of making both ends meet. The many blessings that must be quarterly showered upon that great Financier's head by the many thousands of people who share my disgust at his proceedings, and which I am informed by my Stockbroker ROBINSON is to be repeated in a few years' time, I do not envy him. But to proceed.

Finding it most desirable to increase my income, I have applied to ROBINSON, who is, I believe, what is called an Outsider, and who, I am happy to say, informs me that it is the easiest and simplest thing in the world. I am at once to sell out my old-fashioned and shrinking Consols, and to invest the proceeds under his directions. He brought me about a dozen Prospectuses of new Companies, the most modest of which promises a dividend of at least 10 per cent., and some as much as 30! One of them, I see, has purchased something like half a million acres of land, all surrounded with gold mines, in such well-known places as Poteshofabroom, Shoutstanburger, and Pinaforestine; another, so far as I can understand the Prospectus, has purchased a mine in the Planet Uranus, whence any quantity of the metal called Uranium can be obtained, and sold for £3,000 per ton; but, from what I have since learned, I think I must have made some mistake as to the locality, as it is now stated to be in Cornwall, which is of course very much nearer. This is to pay 30 per cent. Then I have another fortune offered to me in the shape of a Company for purchasing any number of Coffee Shops and Eating Houses; but this only offers 25 per cent., so Uranus "takes the cake," as ROBINSON says. Then there is a Company for buying

up dozens of American Warehouses, which appear to have been used for the purpose of elevating the price of corn; thence called Elevators; and the shareholders in this little affair, with its quarter of a million of capital, are expected to be satisfied with a poor 15 per cent.

I had been spending many weary hours over these several glowing offers, and had arrived at the conclusion that by selling out my Consols and distributing the proceeds fairly among these four Companies I should at once raise my income from a paltry 2½ per cent. on my £20,000 to something like 22½ per cent., an increase of nearly tenfold its present amount!

Full of this grand idea I had commenced filling up my various applications when ROBINSON looked in. He was unfortunately in a great hurry, as it was, he said, Account Day, whatever that may mean, but his advice to me was couched in some such mysterious language as this:—

"Distribute your capital over a larger number of Companies. Buy nothing. Apply for shares and then sell them at a large profit for the account." (He forgot to say whose account.) "Then take the Contango or the Backwardation, whichever it may be, and apply to the Bank of England to carry them forward to the next account at Bank Rate. Then repeat the operation as before, and, as the account is fortnightly, you will possibly double your capital in twelve months. Continue this splendid game until you are quite satisfied—and then stop for ever!"

The amount of time I have devoted to endeavouring in vain to comprehend these puzzling phrases none will ever know. I search in vain in *Johnson*, and *Nuttall*, and *Chambers*, for the meaning of a Contango. I bore my friends for an answer to my repeated question, "What is a Backwardation?" One frivolous fellow boldly asserted that Backwardation was the thief of time, and recommended me to collar him! And when I seriously asked a rather solemn friend of mine what was the Bank Rate at which they would carry my shares to wherever they were destined to go, he replied Five, which, presuming he meant five miles an hour, I take the liberty of doubting, not thinking it could be done at the pace in that busy neighbourhood. If any specially clever fellow among your tens of thousands of readers can kindly assist me with a solution of my conundrums, I should feel deeply obliged to him—the more so as ROBINSON has left rather hurriedly for Paris. JOSEPH GREENHORN.

A BIG BATTLE PICTURE!

Sketch of a Grand National Historical Painting, by Sir W. Historicus Artcourt, R.A.



EXTRACT FROM DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

WE have it upon a great authority that "It is the habit of Englishmen, when they are satisfied with themselves and with the rest of mankind, to dine." It is the nature of that great and magisterial, if rather *flamboyant* English artist, Sir W. HISTORICUS ARTCOURT, R.A., when he is "satisfied with himself"—which is often—to paint a big picture, in very unctuous oils, and generally *coulour-de-rose*.

The latest large picture of this Master, presented by him to the National Liberal Club, but exhibited *urbī et orbi* in the present Exhibition, is entitled, "*The Battle of Westminster! Critical Moment!*"

It is decidedly "*un œuvre de longue haleine*," painted on a large

canvas with a full brush, and in the flowing, florid style so characteristic of the artist.

It represents that scene in the great battle referred to when F.M. Commander-in-Chief GLADSTONE, the "Great Leader" of the Liberal Army, is awaiting the psychologic moment for giving the decisive signal, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" Reinforcements, including welcome recruits from such patriotic places as Dundee, Elgin and Nairn, Peterborough, and North Bucks, have come in sight, to the great encouragement of the Liberal Chief, and the equally great disappointment of the leaders of the rival hosts. "Coming," says the Historian of the Epoch, "at the close of a long and hard-fought field, they arrived at a critical moment of this great action, and justified the leader of the Liberal Army in ordering a general advance of his host, and in giving the word, 'Up, Guards,

and at 'em!' The graphic style of the great Historian here quoted from is singularly akin to that—in another medium—of the illustrious HISTORICUS, R.A., as displayed in this imposing picture.

Sir HISTORICUS has seized, for the purposes of his *chef d'œuvre* of historical art, upon the exact moment when the Commander-in-Chief, having murmured to himself, "Night, or LABOUCHERE!" and shut up his umbrella—we mean telescope (mixed historic reminiscences connected with an incident in the career of another great Commander-in-Chief have here a little muddled our critical mind)—having, we say, just shut up his telescope, has reopened that glass in order to take a final survey of the field. He sees the enemy under the leadership of F.M. Lord SALISBURY, and Generals ARTHUR BALFOUR, GOSCHEN, and SMITH, making a gallant but final stand against his own forces. The flower of his troops, the pick of his guards, are lying down behind him, hidden by slightly rising ground, in which somewhat uneasy position they have for some time been awaiting with cramped limbs, but eager hearts, indomitable patience, and invincible resolution, the expected word of command, which welcome signal, the Commander-in-Chief, motioning them with his left hand to keep still, and, in the words of BREE RABBIT, "lay low" yet a little longer, has not yet given, but appears upon the point of uttering.

This Grand Historical Picture will doubtless be the cynosure of all eyes during the Season, and will increase the already high reputation, as a painter of what may perhaps be called "Sensational Historic Scenes," of Sir W. HISTORICUS ARTCOURT, R.A.

LYCEUM PIT.

(To the Crowded-out, and those waiting for their Turn for Admission.)

SCENE FROM NEW PIERCE, "VICTORIAN"
AT THE LYCEUM.



Mr. Henry Irving as Robert Mangle.
Expiring Pittite. "Crushed! but unconquered!"

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Manager of the Lyceum Theatre, whose fatherly attitude in relation to the patrons of the Artistic Establishment over which he presides is well known, and who, from beyond the footlights, is ever stretching out loving arms to greet, rather as very dear



"DECEIVERS EVER."

Goldsmith. "WOULD YOU LIKE ANY NAME OR MOTTO ENGRAVED ON IT, SIR?"
Customer (who had chosen an Engagement Ring). "YE—YES—UM—'AUGUSTUS TO IRENE.'
AND—AH—LOO' HERE—DON'T—AH—CUT 'IRENE' VERY DEEP!!"

brothers, than as the casual acquaintances of a mere passing evening's entertainment, the audiences who nightly throng his Auditorium, having heard with a chagrin that has moved him profoundly, that that portion of them who visit the Pit experience much difficulty in gaining admission, and have to wait, he has been informed, when not robust, and of sufficient stamina to endure the prolonged struggle, sometimes days before they are able to secure a place, wishes it to be known that, to provide for their necessities, he has secured several houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Theatre, which he is having with all possible speed thrown into one large and Commodious Establishment, which he hopes, in a few days, to open for their use, as a "Non-Bookers' Family Hotel and Boarding-house." Every modern contrivance and convenience, including billiard-tables, a swimming-bath, a resident dentist, and all other recognised Club comforts, that cannot fail to render it attractive to his patrons, who are waiting their turn for admission to the Pit, have been lavishly provided regardless of cost. Arrangements will be made with families; and, to meet the case of parents bringing their children, an educational prospectus is being prepared, for further particulars concerning which application may be made to the Secretary. A small nominal fee will be charged for stamps and boot-cleaning.

UNTILED; OR THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

IX.

"ARE all scenes sombre in this Titan town?"

I asked, as noiselessly we flitted down,

My heart oppressed with pity.

"Nay," smiled my guide. "There is, indeed, no dearth Of garish glitter and metallic mirth In the night-curtained city."

"You mock," I murmured. "'Tis your *métier*. I,

For all these scenes of sordid misery And hollow, heartless glitter, Have no sardonic smiles, no cynic quips

Such as so lightly leave your shadowy lips,

O Spirit keen and bitter!"

"Nay," said the Shade, "I seek but truth—like you;

And if, perchance, I hold a *pas-se-partout* To human hearts and cupboard, I scoff not at their hidden skeletons, And some I know—a few—of spectral bones As bare as—Mother Hubbard's."

It was a wet and murky winter night, Yet through the fog and rain we held our Unwearied and unwetted. [flight,

"This style of travelling," I said, "is strange,

Though pleasant. For such privilege to range, To what am I indebted?"

"How do you manage it? Can it be true That you're a Brother—a Mahatma?"

"Pooh!"

Cried he, "don't be a noddie.

You have been reading Esoteric rot?

Well, be assured, good friend, that I do not Possess an Astral Body.

"'Tis my one secret; pray why should you seek

To fathom it? That intellect is weak

Which dares not face some mystery.

With mystery the universe is rife,

It forms the major part of human life, Fills more than half of history."

His crackling mirth appeared infectious. "Lo!"

I laughed, "the faces lit with lambent glow Gathered round yonder table.

It looks like some strange incantation scene, Some vision of weird gloom and spectral sheen

From the wild world of fable."

Grave faces, full of wide-mouthed wonder, eyes

Dilated in hysteric ecstasies,

White fingers, slender, tremulous;

Rapt souls in curious raiment, spirits dense, Enamoured of the charms of the Intense,

Of Mystic Muddle emulous.

And two keen vulpine visages, elate

With power, the strange symposium dominated.

"Is it," I cried, "infernal,

Or merely foolish, all this mummy mad, Its Mumbo Jumbo that fat fox-faced cad,

Wrought amidst shades nocturnal?"

"What is't they do? A deed without a name?"

"Nay," scoffed the Shade, "you misdirect your blame.

Default of terminology

Is not the modern necromancer's lack;

In jargon modish Magic, White or Black, Beats orthodox theology.



"What do they, this wolf-shepherded tame flock

Of Panurge sheep? Well nothing much to shock

The conscience of Society.

They add, these callow prophets oiled and curled,

To the uncouthed Credos of the world One other new variety.

"A sceptic age must multiply its creeds; 'Tis therefore Neo-Nonsense so succeeds!

A Paradox? Precisely!

In paradox the boudoir Phyrro finds The piquant pabulum of muddled minds.

It flavours fog so nicely!

"These quidnuncs, under guidance of a quack

Founding a new religion? Earth harks back, In spite of civilisation,

To the brute epoch of the Medicine Man.

Was any cant-scared squaw more credulous than

That girl of birth, wealth, station?

"Mark her tranced awe, as the soft-glosing knave,

With gleaming eye, and accents blandly grave,

Mouths out his mystic platitudes.

Observe the quaint-robed, fashionable dames Hanging upon his maze of nebulous names,

In half erotic attitudes!

"Effluxion—esoteric—ministrant,—

Absorption—*Ego*,—all the mystic cant, And all the misty cackle,

With which the spiritual Seingalts strive Their dupes' credulity to keep alive,

Their common-sense to shackle.

"That girl has eyes in which there lurks the gleam

Of soul-delirium; her hysteric dream

May know a woeful waking.

A sort of pious orgie surfeits now

Her spirit, in a semi-sensuous slough

Its morbid thirst she's slaking.

"And what of that blind ecstasy's sure goal? Heart-sollure, an asylum! She hath soul.

As for the modish midgets,

The fashionable fribbles,—they at best

Aim to give social boredom some new zest.

Frenzy allays the fidgets.

"This, friend, is Culture's piety. Now look!"

—I saw a face above a well-thumbed book

In solemn rapture bending;

A radiant face that scarce the head-gear quaint

Could spoil; 'twas half coquette, and half seemed saint,

There's charm in that strange blending.

A charm equivocal, obscure. "It won The interest of suburban shopdom's son

In a so subtle manner

That he, the Cockney masher, blatant, vain, Enrolled himself in the enthusiast train

That bore the flaming banner."

So said the Shadow. "Could you plumb her thought,

With what wild blend of passions were it fraught?

Her life was grey, flat, dreary,

Till the wild ecstasy of faith inspired An eager heart, of sluggish pulses tired,

Of wan monotony weary.

"And now? One hand her sect's wild hymnal clasps,

The other holds his portrait. *Ennui* gasps

For keen excitement ever,

Whether the thrall of empty boredom be Garbed in the low-born zealot's livery,

Or quaintly clad, and clever.

"The end of the queer cants that Caste enjoys?

Of the coarse orgies of blind zeal and noise

That move the mob so madly?

Not so dissimilar, good friend, perchance;

The Agapemone and the Bacchic Dance

Both finished rather badly.

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FIVE Months' Fine Weather (SAMPSON LOW) suggests a brewery to the mind familiar with Johnsonese. It promises in the climatic department "potential riches beyond the dreams of avarice." Of course it was not in England that Mrs. E. H. CARBUTT found this treasure. She crossed the Atlantic, dashed through Canada to Vancouver, thence by the Western States to Mexico, and home by New Orleans and New York. A capitally devised trip, the every-day incidents of which are told in this charmingly got-up volume in a style that makes the journey almost as interesting to the reader as it was to the *voyageurs*. With such opportunities of seeing interesting places in fine weather, we regret to observe that contentment was not universal with the little party. On page 31 it is written of an hotel in Chicago: "The only place where drink is sold is the bar of the hotel. On the whole, EDWARD was rather disappointed." Now why should EDWARD, on making this discovery, have been plunged in melancholy? There are obvious objections to having drink sold all over a well-ordered hotel. EDWARD might, we presume, have had a cocktail specially conveyed to his room. If not, he should have manfully borne up against the trial. The true secret of successful travelling is to make the best of everything, as Mrs. CARBUTT does, with the added gift that she can pleasantly chat about its episodes.

MR. FARJEON's shillingworth, *The Blood-White Rose*, can be strongly recommended for the hour before dressing-time for dinner. Ingenious story; quite one of the Skipper Series; you can hop on from point to point deeply interested until you come to the finish. It is dedicated to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, which is quite appropriate, seeing that the story is of a most sensational and melodramatic character. Mr. FARJEON would probably dedicate a light, airy, humorous work to Mr. HENRY IRVING.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER, in *Buttons* (F. V. WHITE & Co.)—(sounds as if he were a page-boy, doesn't it? Doubtless he is a boy of a good many pages)—is by no means "the Winter of our discontent." On the contrary, though the plot is simple, the story is charmingly told. While many of

the characters are but sketches, they are touched with a light hand, and are fresh and lifelike. The whole story is bright, breezy, and healthy. If short, it is undoubtedly sweet, and the best his (or, rather, "her") pen has given us since *Boots's Baby*.

In a well-arranged volume, entitled *How Men Propose* (T. FISHER UNWIN), Miss AGNES STEVENS gives us a collection of various ways of popping the question, according to different authors from DICKENS and THACKERAY downwards. She has not, it appears, consulted any of the poets on the subject. Possibly she holds that when the proposal has been made, and the suitor accepted or rejected, as the case may be, there is but little poetry remaining. This volume cannot fail to be popular, and the compiler, having given us question-popping according to the highest literary authorities, should publish another book detailing the forms of proposal according to actual fact. This would be vastly entertaining! "How Men Really Propose" would be a superb subject for the next autumnal "boom" in the *Daily Telegraph*. Besides it has been whispered—though of course Mr. Punch would be the very last person to believe it—that proposal is not always confined to the sterner sex!

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.

"There's *Ruy* for you."—*Ophelia on the Gaiety Entertainment.*

THE Gaiety Variety Show, entitled *Ruy Blas* or *The Blasé Roué*, is everything, in the singing and dancing line, by turns,—in this respect resembling a Music-hall show, where all have their "turns,"

—and nothing long; not too long, that is, including the skirts. Miss ELLEN FARREN and Mr. LESLIE enter, and you ascertain from the bill that one appears as *Ruy Blas*, and that the other is impersonating *Don Cesar*; while Mr. DANBY, strongly reminding me of Mr. DALLAS, is supposed to be a burlesque *Don Sallust*. The last-mentioned is a toper, and all his allusions are to drinking more than is good for him; but he has not a monopoly of this humorous jest, as a considerable portion of the entire dialogue seems to be on the subject of liquor. Then Mr. LESLIE observes, that if he takes much more he will be all "razzle-dazzle," or "words to that effect," as *Serjeant Buzfuz* observed, in the *Bardell v. Pickwick* trial. Whereupon "razzle-dazzle" apparently suggesting a musical idea,



"Storey's Gait."

the three sing a few verses about "razzle-dazzle;" and then execute a dance of inebriates, which, as far as Mr. LESLIE is concerned, is dramatically clever.

After this, Miss MARION HOOD, of the merry green-wood, sole descendant of ROBIN and MARIAN, comes on as a fair-haired, highly-coloured Queen, and sings,—not so freshly as she used some few years ago; but nothing of any importance occurs until the reappearance of Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARREN, and these two, dressed as girls,—in which costume Miss ELLEN FARREN really seems as much at home as if she had worn petticoats all her stage-life,—do another ingenious dance on their slates. If wanting in plot, the entertainment possesses, at all events, a first-rate STOREY, whose eccentric antics with his legs are marvellous. Everything is encoored, more or less. In the Second Act Mr. LESLIE exclaims, "Pshaw!" which immediately reminds him of *La Belle Siffreuse*, Mrs. SHAW, and he then whistles an air, accompanied by the orchestra, nearly as perfectly as Mrs. SHAW could do it herself.

All Herr MEYER LUTZ's music is as pretty and appropriate as usual. He is a past master in the art, and no one can touch him in this particular line. The scenery is excellent, and the *mise-en-scène* effective.

After a pretty Ballet of children, Mr. LESLIE, in answer to the applause, enters from the prompt-side dressed as Madame KATTI LANNER, and accompanied by some audacious person who dares to impersonate AUGUSTUS DRIBOLANUS. This is very droll, though I trembled lest DRIBOLANUS should march down on us with his legions, and his "Company Limited," to take summary vengeance. I have forgotten to mention the Salvationist dance by Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARREN, which goes immensely, and is encoored at least twice. I should like General BOOTH to see this, as I question whether the

absurd caricature of the tricks and manners of his followers has any basis in fact. The humour, I suppose, as usual, lies in the incongruity of the association, as was the case years ago with the Dancing Quakers at the Music-Halls.

Perhaps, when Mr. LESLIE comes out of the Gaiety Nursery, and



A sort of a "Booth" Performance.

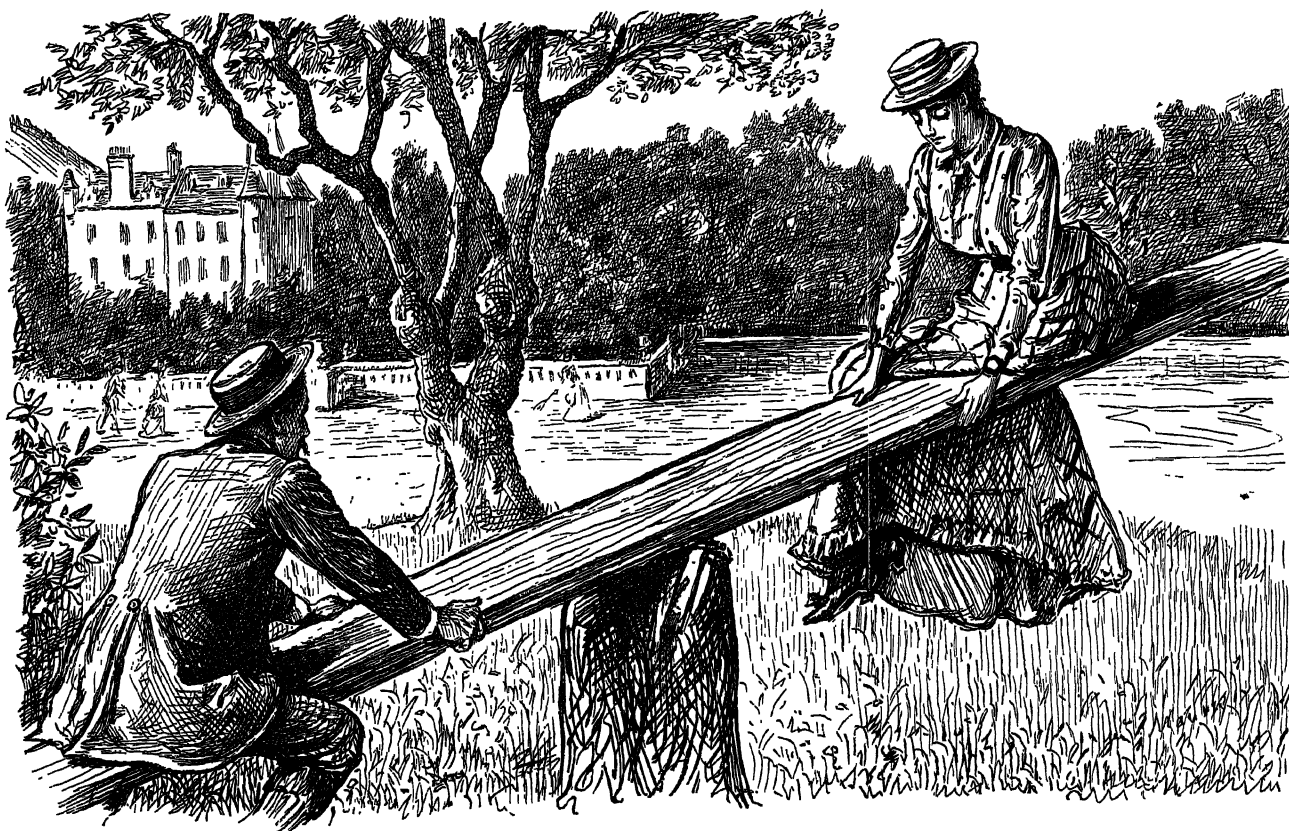
has grown out of "dressing up" and playing at acting, we may yet see him in some such artistic impersonation as was that of *Rip Van Winkle*, played, as one must suppose, by quite another Mr. LESLIE some years ago. Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARREN "draw," but the piece drags.

At the Avenue, *La Prima Donna* is not the work that will make Signor TIRO MATTEI's reputation as a composer of light opera. The light opera is heavy. If it were not for Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER as the Manager of a travelling troupe, there would not be a spark of fun in the piece. He sings a song which is encoored five times, and he gives a fresh verse for each encore. There is a trifle too much of his repetition as to his being "Such a wonderful Stage Manager," but this isn't the actor's fault. It is true that when a man prides himself on being first-rate at something or other, his conversation is inclined to become monotonous, and perhaps in no instance more so than in that of a professional or amateur actor who believes in himself as a "really marvellous stage manager." I remember the story in *Blackwood* as "The Duke's Dilemma," and I fancy it has already been dramatised. Be this as it may, the materials for a really good Comic Opera, which might have been made as telling as *La Grande Duchesse*, have been entirely thrown away, Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche. and all the excellent opportunities—or as H. J. BYRON used to say, the "Opera-tune-it-is," have been utterly lost. Except in a burlesque piece,—and this Opera ought not to be so considered,—what possible humour is there in making characters dressed in mediæval costume speak the slang of the nineteenth century, all the allusions in the dialogue being up to the present date? Mr. ALICE MARSH and Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY sing what is set down for them well, but they cannot help exhibiting the effects of depression. Miss ALICE LETHBRIDGE looks like KATE VAUGHAN and dances most gracefully. Scenery good: costumes not so good. Better luck to Titotum in his next spin.



"NUTS FOR THEM."—A Grand Hotel Official informed the *Pall Mall* interviewer, last Saturday, that the Royal Guests were put "in what we call the Walnut Rooms." What is the speciality of Walnut Rooms? Must the guests eat only walnuts and walnut pickles? Do the attendants let off crackers in their honour? Perhaps the Walnut-Room official expressed himself hazel-y.

MAKING HISTORY.—MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, as we may gather from his recent speeches, is engaged in writing a new History of Ireland and the Colonies. It will probably appear under the *nom-de-plume* of "JOSEPHUS HERODOTUS," and will be quite remarkable for its accuracy.



POPPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHATEVER GUS HAD TO SAY TO LUCY, HE HAD TO SAY IT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES DEPICTED ABOVE.

[They were both much moved.]

A STRANGE PAIR OF PETS;

Or, Fondling and Feeding.

"By the simplicity of Venus' doves,"
This is indeed a spectacle of the oddest!
Ours is a day of strange-assorted loves,
But that poor dove so soft, and mild, and
modest,
Paired off as pet with yon fierce bird of prey,
Is quite the strangest portent of the day.

The proud Imperial Fosco pouts his lips,
And to his peaceful petting chirps and
chirrupings;
He, the stark paladin, with belted hips,
Steel brand at side, and feet fresh from
the stirrups,
Armed Mars, petting the bird of Pax—and
Venus!
'Tis strange as Psyche flirting with Silenus.

The twittering Teuton Titan loves the bird—
He *says* so, and his preference to question,
Watching his attitude, would seem absurd.
And yet it seems a sinister suggestion
That thus so near the war-fowl Fate should
find him, [him].
Fondling the dove—but with one hand behind

What does he with that hand? Ah! what
but cram [fodder!]
The ravenous creature's craw with carrion
That act at least's no sentimental sham;
It makes the spectacle a trifle odder.
Himself with the sweet cushat he'd ingratiate,
Yet feeds the eagle's appetite insatiate.

That bird athwart the European skies
Has long time spread his wings in threaten-
ing shadow;

Flies as he feeds, still feeding as he flies.
To gorge him might o'ertax an Eldorado.
Still proffering food! And is there more to
follow,

O Teuton Chief, for that prodigious swallow?

Protector of the Dove? A pleasant plea!
The bird of Jove *protect* the bird of Venus?
Much as the wolf might a protector be
Of lambs and creatures of such gentle
genus.

If, free to strike, that eagle soared above
The cushat's nest, what chance for the poor
dove?

The snowy-pinioned bird, you say's secure.
For,—you but vaguely indicate how long.
Yes, whilst you pet the flutterer timid, pure,
And stand beside it twittering, yet strong.
But which, young Kaiser, has your love
indeed,

The pet you fondle, or the pet you feed?

THE COMING NINTH. — Why does Sir
HENRY ISAACS walk instead of ride in the
Show of November 9th? Because he con-
scientiously follows in the footsteps of his
ancestors. "*Pickwick* and *Principle*!" But
why not "go the whole"—beg pardon!—why
not walk the entire way? If it is against the
Sabbatical rule to take a horse out on that day,
why give the Mayor so much exercise? We've
often heard of "the Jewish Dispensation," but
it appears that there is no such thing, and
Sir HENRY can't be "dispensed" from the
obligation of the Sabbath. That being so,
foot it with the best of them Sir HENRY.
Lead them a pretty dance, and trust entirely
to "Shanks's Mare."

NORTHERLY.

On the 7th of November the Jubilee Din-
ner of the General Theatrical Fund will take
place with—who do we see is to be in the
Chair? IRVING? Oh, no. TOOLE? WIL-
LARD? Oh, no. BEERBOHM TREE? HENRY
NEVILLE? O dear no. SHERIDAN KNOWLES
was the first Chairman of the Committee of
the R. G. T. F., but he was actor as well as
author, and we fancy that Dramatic Authors,
and some noble Un-dramatic Authors not un-
known to art and literature, have been in the
Chair before now. So, who takes it this time?
Mr. GLADSTONE? Lord SALISBURY? Mr.
CHAMBERLAIN, who presided at the Kendal
Dinner? No—no—no. You'll never guess.
It is Colonel NORTH. What has he written?
Cheques to any amount. Good; and his
wealth, we trust, will benefit this and many
other charitable institutions. But why in the
Chair? Why not simply in a chair at the
Dinner? What next will he be offered? The
Presidency of the Royal Academy? The Arch-
bishopric of Canterbury, or of York as the
Northern Province? By the way, of what Regi-
ment is he Colonel? If not a Colonel of "Ours,"
he is certainly a Commander of "Mines." Still,
why has he been asked to take the Chair at the
Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner? Will
the title of the Association be altered, out of
compliment to the gallant Millionaire, and be
known henceforth as the "Royal 'Colonel'
Theatrical Fund?"

NEW "BLUE BOOK."—*The Blue Fairy Book*, by MERRY ANDREW LANG. N.B.—The
most scrupulous London County Councillors
may read it aloud in their domestic circles.



THE RIVAL PETS; OR, FONDLING AND FEEDING.

IN MEMORIAM.

Percival Leigh.

BORN, NOVEMBER 3, 1813. DIED, OCTOBER 24, 1889.

LAST link with a dead past, the earlier day
Of LEMON, JERROLD, LEECH and THACKERAY,
Now sundered suddenly!

With what a shock it comes of yearning pain,
The thought that we that presence ne'er again
At the old board may see!

The pen of *Pips's Diary* now is still,
The thoughtful face, the heart of warm goodwill,
Pass, with thy passing bell,
From thy old haunt of friendship lit by fame,
Leaving a memory fair, an honoured name:
PERCIVAL LEIGH, farewell!

COMFORT IN A STORM.

MIGHTY pleasant are the minor Galleries this gruesome weather. Truly delightful is it to run into any of these snug, comfortable little havens, and forget for awhile the muddy streets, the pouring rain, and the dismal atmosphere. Pay a visit to McLEAN'S, and see Sir JOHN MILLAIS' delightful little damsels at their *Five o'clock Tea*; enjoy a fresh breeze under the guidance of Mr. J. C. HOOK beside his *Sea-Pools, Arran*; have a good laugh over M. V. CHEVILLIARD'S *Critical Moment*; study Mr. EDWIN LONG'S *Choosing a Deity*; and do not omit to congratulate Mr. MARCUS STONE on his *Return*. He is the unproverbial STONE that has always kept rolling, and yet must have gathered a lot of moss. You will find plenty to amuse you if you go to Venice in company with Signor STEFANO NUOVO, and inspect his *Naughty Boy*, and you will thoroughly relish the breeziness of *A Fresh Morning off the Isle of Wight* with Mr. HENRY MOORE. After this wandering you will welcome a touching poem, a symphony in a minor key, M. C. DELORT gives you in *The Return of the Exile*; and there are plenty of other clever painters who will cause you to forget for awhile our dismal climate.



FOND BUT FOOLISH.

"LET ME PUT HIS MUZZLE ON FOR YOU, AUNT TABITHA."

"HUSH, DARLING! WE NEVER USE THAT WORD HERE—IT HURTS HIS FEELINGS. WE CALL IT HIS RESPIRATOR!"



"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."

NO MORE SAFES.

[An Insurance Company has been started for securing compensation to the victims of burglarious enterprise.]

Yes, that curious grating sound just outside the drawing-room window does, as you say, certainly seem as if somebody were trying to break in.

No, I do not intend to adopt your further suggestion that I should take the kitchen-poker and go round the premises with a lantern.

The burglars, who have succeeded in effecting an entrance with conspicuous ease through my patent roller steel shutters, appear to

be a merry crew. I can distinctly hear them cracking jokes and opening champagne bottles in the butler's pantry, preparatory to beginning their real work among the spoons and forks.

I should rather like to join the burglars' little "At Home" in my drawing-room, only in that case the Insurance Company would probably say I was in collusion with the housebreakers, and refuse to pay me my money.

What a pleasure it is to know that there are four dogs in the house—a dog to every burglar, probably! They have not, as yet, uttered a sound of protest.

Perhaps a long course of muzzling has taken away their spirits.

Anyhow, the simplest and wisest course for me to adopt is to lock my bed-room door and go off to sleep again.

You may call me a coward, my dear, and ask me "how I can bear to let a thief carry off the silver salver which was a wedding present from dear Mamma?"—but as I am insured for £2,000 in the new "Anti-Burglar Assurance Association," I do not feel in the least degree disposed to enter into a personal encounter with a band of healthy (and probably armed) felons.

Am rather surprised, when I call on the Association to tell them of the loss of all my plate, to be informed that "The Company of course expects the assured to do something to repel a burglar." I ask, if they expected me to run the risk of being shot? Agent replies, "Oh, yes, certainly." This is something like assurance!

It also looks bad for the Agent to come back to the house with me (as he does) and hunt all about the place, apparently with the object of discovering if I have hidden the stolen things anywhere, and am merely inventing the burglar story in order to get the compensation.

It looks still worse (for me) when the Agent really finds all the plate buried in a hole in the back garden! I remark that the burglars must have intended to return for it. Agent winks, and says something about its looking "precious fishy." Am really sorry the burglars have made such fools of themselves, and also of me. Never liked the pattern of that salver, and should have quite enjoyed getting heavy compensation out of the Company.

ASTROLOGY.—Mr. TAY PAT O'CONNOR says he has the firmest faith in his "lucky Star."



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 5.

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXII. MR. W. H. SMITH AT GREENLANDS, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

As you walk along the gravel-path, under the immemorial elms, towards the baronial residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, you have time to reflect that it is no new thing for Henley to be on

Thames. It has been there from time immemorial, certainly from the days when the Sieur DE SMEETH, founder of the branch of the well-known family of which your host is now the head, received a neighbouring manor from the mailed hand of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. As you stand in the latticed porch, buried in a picturesque tangle of creepers, gazing upon the projecting gables, you still find trace in the leaded casement of the old Norman-French motto of the

early SMEETHS—"Excusez mon gant." Amongst the rare documents your host presently shows you is a faded copy of the local newspaper giving an account of the attempt made by the Sieur to cross the Thames in a coracle. It is the same Thames still, and Henley is on it. But many other things are changed, including the proprietor of Greenlands.

You are examining the umbrellas in the hat-stand of carved oak, and the engravings of knights in armour in the staircase beyond, when a pleasant voice salutes you.

"Good morning," it says; "have you used—I mean, it is very good of you to come out so far. Any news in Town? Any more bye-elections? You know what the MARKISS says on the subject? 'Mr. SMITH,' says he (always calls me 'Mr.')

'if there are any more of these moral victories for Unionism, there will be only one bye left for us, and that will be good-bye.' Ha! ha! MARKISS has a certain modant humour which endears him to his friends."

You look up in the direction of the voice, and find your host beaming upon you from the mullioned staircase. You note that his dress is a happy mixture of the modern country gentleman and the Georgian Era; a frock-coat of bright blue, on which brass buttons boldly flash; whilst a flamboyant waistcoat is superarched over a pair of kerseymere trousers tied at the knee with black bows. Steel buckles glint on black shoes; a pair of ruffles lie at the wrists like wreaths of snow; whilst a pin, curiously fashioned, showing CHARLES THE FIRST with his head under his arm, fastens at the throat a lightly-tied kerchief. This pin, which has been in the family many years, has attached to it a curious history, which your host relates, as he sits by the open window at his desk, looking down on a grass-plot some eighty feet square, with a tiny greenhouse in one corner, and a still tinier grotto in the other, whilst far in the rear flows the lordly Thames.

"I have always liked a Grotto," your host says, as he turns over a new leaf in one of the numerous copy-books that fill an entire side of the rosewood and marqueterie book-case that rises from the floor to within an inch or so of the corniced ceiling. "POPE had a Grotto you know, and LABBY lives in it, which, BALFOUR says, accounts for the coolness of his impudence. But BALFOUR is always making remarks tinged with acerbity. For myself, I never forget how in earlier days I used to write out the observation, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

You follow the direction of your host's eyes which, lightly passing over the Flemish buffets tenanted by a collection of Dutch pottery, alight on a picture hung over a bronze bust of Lord BEACONSFIELD. It presents to view a little boy seated at a school desk. You notice that his head is turned on one side as if he had a crick in the neck; the tip of his tongue protrudes from the side of his mouth; his elbow has an agonised turn; the expression of the young face is one of anxious application. Underneath you find, written in flowing hand, "Master W. H. SMITH, *etat*. six. His first copy-book."

Your host sighs as he turns away from this picture, with all its tender recollections of a troubled past. It draws him into a reminiscent mood, and, as you take your seat on the Louis-Quatorze sofa, with its blue edging and imperial gold, and its tassels redolent of the Heptarchy, your host tells you the story of his life, which appears to have been a series of gentle surprises.

"Sometimes, my dear TOBY," your host says, "when I find myself sitting on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, Leader of the Great Conservative Party, I pinch myself to ascertain if I am really in a state of wakefulness, or whether I am in a condition of somnolency. Once, by the way, I remember, in a fit of absence of mind, I pinched GOSCHEN's leg by mistake, which led to a slight misunderstanding."

You take the opportunity to inquire whether there is any truth in the current rumour that the House of Commons is about to lose the companionship of your host, the House of Lords being the gainer by the transition. Your host gazes reflectively at the book-case within easy reach of his chair, where Sandford and Merton lie *à dos* with Dr. Brewer's *Guide to Science*, and Mangnall's *Questions* turns an interrogative countenance upon Little Henry and his Bearer.

"My only desire in life," says your host, toying with



THE REAL ROUGE-DRAGON; OR, "CHERCHEZ LA FEMME."

the paper-knife, which bears the title of a well-known firm, "is to do my duty—my duty to the QUEEN, and, I may add, to the country. Whether that duty is performed in one chamber or in another, is a matter of perfect indifference to a mind thus isolated in its ambition. I endeavour to do my duty in all circumstances, and when my task is accomplished, I hope to be able to say with TALLEYRAND—or was it LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH?—"Le déluge, c'est moi!"

Your host has risen as these words of burning eloquence, capped by the apt quotation, fell from his lips. He paces with leonine stride across the room, his foot falling noiselessly in the three-piled Persian carpet, which you observe does not entirely cover the floor, leaving a border of bare wood, the painful polish of which makes rather abrupt transition. You feel you are not much wiser as to your host's intentions, and would return to the subject, but just then your host's Secretary enters with an armful of letters, and as your host does not resume his seat, you think perhaps you'd better go. Walking to the railway station you call in at a confectioner's, and as you munch the bountiful bun and sip the succulent milk, you brood over man's inhospitality to man, and wonder what they are going to have for luncheon at Greenlands.

THE *Memoirs of Edward Askew Sothorn* are just out. "ASKEW" seems indeed a happy description of Lord Dundreary's very eccentric ways.

"WITH EMILE AUGIER," observed the *Observer*, last Sunday, "who died at Croissy only forty-eight hours ago, the greatest living Dramatist of France has passed away." Does MISTHER O'TRAILL edit it now? Anyhow, 'tis good Irish style, and more power to his elbow!

GRANDOLPH'S REPLY TO THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

AIR—"In Cellar Deep."



GR-

Grandolph refuses to become a Teetotaller.

HERE pottle-deep I sit, and keep
From action compromising.
No, LAWSON mine, I must decline
To join you. Is't surprising?
Your solemn pate you wag and prate
Of what I should be thinking.
Pray leave to me my policy
On Drinking, Drinking, Drink-
ing!

In WILFRED's smile there may be
guile—

He's skilled in jests deceiving;
And CAINE may be a rod to me,
Tee-to-tally believing.

FARBAR, I fear, holds notions queer,
With Local Option linking
Compulsion's screw. 'Twill hardly
do

[Drinking!
'Gainst Drinking, Drinking,

No, come what may, the U. K. A.

(I say it with some sorrow),

I can't agree to back, d'ye see,

To-day, nor yet to-morrow.

Their means, dear boy, I'd not
employ—

They're foolish, to my thinking.

My little game is not the same,

On Drinking, Drinking, Drink-
ing!

NATURAL REFLECTION.

"I find that figures annoy our opponents so much——"
Sir W. V. Harcourt, at the Nat. Lib. Club.



Sir W. V. H. "What can they see to object to in
this figure?"

MOST APPROPRIATE.—It is announced that the Christmas Course of Lectures at the London Institution is intended for juveniles, and will be given by C. V. BOYS. If very little chaps are taken there, in front of him he'll see Vee Boys. (Oh! Oh! Police!)

BURST!

Fragment from a Coming War Romance.

"The delay in completing the armaments of those of our battle-ships intended to carry 111-ton, and 57-ton guns, scandalous and inexcusable as it is, is a mere fleabite compared with the grave doubts that have, from recent experience, been forced upon us, whether the guns, when we get them, will be worth the having."

"If such a number of guns have collapsed after a few rounds, what may we expect with rapid and continued firing in action? He would be a bold man who would guarantee that half our existing guns would escape self-destruction in such a case."

"The ordinary British tax-payer * * * little knows how much occasion he has for anxiety in this one matter of guns. He would be most profoundly anxious if the real facts were disclosed."—*Times*, Oct. 25.

HER Majesty's good ship *Dunderhead*, with her armament of two 111-ton guns, had figured long on paper as one of the most formidable ships produced by the Department of Naval Construction, and in Annual Reviews and occasional manoeuvres had been proudly pointed to as typical of that British supremacy at sea that official optimism maintained was in no danger of being questioned as long as the defence of the national flag was entrusted to such triumphs of dock-yard skill and scientific ordnance construction as was made manifest in her and her sister vessels. So at least ran the story some six years since; but on this, the first day of April, 1895, it had, somehow, a different sound. The country was involved in a great naval war, and Her Majesty's ship *Dunderhead* had had her work cut out for her, attached to the Channel Squadron, from which, however, on the afternoon of this first day of April, 1895, she had managed, owing to some misunderstanding, to stray away.

But on board the *Dunderhead* a curious scene was being enacted. It was known to everyone on the ship, from the look-out-man on the top-royal to the powder-monkey in the hold, that the craft of the enemy were gradually closing round her, advancing slowly but stealthily from every point of the compass, and that her capture, unless she broke through them, or made a good fight of it at close quarters, was an inevitable necessity, yet the Rear-Admiral who had command of her appeared totally unconscious of the critical nature of the situation. At least so judged his superior officers, for as first one and then another rushed in turns pale and trembling into his cabin to announce to him the appearance of some fresh ship of the enemy threatening on the horizon, he only met them with a little imbecile grin and familiar nod, saying, "That's all right," and then, thrusting his hands in his trousers' pockets, and stretching himself back upon his cabin sofa, he relapsed again into the vacant stare through the opposite porthole, from which their entrance had momentarily disturbed him.

The truth is he had just looked into his sealed orders, and they

were not encouraging. They merely contained these words, "You had better not fire your guns!"

"The same old game!" he had remarked to himself, in acid meditation. And he had fallen again into his reverie.

"We must stir him," said a soared First-Lieutenant, in a feeble, whining voice, addressing the trembling crew of superior officers as they gathered instinctively outside his cabin-door. "But how?"

The question was soon answered.

"Two fresh cruisers bearing down on the larboard tack," shouted a voice from the deck above, down the cabin-stairs.

A visible tremor ran through the little palpitating crowd.

"We'll tell him that," they all shouted with one voice; and with one accord they thrust open the door and burst wildly into the cabin.

"Well, what is it now?" asked the Rear-Admiral, once more pausing in his reverie.

"Two fresh cruisers coming down to larboard," was the eager but hysterical reply.

"Then make for starboard," answered the Rear-Admiral.

"The enemy already close that," quavered the First-Lieutenant.

The Rear-Admiral made an impatient gesture.

"Then go ahead," he said.

"Useless," was the reply; "they lie across our bows."

"Then turn astern, or anywhere you like," continued their superior.

"Sir, there is no turning anywhere," they responded, with a low wail; "we are surrounded, and must fight for it."

There was a deadly pause.

"By that you mean fire the guns?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, fire the guns, that's our game. Three cheers for the old *Dunderhead*!" and they gave a miserable, quavering hurrah.

The Rear-Admiral surveyed them sadly for a moment. "Very well, Gentlemen," he said, "as you wish; but remember, if anything happens, it was you who were for having recourse to the guns, not I. And now, Boatswain, please man me the dingy!"

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later the Rear-Admiral, unnoticed in the little dingy, had escaped beyond the outer line of the advancing enemy, and was surveying the scene through a powerful binocular.

The hostile fleet had advanced slowly, and at length surrounded the *Dunderhead*, but, terror-struck at its colossal strength, and formidable armament, had not, as yet, had courage to fire a shot. Presently there was a terrific explosion. The *Dunderhead* was seen to be blown bodily out of the water, and then, with a gigantic splash, to disappear beneath the Channel waves.

"Dear me!" said the Rear-Admiral, shifting his binocular with much interest, "those orders were correct, after all! It seems to be a case of BURST!"

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

UNFILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

X.

"EASTWARD!" the Shadow murmured. "Not the East

Whose every aspect is an optic feast
 Of rich and radiant colour.
 The orient rather of dim light and dun,
 Of shadowed lives and a smoke-hidden sun,
 Of poverty and dolour."

'Twas not the reek of the flower-spangled swamp,
 This thick miasma, deadly chill and damp,
 That rose as down we fitted
 O'er dull, rain-sodden roofs and chimneys black,
 Wastes where the stretch of poverty's soul-rack
 Is never intermitted.

No gleam, no gladness, save the garish glare
 Of taverns, whence shrill laughter smote the air,

Mirthless, half maniac laughter.
 The huddled houses ranged in dismal rows,
 Seeming the sordid homes of wasting woes
 From cellarage to rafter.

"Yon southern suburb," said my shadowy guide,
 "Held remnants sparse of squalid human pride

And piteous human passion;
 Here all seems subter-human. Yet the slum
 Holds hearts and heroes, though in rhetoric dumb,
 In raiment out of fashion.

"Look down!" I looked, and in an attic lone,
 With blank foul floor, and hearth of bare cold stone,

A grey-faced woman, grizzled
 By years and sorrows, sat and shrank, in vain,
 From the damp walls whence oozed the ruthless rain

That through the dark night drizzled.
 The rifted roof leaked misty moisture down
 On her grey locks; her frayed and scanty gown

To her shrunk bosom huddled,
 Stilled not the shiverings of her ill-fed frame,
 Chilled by the rusty grate devoid of flame,
 The rotting floor rain-puddled.

Yet worked she on. Ah yes, she worked,
 worked, worked;
 The one dead burden that may not be shirked,
 Whilst lingers life's last ember,
 Is drudgery. That still weights her morn and noon,

Through the rare gleams of London's leaden June,
 The fogs of drear December.

Alone, age-stricken, grey and silent, she
 Stitches on there. A mug of cold pale tea,
 A slice of bread, sole diet
 Of the poor struggling solitary, stand
 Hard by her; so, with work and food at hand,

She plods on, pale yet quiet.

This is her world; from year to year she sits,
 Heedless of Babylon's wealth as of its wits,
 Its pleasures, panics, prophets;
 All pass her by, she never sees the sun
 Shine on a field; her home is this damp, dun,
 Most desolate of Tophets.



Ten years of this grim life of want and toil
 Have left her premature and hopeless spoil
 Of age and grinding labour.
 Her needle and her garret she leaves not,
 Save for "the Shop." Mute drudgery is her lot

And venal vice her neighbour.

"What is her work?" I cried, "if that be work

Which is a worse task-master than the Turk?"

"Look closer," said the Shadow,
 "Oh, shrink not! Wise Economists will say
 Her fingers *must* wax thin, 'tis the sole way
 To stock Trade's Eldorado.

"Shirt-finishing," good friend, at three poor pence

The dozen garments; and, with toil intense,
 Unceasing, superhuman,
 She may earn some three shillings in the week.
 Hideous? Nay, eager hundreds vainly seek
 The 'luck' of this lone woman!

"Hard-by are harsher scenes, sick husbands prone,

Dead children coffinless. She is alone
 This slave, and so half happy. [box,
 And now look yonder!—In his snug stage-
 With sheeny front, trim shoes and flaming socks,

Lounged what slang dubs a "Chappie."

That means a callow, callous cad, a thing
 All dandy insolence and diamond ring,
 And cynic cockney "patter."

"There," said the Shadow, "sits the ghoul
 who thrives

Upon the labour of such lingering lives.

Could he look rosier, fatter?

"He owns the rookery whence, by roguish sleight,

From bodily ill and spiritual blight
 Greed sucks a rich subsistence.

Ten thousand needles flash, with brush and paste [to waste

A myriad match-slaves drudge dull years
 To yield such brutes existence.

"Ill-paid they are, half famishing may be,
 Bare are their lives of comfort as of glee;

But one thing they must offer
 To the new Moloch. Yes, the Rent! the Rent!

Must come, the maw of Mammon to content,
 And cram his gaping coffer.

"No, eighteen-pence a week may not seem much

To yield to the edacious monster's clutch;
 But for this hideous hovel

To halve, not tithe, yon broken woman's wage,

Proves that the master deity of the age
 In greed's worst slough can grovel.

"Yet she complains not, but—is't not absurd?"

Laments the losing of the poor starved bird
 Dead in the cage hung yonder.

How foolish are the poor! What shred of sense

In moaning o'er the loss of an expense?

A question this to ponder!"

(To be continued.)

A LEGITIMATE GRIEVANCE.

The Charnelhouse,

MR. PUNCH, SIR, *Kensington Gore.*

I WRITE to protest, in the strongest possible manner, against a gross breach of faith on the part of the Management of one of our most fashionable, popular, and select

places of entertainment. They are exhibiting Cannibals, Sir, genuine Canni-

bals, from Tierra del Fuego. So far, I have no complaint to make. Nothing

can be more improving to a cultivated mind than the contemplation of genuine Cannibals. But the

Management advertise as follows:—"The Cannibals will be fed at 2'30, six, and ten o'clock."

I went there, Sir; I took my wife, my wife's mother (who is now on a visit to us), and a young family,

of ages varying from eleven to three-and-a-half. I reached the hall some time

before 2'30, and engaged front seats, being naturally anxious not to miss so rare and

interesting a spectacle. Conceive my feelings, imagine the keen disappointment of my wife

and children, the indignation of my mother-in-law, when we found that we had been

made the victims of what I must really take the liberty to characterise as a most unprin-

cipled deception! The Cannibals were fed, Sir, and I fully admit that their manners at

table were as uncivilised and repulsive as could be possibly desired—but of what did

their repast consist? I do not hesitate to say—and I challenge the Proprietors to contra-

dict my statement—that those Cannibals were not supplied with their natural sustenance.

To avoid all possibility of mistake, we spent the entire day there, revisiting the entertain-

ment at six and at ten, and occupying places from which an uninterrupted view of the

performance could be obtained. Sir, there was not so much as one solitary baby provided

for those anthropophagists! Need I say that we came away disgusted by the imposition

that had been practised upon us, and determined to expose it forthwith in your hospitable columns. My youngest daughter, aged

six, positively shed tears at finding the reality so far from her anticipations; and I believe

I am correct in stating that the majority of the audience fully shared our emotions.

The Public must not be trifled with in this manner. Let the London County Council

see to it, and insist that those who cater for popular amusement should faithfully per-

form their side of the contract, or take the natural consequences!

I am, Sir, yours, indignantly,

GLOATINGTON GOOLE

(Fellow of the Royal Vegetarian Society).

P.S.—They would not even return the money at the doors!





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR OCTOBER.

"LABBY IN OUR ABBEY."

(By a Westminster Chorister, to the Air of
"Sally in our Alley.")

I.

Of all the Rads that are so smart
There's none like crafty LABBY,
He learns the secrets of each heart,
And lives near our Abbey;
There is no lawyer in the land
That's half as sharp as LABBY,
He is a demon in the art,
And guileless as a babby!

II.

For "Bomba BALFOUR" in the week
There seems to be no worse day,
Than is the one that comes between
A Tuesday and a Thursday.
For then we read each foul misdeed
"Unmanly, mean and shabby,"
Exposed to view in type so true
By penetrating LABBY.

III.

LORD SALISBURY and the Tories, all
Flout, gibe, and jeer at LABBY,
Though but for him 'tis said they'd be
A sleepy set and flabby;
And ere their seven long years are out,
Could they be rid of LABBY,
"Snug lying" they might find for him;
But not in our Abbey!

RESEARCH AT CAMBRIDGE.

Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I do not remember ever having read a copy of your paper, but I have been told that it is chiefly devoted to Psychical Research; so you will probably be glad to receive an account of an experiment which I made the other day. Although I am only reading for the Pass Degree, I am a man of considerable intellectual attainments, and I have devoted a great part of my time to the study of Hypnotism, and Transcendental Medicine.

Now, on the evening of Monday, October 21, I happened to pick up a Number of a Cambridge Periodical, *The Granta*, in which the Editor offered a money prize for the best definition of—(1) a Dean; (2) a Tutor; (3) a Father; (4) a Senior Wrangler; (5) a Freshman; (6) a Bedmaker. The only definitions I had ever read were in a little book bearing the fanciful title of *Euclid*, and written by a Mr. TODHUNTER; and although the work is generally considered sound as far as it goes, I found that there was absolutely no mention in it of Deans, or Bedmakers, or anything of the sort. Feeling sure that the omission was purely accidental, I determined to discover what Mr. TODHUNTER would have written if he had thought of it.

I therefore took a *Euclid* paper, and, with the assistance of a sporting friend, selected the hardest rider in it. I obtained from a good mathematician, a strong solution of this rider, which I injected into my left arm. I then hypnotised myself by attending a meeting of our College Essay Society, having previously taken the precaution of placing a pencil and paper in my hand. My friend BINDLES had hardly commenced his duties as Chairman, before I fell into a trance. Upon recovering, I found the following on the paper before me, in my own handwriting:—

(1) A Dean is the Deometer of a college parallelogram. (Hence the Porter's formula, "The Dean's compliments, Sir, and would you kindly be more regular, &c.")

(2) A Tutor is the mean between the lowest common Undergraduate and the Master of the College. (Acknowledgments to a recent Master of Trinity.)



HOSPITAL-ITY.

Hospital Physician (with a view to diagnosis). "WHAT DO YOU DRINK?"

New Patient (cheering up at the proposal). "OH, SIR!—THANK YOU, SIR—WHATEVER YOU—I LEAVE THAT TO YOU, SIR!"

(3) A Father is a plain figure called the Boss, and is such that, when properly squared, cheques will be drawn by him up to a certain point. (Show that the father's banking account varies inversely as the altitude of the son.)

(4) A Senior Wrangler is the projection of Mr. WEBB upon a gifted Johnian.

(5) A Freshman is one off whom, if any two points be taken, the appreciation of those points lies wholly with the man who took them. (6) A Bed-maker lies evenly upon any point.

I hardly think it necessary to call your attention, Sir, to the remarkable nature of this experiment. Personally, I attribute it to my peculiarly sensitive temperament. My friend BINDLES thinks it is the college beer, which has not been quite up to the mark lately. But BINDLES knows nothing of Psychology.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

MARIADA LILLAM.

"STORIES BY BRET HARTE."—Every reciter, amateur and professional, will do well to master them, as he is expected to know "stories by heart."



METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

ADVANTAGE MIGHT BE TAKEN OF THE MOUNTAINOUS CONDITION OF ANY PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE, WHEN "UP," TO RUN A SWITCHBACK RAILWAY FROM, SAY, CHARING CROSS TO THE BANK.

"GIBBING."

It is said that the Bishop of GIBALTAR,—whose see in *partibus* includes the Mediterranean Sea and "all round and about that quarter," so that St. Peter's is a kind of parish church in his Lordship's diocese, and the POPE an aggrieved parishioner,—is about to fulminate once more, or ere this has already fulminated, against the iniquities of Monte Carlo, where it is not improbable a few members of Archdeacon FARRAR's new Anglican Monastic Brotherhood Co. Limited, will take up their residence in order to convert the gambling lambkins and black sheep from the error of their way. The last time we were at that horridly delightful, infernally paradisiacal, but certainly not pharisaical place, we saw eminent English statesmen, all sorts and conditions of men, ladies with their winning ways, musical, literary and artistic celebrities, planking down their money on the red and black, the numbers and the *zéro*, thus amusing themselves by doing with their own just exactly what they have a right to do. Hadn't the Bishop of GIBALTAR better take a leaf out of his Brother of Peterborough's betting-book? Dr. MAGEE doesn't see what material difference there is between betting on a horse, or on a colour, or speculating on a Stock Exchange chance. Why should that be vicious at Monte Carlo which is honest and fair in Capel Court?

The pharisaism of the Bishop of GIB is resented as an insult by the native Monte-Carlits, who, under their legitimate Bishop of MONACO, have their own chapels and churches, and plenty of hospitals and charitable institutions, founded and endowed by Mlle. ROULETTE and Messrs. ROUGE ET NOIR & C^{ie}, represented, in effect, by the BLANC family, whose name should suggest to the Bishop of GIB that Monte-Carlits are not so black as his Lordship would like to paint them, and no less is the Bishop's action resented by the English at Monte Carlo, who feel inclined to ask the Bishop why he doesn't attempt the evangelisation of TATTERSALL'S, Doncaster, Newmarket, Ascot, and other head-quarters of horse-racing and betting? and why he does not go out and preach to the Bears and the Bulls of Capel Court? Of course there's evil there as everywhere, and, of course, all need conversion, even the Three Per Cents., so Mr. GOSCHEN thought; but the poor players of Monte Carlo are not worse than their fellows in and about the great English centres of commerce.

SAMSON AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

FIRM as a rock, of moderate height and girth,
Posed SAMSON as "the strongest man on earth."
A modest challenge. *Solvitur ambulando*—
The rock was staggered by a little Sand oh!

SAMSON among the Philistines caused mirth,
Proving he's *not* "the strongest man on earth;"
Or if he be, then he, who gained the prize,
SANDOW, must have descended from the skies.

It would reduce the strongest men to shadows to lose a hundred pounds every night. In Tom and Jerry days, when a man got worsted, the slang was, "There he goes with his eye out." SAMSON should change names with CYCLOPS, and retain the latter as "his only pupil."

CAVE CANEM!

OH, Dr. JOSEPH PARKER,
You're a tremendous barker!
And if your bite
Is equal quite,
You must have teeth like *Carker*.
Your skill at advertising,
And all the world advising,
BARNUM can't flog.
If not a dog,
You're good at dog-matising!
No doubt your stentor yap'll
Fill—if not space—your chapel.
You're always game
To shout—like Fame—
And with all foes to grapple.
Were *ever* you a puppy?
Great gun, with bore quite Kruppy,
Your roar's high art—
Then you're as smart
As the young man named *Guppy*.
There's nothing in creation
Escapes *your* observation.
They ought to take
You straight, and make
You watch-dog of the Nation!
Then how you'd bark! Sense urges
Us to the step. It verges
On madness not
To make a lot
Of such a Boanerges!
No muzzle then, no fetter
On sermon, speech, or letter!
(*Mem.*: One thing "log"
"Brag's a good dog,
But Holdfast is a better!")

GUIDING STARS.

PEOPLE who think there are no guides but *Murray*, *Bradshaw*, and *Baedeker* should at once pay a visit to the new home of the Lady Guide Association in Cookspur Street. If they will have ten minutes' chat with the Acting Manageress, Miss EDITH DAVIS—a *rara Davis in terris*—she will tell them all about the object and scope of the Institution, and will show them how useful these Lady Guides are, and how necessary they will be to Country Cousins and others who do not know their way about, but want to see as much as they can in a very little while. The only danger to the susceptible male tourist is from the glances of the Shooting Stars. The number of Lady Guiding Stars, who, however brilliant they may be, must wander occasionally, may be reduced by their becoming Fixed Stars. *Mr. Punch* raises his strongest glass to these Stars, and wishes them success.

THE KAISER AT ATHENS.

"Ancient, beautiful Athens."—*The German Emperor to Prince Bismarck.*

ANCIENT Athens, beside you
Berlin seems extremely new;
Beauteous Athens, on the Spree
There's no city like to thee.
Hear me swear before I go,
'Aθήναι σάς άγαπώ!

Prince VON BISMARCK, if you please,
This, the town of PERICLES,
Quite excites your Kaiser on
Pillars of the Parthenon:
Fairer sight I do not know,
'Aθήναι σάς άγαπώ!

"*Ιουτέφανος*," men say,
You were dubbed in olden lay;
City of the Violet Crown,
Now you gain a new renown,
Since a Kaiser's blessings flow,
'Aθήναι σάς άγαπώ!

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL.

"If health and spirits you'd recruit, Just look in for an hour at the Institute!" Why, cert'nly! Don't see why I shouldn't sing in a Picture Gallery if I please. Severe critic wags the head at me. I look at him through my hand as if he were a picture. He scowls and leaves gallery. More room for me. What a lot of pictures! "Six hundred pictures I compute, Are hung upon the walls of the Institute!" "Self-sown Firs," by FRANK WALTON. Good! Might go firser and fare worse. Sort of picture I pine for. "The Swinge of Alderney." A swingeing good sea-scape, by HARRY HINE. "A Royal Palace," a delightful study of Hampton Court, by JOHN FULLBYLOVE, and I'm full o' love for the picture. "Under the Silver Moon"—real moonlight, not theatrical effect, by E. F. BREVYNALL. "Twilight," by A. HARRISON, also good and true. "Babes in the Wood." Poor dears—no fine deer—by S. E. WALLER. "Our Ducks"—not in frocks, but in feathers, and capitably rendered, by TOM LLOYD. "Evening." Delightful bit of Thames, by C. J. LEWIS. "O long may LEWIS con-tribute, Such pictures to be hung at the Institute!" "Rook and Pigeon"—full of force and character. A capital study of "milletary men." Ha! ha! Tells its own story well with the aid of its painter—F. D. MILLER. "Intruders." Two little girls on the sea-shore, apparently looking for their clothes, which probably the intruders have stolen. Figures deftly limned—that is to say, limbs well drawn—by W. H. BARTLETT. "Each child should have a bathing suit! For they'll find it somewhat chilly at the Institute!" "The Lull before the Storm," W. L. WYLLIE. "O WYLLIE, we've not missed you!" Glad we haven't, or we should have missed one of the best pictures in the show. "From Shipplake Hill," by ALFRED PARSONS. Bright, breezy, delightful, and just like the place. "The Evening Mist," by S. J. SOLOMON. Why mist? The meaning is somewhat misty, unless it means that the young lady has missed all her clothing. "Twould quite strike Mr. HORSLEY mute! If he saw this merry maiden at the Institute!" "An Improvisatore," by J. W. NICOL. Despite the name of the artist, it is sterling metal and no nickel about it. Looks like our old friend who used to sing at race-courses. "Penarth, from Cardiff," by E. HAYES. A bit of real fresh sparkling sea. Almost makes you onaisy to look at. Very clear, though undoubtedly hayesy. How's that, Umpire? "A Summer Day," by KEELEY HALSWELLE, Capital! All's well when he wields the brush. "Oh, weel may the KEEL"—paint! *Qu'est-ce KEELEY*, ah! But no matter! "Jeanie," by Miss C. E. PRIDMPTON, a delightful little maiden, charmingly painted! "I'd like that damsel to salute!—But it wouldn't be quite proper at the Institute!" "Passing Clouds," by ERNEST PARTON, an earnest study from Nature, delightfully rendered. "Henry Russell at 71," by WALTER GOODMAN—two good men together. Why, bless me! I recollect HENRY RUSSELL singing "The Ship on Fire" at the very first public entertainment I ever was at. "I'd like to hear him execute,—Another of his songs at the Institute!" "Flowers of the Field," by J. CLAYTON ADAMS—bright and fresh. "The Proposal," by HAYNES WILLIAMS—another rendering of *How the Men Propose*.

And there is plenty more to look at. "Venice," by OSCAR WILSON; "Haycocks," by EDGAR ELLIS; "Bookbinders' Work-room," by HERMAN G. HERKOMER; "Half Afraid," by F. MORGAN; "Sunset—Low Tide," by A. HEICKE; "A Corner of the Studio," by LEONARD WYBURD; "An October Storm," by T. H. MCLACHLAN. I haven't seen half the pictures as yet. "Oh, had I only brought my lute—I would sing all the glories of the Institute!" Secretary says I mustn't sing. Here's SIR JAMES LINTON—he objects to my singing—I object to his not exhibiting a picture. We come to words, and from words we come to a Policeman. Sir JAMES pretends he doesn't know me. Secretary looks other way. Policeman says, "Now then!"—"The Peeler he looks resolute,—So I gracefully retire from the Institute!"

THE WARBLING CRITIC.

"TIS GOOD TO BE MURRAY AND WISE."

THE most interesting article in *Murray's Magazine* for this month is Mr. JOHN MURRAY's brief and well-written account of "The Origin and History" of his own celebrated *Handbooks for Travellers*. He justly complains of Herr BAEDERKER and all his works. He would not have been angry with Messrs. BAEDERKER had they only contrived to infringe the laws of copyright, and so brought themselves within reach of the law. But they have cleverly avoided this, while availing themselves of the information which MURRAY had collected; and they added insult to injury by sending out BAEDERKER bound "in the same Red Cover."

No matter, Mr. JOHN MURRAY, evil doings never prosper, and, after all, your work is known all over the world as "The Travelling Englishman's Bible," without which no tourist's luggage is complete. So henceforth be our touring motto, "A las BAEDERKER, and St. George for Murray England!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF Mr. J. L. STEVENSON told me that after a course of *John Inglesant*, *Barry Lyndon*, and *Esmond*, the idea had occurred to him of writing *The Master of Ballantine* I should not be in the least surprised, for the story has thepedantrywithout the charm of *Esmond*, the gloomwithout the wit of *Barry Lyndon*, and some of the pictu-resquenessand all the tediousness, but very little of the fascination of *John Inglesant*. How it has come to be praised so highly as I am informed it has been I am unable to understand, thereby, of course, admitting an intellectual defect in the presence of very superior persons.

The Pariah, by Mr. F. ANSTEE, is one of the cleverest books that has appeared for many years. As ZOLA extracted a drama out of *Le Bonheur des Dames*, so has the author of *Vice Versa* produced a tragedy from scenes in the life of a shop-boy. Anyone who can read unmoved the trials of *Allan*, the poor persecuted hero, must have a heart of stone. Of humble birth and cruelly neglected education, he sacrifices his life for the sake of the woman he adores with all the chivalry of a Bayard. And the wretched selfishness of the girl for whom the sacrifice is made renders the act of devotion the more touching. The story is full of interest, and has been built up with infinite care. The sketches of character are admirable. Volumes One and Two are more interesting than Volume Three, because in the latter *Margot*—the hateful, contemptible heroine of the book—is more in evidence than her heroic step-brother. Mr. ANSTEE very skillfully attempts to tone down the repulsiveness of *Margot's* character by suggesting that she is not quite so bad as she seems, and marrying her to a gentleman with an appointment in Japan. As *Margot* is morally responsible for her step-brother's death, and, strictly speaking, deserves hanging, there are few who will not stealthily hope that her husband, when he gets her back to Japan, will lose his temper, and give her a thorough good shaking. Poetic justice demands that she should have such a fate. *The Pariah* is a decided advance upon *The Giant's Robe*, and marks a turning-point in its author's life. Henceforward, Mr. ANSTEE will take his place as a novelist of the first rank.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

LONDON COUNCIL COMMITTEES.

(Suggestions for appropriate Chairmen.)

| COMMITTEES. | CHAIRMEN. |
|---|---------------|
| Fire Brigade Committee | Mr. BURNS. |
| Parks and Open Spaces Committee | Mr. BRANCH. |
| Contagious Diseases (Animals) Committee | Mr. HOGG. |
| Housing of Working-classes Committee | Mr. HOLMES. |
| Finance Committee | Mr. MARKS. |
| Bridges Committee | Mr. FORD. |
| Highways Committee | Mr. RHODES. |
| Taxation of Land Committee | Mr. RENTOUL. |
| Parliamentary Committee | Mr. LAWSON. |
| Sanitary Committee | Mr. STRONG. |
| Valuation of Land Committee | Mr. COSTELLO. |
| Main Drainage Committee | Mr. MYER. |

New Nursery Rhyme:

(For the Bakers on Strike.)

Co-OPERATE, overworked Baker's man!
Make it ten hours a day if you can.
"Not to-day, Baker!" the Sweaters agree:
But "Death in the Oven" disgrunts Mr. P.

CURIOUS ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—On the day that the report of the settlement of the *Miss Phyllis Broughton v. Lord Dangan Breach of Promise* case for £2,500 appeared in the papers, the advertised programme of the Covent Garden Concerts contained this item of attraction: "Mr. JOHN VOYSEY will sing this evening, 'Phyllis is My Only Joy!' and 'Good-bye, Sweetheart' (HATTON)." Certainly—a good finish; hat on, and walk off.



A SOFT ANSWER.

"JANE, I SAW THAT POLICEMAN SPEAK TO YOU. THAT'S THE THIRD POLICEMAN I'VE SEEN SPEAKING TO YOU THIS MORNING. I CAN'T ALLOW THAT!"

"NO, MA'AM. BUT THE POLICEMEN ALWAYS DO ADMIRE BABY SO—THEY CAN'T 'ELP STOPPIN' AND ASKIN' ABOUT 'IM. THEY ALL SAY AS THEY NEVER SEE SUCH A FINE CHILD!"

"ADIEU!!!"

La République loquitur :—

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow,"
Yet must we part, I fear.
How dull will be the morrow
With *you* no longer here!
I really am half frightened,
The sun scarce seems to shine—
Without you. You have brightened
Our Great Year, Eighty-Nine;
The year of Celebration
Of—well of certain things,
To which not every nation
The warmest welcome brings.
In fact, dear, Revolution,
When it is tinged with Red,
(Though but in retribution)
Fills timid souls with dread;
And it was rather risky
Your fortunes to combine
With forces fierce and frisky
That ruled in Seventy-Nine.
But you, as the fair sequel
Has very plainly shown,
Were to the occasion equal,
My beautiful, my own!
Yes, *you* conciliated
My disingenuous foes,
I saw them, who so hated,
Half friendly ere your close.
Your wondrous fascination
Was all too much for them;
For English affectation,
And eke for German phlegm.
Italians, jealous, cranky,
Grew courteous, for your sake;

As for the swarming Yankee,
He fairly "took the cake."
You softened the stiff Spanish,
And warmed the stolid Dutch,
And now, my dear, you vanish!
It is indeed too much!
Pardon this deliquescence!
You never made me weep,
Until I felt your presence,
I could no longer keep.
You filled the Beauteous City
With nearly half the earth.
The world should be more witty,
More capable of mirth,
For these mad months of revel
In the great Champ de Mars.
It may not reach *my* level,
It may not "shock the stars;"
But sure your crowded acres,
Your dances, and your drinks,
Might stir the dullest Quakers
To wit, and warmth, and winks.
The "*Orient*," in your pictures,
Was *piquant*, *chic*, and *pschutt*!
And as for prudish strictures
On them we may be mute.
You sent us up like rockets,
Nous autres. The Great City
Filled all its streets—and pockets.
'Tis past, dear,—oh! the pity!

And one thing more I owe you.
Hardly till you depart
I really, fully know you,
O mistress of my heart!
That ancient Bastille business
Might have set fools agog,

Now charmed—by you—to dizziness,
Contentedly they jog;
And then, dear, the Elections!
The chances of the Urns
Roused me to strange reflections,
Hopeful and sad by turns.
Thanks to you, *pas de danger*!
Reaction you disarmed;
You bottled up BOULANGER,
And the Red Spectre charmed.
Despite all cynic snarling,
'Twas you and your great Tower,
"Saved the Republic," darling!
I owe you peace and power;
Safety—*pro tem*.—from faction,
From zealots coarse and crude,
Mad Reds and crass Reaction.
Accept my gratitude!
And so, adieu! It must be!
The hour is struck! I fear!
In whom shall now my trust be?
What bodes the coming year?
Hushed is the brilliant Babel,
Though you have left its Tower.
As popular and stable
Be *La République's* power!
No fault of yours, at any rate,
Should History say, "She fell
Enfeebled foul, degenerate."
Farewell, *ma chère*, farewell!!!

"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE."—Now
that the annual Licensing Day is past, and
the Music-hall Inspection is of no present value,
what a dull time the MUCK DOUGALL must be
having! He will have to take up the drains
again. Yes, to be sewer.



“ADIEU!!!”

MADAME LA FRANCE. “GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR! DELIGHTED TO HAVE SEEN YOU! DON'T KNOW *WHAT*
I SHOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU!!”

A SONG OF SLAUGHTER.

(Disrespectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Songbird Slayers.

"Blackbirds are a very popular decoration just now. They are placed singly on the bonnets and collectively on the hats, being in some instances poised as if for immediate fly, and in others, perched in all manner of attitudes. No other bird is as well liked as the blackbird, for none can give the same air of smartness to a hat or bonnet."—*Fashion Review*.

AIR—"A Song of Sorrow."

SING a song of slaughter

Worthy a wild cat!

Four - and - twenty blackbirds

Perched on a hat!

When the Summer opened

Blackbirds began to

sing,

But by gentlewoman's wish

They were shot a-wing.



The Milliner in her counting-house

Counting out her money!

The swell dame in her drawing-room,

Looking sweet as honey!

Punch walked in his garden, [close.

At the Autumn's

In sick despair that women fair

Should be the birds' worst foes!

CONCERNING, MORE OR LESS, THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER:

(An Extract from a City Catechism.)

Question. Can you tell me anything about the Lord Mayor's Show this year?

Answer. Not much, save that the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD and Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS are both to have something to do with it.

Q. But, will not that fact argue that the costumes will be correct, and the *mise-en-scène* perfect?

A. Certainly. Mr. WINGFIELD will never cease to be remembered as the designer of the dresses worn in the *Maske of Flowers*, at Gray's Inn, and the stage-management of AUGUSTUS DEURIO-LANUS is not to be equalled, much less surpassed.

Q. Will there be any particular novelty in this year's Show?

A. Certainly. Major BURNABY will no longer appear in a magnificent uniform on a charger, as the City Marshal, but will join the crowd in the Lord Mayor's coach, wearing a barrister's gown and wig?

Q. Dear me! Why this change?

A. The gallant Major has retired from the military duties of the City to become the Common Crier.

Q. Is it not true that the LORD MAYOR Elect wished to walk in the procession, instead of using the State Coach?

A. Yes, when Mace and Sword would both have had a bad time of it, especially if it had rained!

Q. How could the LORD MAYOR Elect have avoided riding in a carriage on the Sabbath, without causing comment or commotion?

A. By allowing someone else to have been Chief Magistrate this time, and waiting his turn until a year arrived when the Ninth of November did not fall on a Saturday.

Q. What startling piece of information has the incident revealed?

A. That, in spite of his name and general appearance, Sir HENRY AARON ISAACS is a member of the Hebrew persuasion!

Q. Did not the LORD CHANCELLOR refer to this fact in congratulating the LORD MAYOR upon his existence in the Nineteenth Century instead of the Twelfth?

A. Yes, for seven hundred years ago the LORD MAYOR, had he been a Jew, would have been treated to a stake instead of a turtle!

Q. I believe that Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD celebrated the 700th anniversary of the Mayoralty by giving a ball at the Mansion House last week?

A. He did; but, somehow or another, it fell rather flat.

Q. Is not the Lord Mayor's Show to include FITZALWYN in the character of the First Mayor of London?

A. So it is said, a fact which argues that GILBERT BEKET, father of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Portreeve of London, and a member of the community which subsequently became known as the Mercers' Company, can be little known east of the Griffin.

Q. Is historical accuracy absolutely necessary in the Lord Mayor's Show?

A. Certainly not, so long as the *oi πολλοί* have something strange to see, they will be satisfied.

Q. What great historical character could have been appropriately introduced into this year's Procession?

A. Mr. P. T. BARNUM, who would have found himself quite at home amongst such surroundings.

Q. And now one more question. The LORD MAYOR of London appears in two aspects. In the first he is worthily the Chief Magistrate of the greatest City in the World, a person of infinite importance. In the second, he is merely an uncouth gormandiser of turtle. Which is the correct view?

A. Both! It depends upon the holder of the office to falsify either!

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. XI.—THE PANEGYRIC PATTERN.

THIS ditty is designed to give some expression to the passionate enthusiasm for Nature which is occasionally observable in the Music-hall songstress. The young lady who sings these verses will of course appear in appropriate costume; viz., a large white hat and feathers, a crimson sunshade, a pink frock, high-heeled sand-shoes, and a liberal extent of black silk stockings. A phonetic spelling has been adopted where necessary to bring out the rhyme, for the convenience of the reader only, as the Singer will instinctively give the vowel-sounds the pronunciation intended by the author.

First Verse.

Oh, I love to sit a-gyzing on the boundless blue horizing,
When the scorching sun is blyzing down on sands, and ships, and sea!

And to watch the busy figgers of the happy little diggers,
Or to listen to the niggers, when they choose to come to me!

Chorus (to which the Singer should sway in waltz-time.)

For I'm offully fond of the Sea-side!
If I'd only my w'y I would de-side
To dwell evermore,
By the murmuring shore,
With the billows a-blustering be-side!

Second Verse.

Then how pleasant of a morning, to be up before the dorning,
And to sally forth a-prorning—e'en if nothing back you bring!
Some young men who like fatigue 'll go and try to pot a sea-gull,
What's the odds if it's illegal, or the bird they only wing?

Chorus—For it's one of the sports of the Sea-side! &c.

Third Verse.

Then what j'y to go a bything—though you'll swim, if you're a sly thing,
Like a mermaid nimbly writhing, with a foot upon the sand!

When you're tired of old Poseidon, there's the pier to promenide on,
STRAUSS, and SULLIVAN, and HAYDN form the programme of the band.

Chorus—For there's always a band at the Sea-side! &c.

Fourth Verse.

And, with boatmen so beguiling, sev'ral parties go out siling,
Sitting all together smiling, handing sandwiches about,
To the sound of concertiner,—till they're gradually greener,
And they wish the ham was leaner, as they sip their bottled stout.

Chorus—And they cry, "Put us back on the Sea-side!" &c.

Fifth Verse.

There is pleasure unalloyed in hiring hacks and going roiding,
(If you stick on tight, avoiding any cropper or mishap,)
Or about the rocks you ramble; over boulders slip and scramble;
Or sit down and do a gamble, playing "Loo" or "Penny Nap."

Chorus—"Penny Nap" is the gyne for the Sea-side! &c.

Sixth Verse.

Then it's lovely to be spewning, all the glamour of the mewn in,
With your love his banjo tewnning, ere flirtation can begin!
As along the sands you're strowling, till the hour of ten is towling,
And your Ma, severely scowling, asks "Wherever you have bin!"

Chorus—Then you answer "I've been by the Sea-side!" &c.

Seventh Verse.

Should the sky be dark and frowning, and the restless winds be mowning,
With the breakers' thunder drowning all the laughter and the glee;

And the day should prove a drencher, out of doors you will not venther,

But you'll read the volumes lent yer by the Local Libreree!

Chorus—For there's sure to be one at the Sea-side! &c.

Eighth Verse.

If the weather gets no calmer, you can patronise the dramer,
Where the leading lady charmer is a chit of forty-four;

And a duty none would shirk is to attend the strolling circus, [dror!
For they'd all be in the workhouse, should their antics cease to

Chorus—And they're part of the joys of the Sea-side! &c.

Encore Verse (to be used only in case of emergency).

Well, I really must be gowing—I've just time to make my bow in—
But I thank you for allowing me to patter on so long.

And if, like me, you're pining for the breezes there's some brine in,
Why, I'll trouble you to jine in with the chorus to my song!

Chorus (all together)—Oh, we're offully fond of the Sea-side! &c.



CHILL OCTOBER.

Fair Lady. "WHAT BEAUTIFUL CHRYSANTHEMUMS YOU'VE GOT, SIR GORGIUS!"
Sir Gorgius (who is no Botanist). "A—YES, I FLATTER MYSELF THEY'RE NOT
 BAD—CONSIDERING THE TIME OF YEAR!"

RACING THE "RECORD."

(Suggestion for a brief Mid-Atlantic Cantata.)

"Tearing a-head with the green sea sweeping the decks from end to end, never slackening speed in the face of the heaviest weather, regardless alike of the risk of crashing into some coming vessel and of the chance of splitting in half on some suddenly appearing ice-berg, as of the dense fog which conceals both; with fires blazing and stokers fainting over the stress of work that is wrung out of them—the passage is made, from start to finish, at high-pressure pace. What is gained is a few hours' triumph in time over the performance of some rival Company, and the cost, if the practice be not speedily checked, will, sooner or later, most assuredly be the loss in Mid-Atlantic of a whole shipload of loudly-protesting but as yet helpless and totally unheeded passengers."—Notes of some recent Atlantic Passages taken at random from the Daily Papers.

The Scene is supposed to represent the quarter-deck of the Blue and White-Spangled Ball Company's celebrated liner, "Spasmodic," making her way at full speed across the Atlantic in the face of an opposing hurricane. Most of those on board have been driven to their berths by the terrible weather, but a small and desperate remnant, who have noticed that though a blinding snow-storm has just set in and lent additional danger and horror to the situation, the Captain instead of slackening speed has only shouted down the pipe to the Engine-room, "to pile on the coal, open all the draughts, and get if possible another couple of knots an hour out of her," summoning all their remaining energies, and maddened with terror and physical discomfort, pursue him to the bridge, where, surrounding him as well as they can by clinging to the bulwarks, they denounce him in the following chorus:—

CHORUS OF FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| HEAVENS! we are wild with witless wonder! | On through fog and snow-storm madly dashing, |
| Dazed with terror! sicken'd with the Dragging-over, through, but mostly under | And 'mid broken ice-drifts wildly Boilers hissing, and with furnace flashing, |
| Volumes of this cursed Atlantic We care not to go a little faster, At the cost of danger or disaster— | Your way you feel! |
| Yet, like slaves, bound to a despot We've no appeal. | A precious way!—which we, alas! must For we are bound to follow in your wake! |
| | Now, if to argue you would dare |

[A tremendous sea breaks over the deck, and flooding everything, sweeps half the Chorus away.]

Excuse us,—but there's some one overboard—
 A boat, a line,—a life-buoy you'd best drop.

THE CAPTAIN, (looking gloomily at the sea and then consulting his watch.)

Perhaps! (hesitating). But no! I haven't time to stop!

FRANTIC PASSENGERS (struggling to get together, and though dripping and disheartened, assuming, as well as they can, a threatening attitude.)

Inhuman! Monstrous!

CAPTAIN (reflectively).

P'raps you may be right.

(Still turning it over.)

And yet, perhaps,—on second thoughts,—not quite!

FRANTIC PASSENGERS (with much interest).

"On second thoughts!" Those mystic words make clear.

CAPTAIN (with alacrity).

With pleasure! if you'll kindly lend your ear.

In matters personal I needs must dip

To show you how I have to "boss" this ship.

But as your language has been somewhat strong,—

I think I'll sing to you the "Captain's song."

FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

Arranging themselves in attitudes of profound attention.

You cannot well make right come out of wrong,
 But, never mind! we'll hear the Captain's song."

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.

When I was a sailor lad, don't you know,

I thought it all right to act on the square:

But that was a precious long time ago,

And life seemed then quite another affair!

For to bring home your cargo safe and sound

Was the game we played, acting fair all round;

But in those days no foe had you to meet,

Nor hour to save, nor Record to beat!

And just to give all sound seamanship the slip,

Was never the way to become *Boss of your Ship!*

But now that I've grown older, don't you know,

I'm bound just to see which way the wind sets.

Well,—it's dead against the passage that's slow,

Which judgment falls in with the hints one gets.

"Pile on the coal, and never mind the bill!"

"Burst on through fog, mate, you won't have a spill,"

"And if another craft you chance to meet,—

Cut it down,—but the *Record* you must beat!"

"Let the six days prove a downright racing trip;

See to this,—and you shall be *Boss of your Ship!*"

FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

We with the Captain have no wish to quarrel,
 Though we must own we find his song immoral.

CAPTAIN (with melancholy resignation).

Ah! you behold in me the child of chances,
 The victim of untoward circumstances.

(He issues further orders through the pipe communicating with the Engine-room.)

Orders must be obeyed! (A tremendous crash heard.)

Dear me! This clatter?

[The vessel dashes on to an Ice-berg and sinks. The Captain and Frantic Passengers escape from the waves and climb up its sides.]

CAPTAIN (calmly surveying the scene).

Ah, well! Apparently this ends the matter!

FINALE OF FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

Awful! Still, what we expected,

And the Company detected,

Now shall pay for all its crimes.

For our wrongs communicating,

We our case soon will be stating,—

In a Letter to the Times!

[The Frantic Passengers are about to advance on the now defenceless Captain, when the Scene opens at the back and discloses the Diseased Demon of Unwholesome Competition, who, smiling blandly on the struggling Survivors, stretches out a protecting hand over him as Curtain falls.]



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 6. "ALL HARCOURTS."

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIII. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT MALWOOD, LYNDEHURST.

As you journey down by the London and South-Western Railway, which has brought Salisbury well within two hours of Waterloo, and leaves Hampton Court sometimes an hour and a half behind, you have time to reflect upon the oddity of the appellation of the district whither you are, more or less, hurrying. The natural disposition, in reflecting upon the New Forest, is to imagine a recent plantation, where the young twigs wrestle with each other for space and breadth. But, as you presently discover, the New Forest is really old. It certainly existed in the time of WILLIAM RUFUS (so called on account of the

colour of his hair), who was shot within a few paces of the place where the Squire of Malwood, with finger and thumb gently caressing his generous chin, meditates on the art of governing men. It is, indeed, time that facts were boldly confronted, and, what has for centuries been known as the New Forest, should now be frankly recognised as the Old.

You are thinking of these things as you cross the dewlapped lawn, that spreads itself like a great green apron before the stately towers of Malwood. To the meditative mind, such as that possessed by your host, this is, perchance, the choicest season of the year at which to dwell in the glades of the New Forest. The hand of Autumn has daintily touched the leaves on the immemorial trees, and, behold!



HUNTING HINTS.

PUT ON PLENTY OF PACE WHEN RIDING AT WATER—AND YOU'RE BOUND TO GET OVER—SOMEHOW.

they glow with colour, which it would be difficult to match at LIBERTY'S, in Regent Street. The recent high winds have dealt hardly with the giants of the wood, robbing them of the cherished companionship of the leaves, which now lie strewn in glade and roadway, covering the earth with what, in the distance, looks like a faded Turkey carpet.

Through a long corridor, adorned with heads of deer bought of JAMRACH, and the colossal antlers of the New Forest stag which WILLIAM RUFUS was stalking when he met with the accident above alluded to, your host leads the way to his study. As his tall figure lithely moves over the harsh kamptulicon with a brisk footfall that scorns eighteen stone and sixty-two years, you cannot help being attracted by the picturesqueness of his attire. It consists, to the outward view, of a single garment, once white, which envelops the stately figure from shoulder to heel. About the massive chest the garment is cunningly gathered in pleats, and boldly stitched.

"Ah, Toby! old friend," says the Squire of Malwood. "I see you are admiring my dress. You recognise the good old English smock-frock? I always wear it down in the country. It combines ease with elegance, and I am told it washes well, though, as yet, I have not put it to the test."

Before the deeply mullioned window in the study where the Squire of Malwood sits and broods over impromptus that shall scintillate through the House of Commons, there is opened a broad glade of spruce firs, laurels and a row of radiant rhododendra. In the intervals of his interesting political career the Squire of Malwood has found time to carry out a notable idea. Hemmed in by the so-called New Forest he could, as he pleasantly puts it, hardly see the wood for the trees. He has, accordingly, cut out glades in front of the principal windows, and you are glancing down one facing the study, when your host, suddenly dropping into a high-backed arm-chair once the property of the father of ALFRED The Great, tells you the story of his life. Incidentally, and by way of illustrating successive episodes, your host reaches forth his hand, and takes from the serried ranks of books which fill the beetling recesses of the bearded bog-oak book-case a volume of *Hansard*. You notice that there is a remarkable similarity in the contents of the book-case. They are, as you presently learn, all volumes of *Hansard*, or scrap-books stoutly bound filled with newspaper extracts. You observe, that in each volume of *Hansard* pages are here and there turned down, in each case, oddly enough, at a speech delivered by your host, whilst the scrap-books are full of the stored wisdom he has generously distributed in various parts of the country. Your host proposes, if you have nothing else to do, that you should spend the afternoon there, looking through the series of speeches over which the lambent light of wit flashes. But you remember you have an engagement in town, and must think of going.

"But you haven't lunched," says your genial host, his handsome face aglow with the beams of hospitality, too rarely seen in your recent wandering. You admit that you have not yet lunched, but observe (jocosely), that the day is young. Your genial host explains that he always lunches at twelve o'clock, and heartily invites you to follow him. He leads the way, not into the dining-room as you

expect, but out under the antlers of the New Forest stag, through the ancient porch of Malwood, under the brick gables of the old mansion.

"Wait there a moment," he says, and trips off, holding the smock-frock skittishly by the skirt, disclosing a pair of costly carpet slippers guiltless of heel.

Whilst you are musing in pleased anticipation of the coming symposium, regarding it as a favourable opportunity of learning more of the history of the remarkable man who is your host, the Squire of Malwood comes back, carrying a parcel wrapped up in a red and blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. He leads the way by the belt of spruce-firs and laurels, crossing and re-crossing the limpid waters of the willow-fringed brook, till you reach a field of magnificent mangel-wurzels, which stretches in illimitable length, till it threatens to impinge on the distant Wiltshire Downs. You begin to think that the question of lunch has escaped your genial host, but are promptly undeceived. The Squire of Malwood scrambles on to a low wall skirting the broad pasture-land, and untying the red and blue cotton handkerchief discloses its contents—a thick chop of bacon, half a loaf, and a crust of Dutch cheese.

"I always lunch here," he says, as you gaze in some embarrassment on the prospect. "Quite the thing in the country, you know. Get up on the wall, and fall to. Got a pocket-knife? No? Always carry a pocket-knife with you. I'll lend you mine in a moment;" and your host produces from a recess in the skirt of the smock-frock a buck-handled steel implement, which he opens, and proceeds to slice the slab of bacon, falling-to at his meal with alarming gusto.

On the whole, you decide that it is rather early for luncheon, and your host, still seated on the wall, and working lustily with the buck-handled implement, continues the story of his life, which, somehow, seems to have lost in interest, and you are not sorry when, the crust and cheese having followed the bacon and the bread, your host descends from the wall, and, still gaily chatting, walks with you through the quiet Autumn fields towards the bustling railway station.

AN HEREDITARY GRAND FALCONER, who, though provided with a shilling handbook on "the management of the hawk," hoods, claw-bells, and other requisite paraphernalia of his calling, has had, in consequence of the operation of domestic and economic reforms, to relinquish his situation, together with its emoluments, would be glad to hear of some other post, hereditary or otherwise, where he would be expected to discharge duties of a similar light and fanciful character at an equally adequate and satisfactory rate of remuneration. As, though nominally a "Falconer," owing to the fact that in his last place, in consequence of the entire absence of any birds, his acquaintance with the management of the falcon might be regarded as theoretical rather than practical, he is not particular, in seeking another situation, to devote himself to the charge of this particular kind of feathered creature, but would willingly undertake the care of canaries, a few parrots, or even, under certain conditions, a dozen or two of the common domestic fowl. Indeed, for a suitable stipend, which the Advertiser chiefly requires, he would not object to devote his attention to the charge of a collection of white mice, rabbits or guinea-pigs.

☞ **NOTICE.**—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XI.

"MAD mirth, and sullen misery!
These divide
The empire of the night, O shadowy Guide,
In this colossal city!"
So I, as on we sped. "Scarce
know I which,
Dulness or wild delirium, poor or
rich,
Most earnestly to pity."

"Earnestness always either fogs
or bores,"
Chuckled my *cicerone*. "Fashion's doors
Open to every comer,
Save *that*. You see 'tis not, 'amusing.' No!
'Twould lend an extra chill to
Winter's snow,
And dull the sheen of Summer.

"Not to amuse oneself! That crowning
curse
Means excommunication. Power of Purse,
Brain, Beauty, all are Vanity,
If they bring not what the world calls 'good
fun,'
With that bad form or vulgar farce will
Though void of taste or sanity.

"These throngs at least amuse themselves!"
I saw
A scene to fill a funkey's soul with awe—
Gay garments, glittering jewels;
The raven gloss of swell-cut broadcloth close
With whirling clouds of satin milk-and-
rose,
Rare laces, radiant "crewels."

The walls were wide, the still electric
sheen,
Lay like rose-softened sunshine o'er the
Bass murmur, treble twitter,
Mounted in mingled cadences from lips
Lingering o'er mirthful *mots* and amorous
quips,
Amidst the glow and glitter.

"These bacchanals," said my Guide, "are
truly 'tiled,'
"Save to ourselves. The Mænads might have
Upon such secret orgies;
Scenes of such varied and voluptuous ease
Wealth's deft, audacious caterers planned to
please

The Cæsars and the Georges.
"There stands the clever caterer of to-day!
Silenus might have squeezed his winy spray
On his Bardolphian features.
Trim-shaven, smartly clad, with a still smile,
And a subdued half swagger, in the style
Of Mammon's chosen creatures.

"He schemes, he manages, he understands,
But lolls with smile-wreathed lips and white
fat hands
Against the curtained portal;
Mercury, Bacchus, Ganymede in one,
But to these strange Olympians better fun
Than any old Immortal.

"Purveyor he of fashionable mirth,
A genial mask, though earthy of the earth.
You see the clever schemer
Of tedium-proof amusement serves his kind
More than dull praters of the March of Mind,
Or philanthropic dreamers.

"At least they think so, these 'smart' men,
light maids,
And frisky matrons. Mirth has many grades;
That girl there glittering, hectic,



Laughs with hysteria's high and crackling
laugh,
Whilst he, her partner, at the *risqué* chaff
Shakes, well-nigh apoplectic.

"Wine mounts, wit flows, such wit as wine
evokes
In souls to which the lightest social yokes
Are burdens to be lifted.

Laughter with loosened zone is chartered here.
Different from yon dark slum, whose shadows
With rare gas-jets are rifted?" [dear

Different, indeed! I heard the shrill of song
Crude-burthened raising echoes loud and long
Of mellow maiden-merriment.

How curious the response when stealthy skill
In coarseness on the polished world's good-
Makes cynical experiment! [will

The fire of passion and the feverish fret
Of speculation rage. *Bon-mot* and bet,
Wager and amorous whisper,

Alternate sound on our ubiquitous ear.
Regard that girl. When saw you eyes more
Lips redder, curl-crop crisper? [clear,

She, one would say, should still be cloistered up
At home with poetry and her pet pug-pup,
Her music and her novels.

Yet here she smiles where stage-stars strut
and flaunt.
What does young Innocence in a gilded haunt,
Where Caste in coarseness grovels?

"Caste? Innocence? We must not look too
close. [rose,"
Some here, scarce roses, have lived near the
My guide responded drily.

"The 'aleatic tendency,' you know,
As ROBERT LOUIS calls it, must have flow
Or openly or slyly.

"Sense-stir, and Speculation, and the taste
For the adventurous, move the most chaste,
And tickle the most prudent.

In 'proper' breasts oft lurks a craving hot
For the equivocal—even when not
Immaculately pudent.

"A curiosity about the ways
Of the *Déclassées*, in our period, plays
Its part in 'good' society.

'Tis so 'amusing,' this half-world, so rife
With 'incidents' that lend to *ton's* dull life
Some touch of *chic* variety.

"The gambling-hell and the lupanar? No!
But ZOLA adds a zest, high play a glow
To moral *tedium vite*.

Think you yon caterer, aiming to Amuse,
Of scurril Momus does not gauge the use
And venal Aphrodite?"

"TWAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY,"—AND
ADVERTISEMENT!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE read with the greatest interest a letter to your contemporaries from Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, in which that accomplished and patriotic gentleman suggests, that there should be a grand collection of relics in honour of the 75th Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, which is due next year.

As the Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre invited co-operation from everybody, I immediately set to work to pick up mementoes of the glorious victory with—as you will see—some success. It is my desire that the exhibition should be as complete as possible, and if any feeble efforts of mine can contribute to that end, I shall be more than repaid for any trouble I may take in the matter. Subjoined is my first list of exhibits.

Portrait of the Great Duke of WELLINGTON, published some years ago at the selling price of a penny plain, and twopence coloured.

Bronze coin, bearing the head of NAPOLEON THE THIRD. It is a strange fact that this valuable piece has been refused by two omnibus conductors, showing that latent animosity still exists between the English and the French.

Broom carried for many years by the junior crossing-sweeper of Waterloo Place.

Cards used for playing Napoleon. *A propos* of this game, the expression "going nap" no doubt referred to the deposed Emperor's departure for St. Helena.

Set of wheels from a broken-up Waterloo omnibus.

Draft application to the Council of the Royal United Service Institution asking for the loan of the skull of SHAW the Life Guardsman, which has somehow or another found its way into the Museum of that valuable organisation.

Gate of the North Toll-house on old Waterloo Bridge.

Napoleon's Dream Book, a cheap and interesting treatise upon Fate, said to have been used by the greatest General of his age before all his victories, proving that his success might have been attributable to the power of witchcraft. Sold even to this day at a penny a copy.

Acting edition of the *Battle of Waterloo*, drama played at Astley's.

Pair of quaint old Wellington boots—an heir-loom.

Card of admission to the "Extra Rooms" at Madame Tussaud's, where "Napoleonic relics" are always on view.

There, Sir; I do not think this bad for a beginning. But why not have other celebrations?

Next year the 824th Anniversary of the Battle of Hastings will be due, when there might be a grand exhibition of boarding-house furniture, in honour of the victory having been gained at a now favourite watering-place. Then we might have the anniversaries of other things—the invention of the umbrella, the discovery of sugar, the first mixing of lobster-salad, and so forth.

Of course the difficulty would be to find a site for the holding of exhibitions appropriate to the celebration of these interesting events.

In the case of the Battle of Waterloo, Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS had a new panorama ready to hand. For all that, I cannot imagine how he came to think of such a clever thing!

Yours truly,

SIMON SIMPLE SIMPLE-SIMON.

Crackup Court, near Puffborough.



UP-HILL WORK.

Mr. Punch (to Mrs. London County Council). "CONGRATULATE YOU, MA'AM, ON RETAINING SUCH A CAPITAL CHAIRMAN. HE'LL GET YOU ALONG, IF ANYONE CAN!"

AN ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

It is an open secret that, should the Austrian idea of putting the Civil Service of the Crown in uniform be adopted in this country, the following dress-regulations will be enforced in the Government offices hereunto referred to:—

ADMIRALTY. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, blue spectacles, epaulettes, regulation blotting-paper, with inch bullion border and gold-tipped ruler. Gold pen.

All other Grades.—A. B. seaman's costume, with chevrons, ink-bottle, and lanyard. Steel pen.

AUDIT OFFICE. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, green spectacles, epaulettes, regulation blotting-paper with half-inch bullion border, and silver-tipped ruler. Gold pen.

All other Grades.—Costume of Audit Ale-brewers' draymen. Steel pens.

LUNACY COMMISSION. Commissioners.—Burlesque cooked hats, and heavily bullioned strait-waistcoats. **Secretary.**—Robes of a Barrister-at-Law, with the wig decorated with bits of straw.

POST OFFICE. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, decorated with Christmas cards, and sample coats, of various patterns. Gold pens.

All other Grades.—Postman's uniform of the period, augmented.

TREASURY. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, cloth-of-gold coats, with guinea-buttons. Waistcoats of various colours, fresh from the Mint die. Pens gold.

All other Grades.—Evening dress of the theatrical treasurers, with orders for the Pit and Upper Boxes. Pens steel.

WAR OFFICE. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, armour from the Tower, condemned maps of the Intelligence Department converted into tail-coats. Blotting-paper, with regulation 3-inch bullion border. Red tape. Gold pens.

All other Grades.—Cast-off uniforms of Royal Engineers engaged upon purely civilian work, and therefore not required for service in the Army.



"A CLEAN BREAST OF IT."

The Magistrate. "OH!—YOU ADMIT MAKING COUNTERFEIT MONEY THEN?"
Prisoner (airily). "WELL, THE FACT IS, YOUR WASHUP, THE SUPPLY O' THE GENUINE ARTICLE IS SO EXTREMELY LIMITED, AND THINGS GENERALLY ARE SO VERY TIGHT COMMERCIALY, THAT A POOR FELLOW MUST DO SOMETHING THESE TIMES TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY!"

UP-HILL WORK.

Mr. Punch loquitor:—

UP-HILL work? To be sure. And, my very dear Madam,

Up-hill's always stiffish whatever the road,
 Whether gravel provincial or London Macadam;

But much, very much, to your "Chairman" is owed,
 For choosing straight courses and obstacles clearing,

And pulling and hauling with hearty good will.

I congratulate you on the prospect most cheering,

At least for a time, of retaining him still.

If anyone can pull you straight he will do it.

You'll freely admit you're a pretty good weight;

And were you to lose him just now you might rue it,

That's hardly a thing that admits of debate.

And you, Mister ROSEBERRY, *Punch* is delighted

To know you'll remain for a time at your post.

By pitchforks and pelting you'll not be affrighted;

'Tis true English fashion our rulers to roast;

And when a new broom is found making a splutter,

And not so much clearing as raising a dust,

"Olympian" critics, and others, will utter

Some quips which appear, and perhaps are, unjust.

Some L. C. C. doings have roused cynic merriment,

But Councils, like Rome, are not built in a day;

Mr. Punch wishes well to the mighty experiment,

And he will take care it is given fair play.

Meanwhile, Ma'am, if you will but just "cut the cackle,"

Some rushers restrain, and some chatters burke,

Your excellent Chairman his task then may tackle

With every prospect of less "Up-hill Work!"

THE NINTH.

THE Lord Mayor's Show, arranged by Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, was a great success, and *Mr. Punch* presents BARNUM Junior with the freedom of Fleet Street. The biggest crowd assembled to witness it that has been seen for some years. LEWIS Le Grand himself sat in a carriage with three City magnates, and tried to look as if he had got there by accident, and his friends were merely "giving him a lift." In the evening the scene in the Guildhall was brilliant. Mr. STANHOPE spoke boldly about national defences when he looked round and saw General ATLAS in a brand new uniform, with a sword by his side, "ready, aye, ready," and Colonel BRIEFLESS, ablaze in scarlet, looking like a County Court Martial, burning to draw pleadings, defend the innocent, or charge a prisoner at the bar. Lord SALISBURY was heavy. He had nothing to say, and said something less than that, as he omitted to propose the Lord MAYOR's health, and had to be stirred up again, when he rose in his place and gave the toast as a sort of after-thought. Sir HENRY ISAACS spoke well, clearly to the point, and, above all, briefly. ARTHUR BALFOUR received a big ovation, and assumed an air of quiet surprise, as if uncertain whether the applause might not have been intended for some one else. Altogether a Notable Ninth.

Nothing Like Lather.

THE Scentenary of PEARS' Soap was celebrated with a banquet given to Mr. BARRATT, Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, Bart., M.P., being in the chair. Needless to say that there was a plentiful exhibition of soap on the occasion. The chief feature of the menu was of course the cakes of soap. Sir ALGERNON made, as he always does, an excellent speech, and, as if he were at a double wedding, drank the health of "The happy PEARS."



ANOTHER METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.

PATENT NETTING FOR "TAKING MALES ON BOARD" WHEN AT FULL SPEED. A SAVING OF TIME AND HORSES.

A REAL "GRAIN ELEVATOR."

It is the truth, the reality of Mr. CORNEY GRAIN's sketches that renders them so popular. He never attempts to improve our minds; he tells us what we all knew before, but he puts everything in such a comic light, that he sends us away laughing at our misfortunes and making fun of our miseries. If we were in doleful dumps we would go to Mr. CORNEY GRAIN to raise our spirits. The most recent addition to the Corneyopia is no exception to the rule, and the miseries of moving, the troubles of housekeeping, the irritative quality of relations—and one's relations are perhaps one of the greatest troubles of life—are celebrated in song, sketch, and story, in most diverting fashion. The latest social satire by the popular entertainer is called, *I've taken a House*. It will be certainly found this novelty has "taken the house" at St. George's Hall, and will probably fill it for many nights to come.

L. C. C. PROSPECTS.—When Lord ROSEBURY retires from the Chairmanship of the L. C. C., it is generally feared that they'll make a nice hash of it. It is now certain that if not a hash, there'll be a considerable taste of HAGGS about whatever they do.

HOW HE MANAGED IT.

(From Our Own Thoroughly Reliable Correspondent at Constantinople.)

"I am told that it is the SULTAN's chief care to give the EMPEROR no opportunity of entering into political conversation with him, and consequently everything is done to keep his German Majesty as much preoccupied as possible. What would he like to do or see, and what presents would he be pleased to accept from the PADISHAH? As for the EMPEROR, he has already accepted four magnificent Arab or other steeds of snow-white colour, while a variegated pile of precious stuffs has been given to the EMPRESS."

THE result of my inquiries as to the reliability of the above paragraph, taken from the telegraphic communication of the representative of the *Times*, that appeared in the pages of that journal on Tuesday last, which you have sent to me with a request that I would either verify or contradict it, I herewith subjoin. Fortunately notes I had already made for my own use came opportunely to my aid, and enabled me fully to endorse and confirm the view of the situation as here suggested by the leading journal.

I had heard from an influential and well-informed diplomatist that the SULTAN's apprehensions were well founded, and that the young German EMPEROR's sole object in paying his visit was literally to "pump" his host upon the several Eastern questions now looming on the political horizon, and that, determined to make himself understood, he had got up a whole string of questions with a Turkish OULENDORFF that he meant to fall back upon as a last resource, if the SULTAN pleaded, as he was informed it was his intention of doing, his ignorance of French, German, English, Italian, or of any European tongue whatever, so as to avoid the chances of being drawn into a private conversation.

But to resume. Perhaps there is no better method of furnishing you with a precise account of what actually took place on the day of meeting, for instance, than placing before you a page of the SULTAN's scribbling diary, to which, owing to the politeness of an amiable backstairs Palace Official, I have been fortunate enough to obtain access. Here it is *verbatim*:—

"6 A.M.—Am told by my Master of Court Ceremonies that I ought to meet this German Christian Dog, arrayed, if possible, in some one of the military dresses assumed by his own countrymen. Allah is great! but this is a bore. However, I resign myself to the hands of my wardrobe-keeper. I appear, therefore, in a white nightgown, worn under a cuirass, with a dragoon's helmet, surmounted by a bedroom candle extinguisher, and in a pair of Jack-boots—(Allah is great! But, oh! these boots are tight!)—that reach up to my hips. Perhaps this disguise may save me five minutes of his conversation. Allah be praised! It has. He has embraced in turn RAHAT PASHA, LAKOUM BEY, and KOUMIS EFFENDI, taking each of them in mistake for me. At length, however, we are introduced. The Christian Dog seems struck with my appearance, as I limp to

the carriage (Oh! Allah! these boots!); but no sooner are we seated than he immediately begins the conversation, as I knew he would, with 'Well, worthy and well-beloved Second Cousin twice removed, what about Bulgaria?' My only answer is to smile, and shake my head, to indicate I do not understand. He puts the same question in several different languages, but I merely repeat my smile, and continue to shake my head. He then begins his Turkish, and it is time to stop him, so I call an interpreter, and explain that I wish to make him a present. There are two tramway omnibuses passing, and I, on the spot, present him with these,—drivers, horses, passengers and all. I indicate that they shall be sent round to him at the Yildiz Kiosk. The Christian Dog seems pleased, but again begins about Bulgaria. I again smile, but cut the conversation short by saying I must show him my soldiers. He takes to this, and is apparently absorbed in their manoeuvres for several hours. Allah be praised for this! I can evidently keep him quiet with soldiers. But, going home, he begins again about Bulgaria. I again smile, and shake my head, and present him with another tramway omnibus. As I fancy he is going again to begin about Bulgaria, I add that I should like to present the EMPRESS with some trifling memento, and we stop then and there at a haberdasher's establishment, and I order several bales of chintz, curtain fringe, and glazed calico to be sent in to her 'Imperial Majesty' at once, and entered to the 'National account.' Fearing that he is again about to begin about Bulgaria, I tell him it strikes me he has not yet tasted our celebrated 'Ra-hat-la-koum.' He shakes his head. I at once order three tons to be sent round to the Yildiz Kiosk, and also entered to the 'National account.' After warding off Bulgaria by presenting him in turns with a shower-bath, a complete set of bed-room furniture, a handful of unset jewels, a brass band, an iron-clad, and several more tramway omnibuses, all entered to the 'National account,' I at length got rid of the Christian Dog till dinner-time by dropping him at the Bureau of the Minister of War.

"10.30 P.M.—Allah be praised! The Banquet is over, and I have as yet managed to steer clear of politics with the little Christian Dog. He made one attempt, after drinking some of his sour wine from the Rhine with which I had provided him, but I again smiled, and shook my head and said, 'No, no; dinner and politics not good together. Afterwards with the coffee.' But when the time for the coffee came, I hurried him off to see the illuminations. Those were an afterthought. I wondered how I should get rid of him. 'Why not illuminate the Bosphorus?' suggested RIAZ PASHA. A good idea. I gave the order at seven. By ten the whole city was a blaze of lanterns from the woods to the water's edge. Allah be praised! I have just seen the Christian Dog off in a *caïque*. I can now retire to rest in peace. But there is still to-morrow to face. Well, I must give him some more tramway horses; show him some more soldiers. Let him have the run of the barracks. Then he has got to look at the Black Sea. Perhaps, too, he might be induced to run, over to Asia

to try for some tiger-shooting. Who knows? However, Allah be praised! one day at least is done. Two more, though, to be got through before he goes! If I can only keep the Christian Dog employed. Well, Allah is great! I must manage it somehow!"

How the SULTAN did manage it is now notorious, for it is well known that the youthful KAISER, whatever else he brought away with him from Constantinople, did not contrive to leave it with a new Treaty in his pocket. The *Times* Correspondent, lolling backwards gloriously *en prince* in his *caïque* "at the seaward gate of Dolma Bagtché," describes, in glowing and enthusiastic words, the memorable parting, which appears to have been of a cordial and almost touching character. He represents the young EMPEROR as still evidently up to the last trying to get in, through an interpreter, a word about Bulgaria, but being evidently foiled by the impetrable *bonhomie* of his still smiling host, of whom he eventually took leave, "bowing," as the *Times* Correspondent informs [its readers, "with much *empressement*, and giving the military salute." So the visit ended, and, spite his apprehensions, ABDUL HAMID kept clear of the much-dreaded political question. The above brief extract from his diary makes it pretty plain *how he managed it*.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

"I COME from a Watering Place," said the Moon. "It is not at all a fashionable one, though I believe it is considered healthy for young families. In the Summer, when the visitors come with their children, it is cheerful enough, but just now it certainly has a melancholy appearance. All the larger bathing-machines were penned up together in a yard a long way from the sea, looking strangely monstrous and out of place. There were a few little cabins still standing on the beach, but the canvas which had covered them was stripped off, leaving only the bare, and skeleton-like frames. On the green in front of the sea, two or three donkeys with linen-covered side-



saddles, were huddled together, hanging down their heads dejectedly, and wondering what had become of all the children. No one seemed to be staying at the grand new hotel, where I could see the German waiter busily employed in killing the last bluebottle in the coffee-room window. The waiter, it is true, looked cheerful,—but then he was leaving for London next day.

"All at once I heard a drum being beaten, and, looking down into one of the side streets leading from the Green, I saw the drummer, who was dressed in a long, shabby brown overcoat, reaching to his heels. The people hurried to their doors, for at this season of the year even a drum is an event. Presently the man put down the drum and slipped off his coat, revealing himself in a tight-fitting garment of faded red and black, sewn with tarnished spangles. Next, with great ceremony, he spread a strip of very ragged carpet on the road, and announced that he was 'about to illustrate the extraordinary contortions of which the human body was capable.' He seemed afraid that his entertainment would have no chance there, unless he could impart an improving tone to it. The shapes into which he proceeded to twist himself were really curious. He began by holding his hand high above his head, and kicking the palm with his foot; then he folded himself up into a sort of pin-cushion, and after that he bent backward, until he clasped his ankles, and gazed up at me with a pensive, sombre expression, through his legs. The children, on their way home from school, stopped to look at him, a little timidly, on the side-walk; the tradesmen stood at their shop-doors; the babies stared, though in the wrong direction, from their perambulators; genteel old maids peered furtively over their window-blinds; a railway omnibus passed, and the driver glanced down at the contortionist for an instant, and then instantly turned his head, as if he felt that he would compromise his dignity by betraying any interest. Nobody smiled or applauded, or did more than edge a little nearer, and examine the boneless man suspiciously, evidently thinking that there must be some trickery in his performance.

"The acrobat had an assistant—a nice-looking slenderly made boy, with a kind of sullen patience in his sturdy blue-eyed face; he was not so smartly dressed as his master, for he wore only a red flannel shirt and common corduroy trousers. While the man was preparing for the second part of his entertainment, the boy turned somersaults in a matter-of-fact manner, and nobody took the least notice of him. The second part was intended to show how objects could be maintained in equilibrium under the most difficult circumstances, and this the performer did by balancing on his head a pile of tumblers filled with a very dirty yellow liquid, as he lay on his back and wriggled himself painfully through hoops. During this performance

the boy went round with the hat, and I amused myself," said the Moon, "in noticing the treatment he received. The children, of course, gave nothing—children always are on the free list on these occasions—but they pointed out where a halfpenny that the boy had overlooked was lying, which was the next thing to giving it themselves. The old maids hid themselves in the curtains and did not come out again until he had passed, the greengrocer, who had been looking on the whole time, told the boy that he deserved to be looked up, but the butcher, after teasing him for some little time, at last produced a penny from under his apron.

"The collection was soon made, and the acrobat got up without spilling a drop from the tumblers, though still amidst the most perfect silence. (If you notice, the people who look on at such performances, however much they are delighted, never do betray their pleasure by any demonstration more enthusiastic than a faint grin," remarked the Moon, parenthetically, "perhaps they have a feeling that if they applaud, they ought, logically, to pay.) So the man took down his pile of tumblers, decanted the dirty liquid into a tin can as carefully as if it were some precious elixir, packed glasses, can, and all neatly in a basket, rolled up the carpet, put on the shabby overcoat again, and, shouldering the drum, walked off with a lithe swinging step which had something swaggering and defiant about it, the boy following at a short distance, as submissively incurious as a dog. When the man turned the corner, I noticed that all the briskness went out of his step, and presently both master and boy passed into the shadow and I saw them no more."

STANZAS FOR SARDOU.

(By a Farce-Writer.)

[A hundred Parisian mothers-in-law have written to M. SARDOU, thanking him for having rehabilitated the much-abused Mother-in-law.]

MONSIEUR SARDOU, they say that your latest new play
Gives a Mother-in-law her due fame;
With your pen you efface all the shame and disgrace
That has hitherto clung to her name.
You have shown she can be very nice, as we see,
And from Paris some Mothers-in-law
A letter indite to express their delight,
That you've not touched them up on the raw.

But, *cher SARDOU*, my friend, how is all this to end?
This strange glorification can't last;
We cannot, it's clear, write a farce over here,
With a nice "*Belle Maman*" in the cast.
Take the "dotty" Old Man, the *Soubrette*—MARY-ANN,
Or the Guardian given to jaw;
Take the *Ingénue* arch, or the Aunt—all starch,
But leave us bad Mothers-in-law!

A NEW ACT WANTED.

FOR that admirable playwright, Mr. PINERO, appearing in the chair at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, talking nonsense, and uncommonly dull nonsense, too, a parallel may be found in the description of GOLDSMITH:—

"He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Why he should have gone out of his way to attack the Music-Halls is a puzzle to anyone at all interested in the matter. Had it been Mr. W. S. GILBERT, who has recently suffered under a genuine grievance, temporary bitterness against the Music-hall entertainers and entertainments would have been very natural, but what have Music-Halls done to Mr. PINERO? Of course, if a Dramatic Act, better in its way than any of Mr. PINERO's, be passed, and Music-Halls be wisely permitted to play one-act Vaudevilles, and even to go so far as to perform GILBERT AND SULLIVAN's *Trial by Jury* with full chorus, *Cox and Box*, and a few other musical trifles, perhaps Mr. PINERO might condescend to tell the story of *Sweet Lavender* in one Act, to music—it would make a very pretty Vaudeville—or, to give us some light little sketch, say *Lords and Commons* compressed, or a rural piece, a too-rural piece, as Mr. PINERO would of course style it, which should bring the "scent of the hay across the footlights."

Let the principle of Free Trade be applied, by all means, to the business of the Music-Halls, the limitation being to Vaudevilles.

We should be sorry to see a persecution of the Music-hall people during the reign of PR-NEERO. The other NEERO was a bit of a musician, and fiddled while Rome was burning. Does PR-NEERO, who would look uncommonly well in classic costume, wish to play first fiddle in similar circumstances?

STARTLING APPARITION.—"Reappearance of Professor PEPPER at the Polytechnic!" He vanished fully ten years ago. Is it really our old entertaining friend, Professor PEPPER, or is it PEPPER's Ghost? On the latter supposition, we may inquire if the Polytechnic has a spirit license?



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

MRS. DE VERE TOMLINSON AT HOME. PUZZLES. SMALL AND EARLY.

THE SHAMROCK PUZZLE.

It is an Age of Puzzles, and one meets
The Sphinx—a penny one—about our
streets,
Roving in maddening manner;
Whilst at our shops she offers you a lot
Of mystery and muddlement for what
The Docker calls a "tanner."

Peripatetic Sphinx! Quite a new notion,
But one which seems to stimulate devotion
In every puzzle-lover.
This CEDIUS a job has found, however,
Which well might foil the champions, keen
and clever,
Who "do" the "Pigs in Clover."

The Pigs in Clover? Pooh! A docile lot
Compared with these. Marbles to coax, or
shot,
Into the pen together,
Takes time and patience. But these devious
lodgers
Within that centre to make common lodgers
Strains wit beyond its tether.

Circumgyrating in that Cretan maze,
They wander in a manner that would craze
The skilfullest old Collie;
Whilst to unite them in that Shamrock
centre!

The task, old CEDIUS, is a tormentor;
The effort seems sheer folly.

But CEDIUS, though aged, is astute,
And chances with old COCKER can compute.
"Give it up" 's not his motto.
Once he's committed to a certain game,
Bézique or Solitaire, 'tis all the same;
Legitimate Whist, or—Lotto!

He'll whirl, he'll twirl, he'll twiddle, and
he'll tip, [slip—
This way and that the stubborn spheres may
They stray, collide, and scatter.
He mutters, "Patience! I shall get them in
In time, and if at last the game I win,
Delay is a small matter!"

STILL BARNUMMING!

BARNUM—bar none, is the greatest Show-
man of this or any other age, including all the
heroes whom GEORGE AUGUSTUS PLUTARCH
SALA brought together in his effective speech
last Friday. To what a Barnumic oration the
old Showman himself treated us! He has
travelled all over the world, but he never
wandered further afield, or in more pleasant
paths, than when he mounted his hobby and
took us over so much of his old ground.

Forty-five years ago ALBERT SMITH
wrote in *Bentley's Miscellany* a paper en-
titled, "A Go-a-head Day with BARNUM."
The article wound up by saying:—"As we
expressed our fatigue at supper, BARNUM
said, 'Well, I don't know what you call work
in England; but if you don't make thirty
hours out of the twenty-four in Merekey, I
don't know where you'd be at the year's end.
If a man can't beat himself in running, he'll
never go a-head; and if he don't go a-head,
he's done.'" The Great BARNUM is appa-
rently as active in 1889 as he was in 1844.
He is as enthusiastic on the wrong side of
eighty as he was on the right side of forty.
If he has not beaten himself in running, he
has allowed no one to beat him. He has caught
most people, but the old bird himself has never
yet been caught. If you look in just now
at Olympia, you will find him up to time and
smiling, and going a-head more than ever.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

"Its Japanese name signifies 'the Queen of
Flowers,' and 'O-KIKU-SAN' (Chrysanthemum) is
a designation common enough for a Japanese girl."

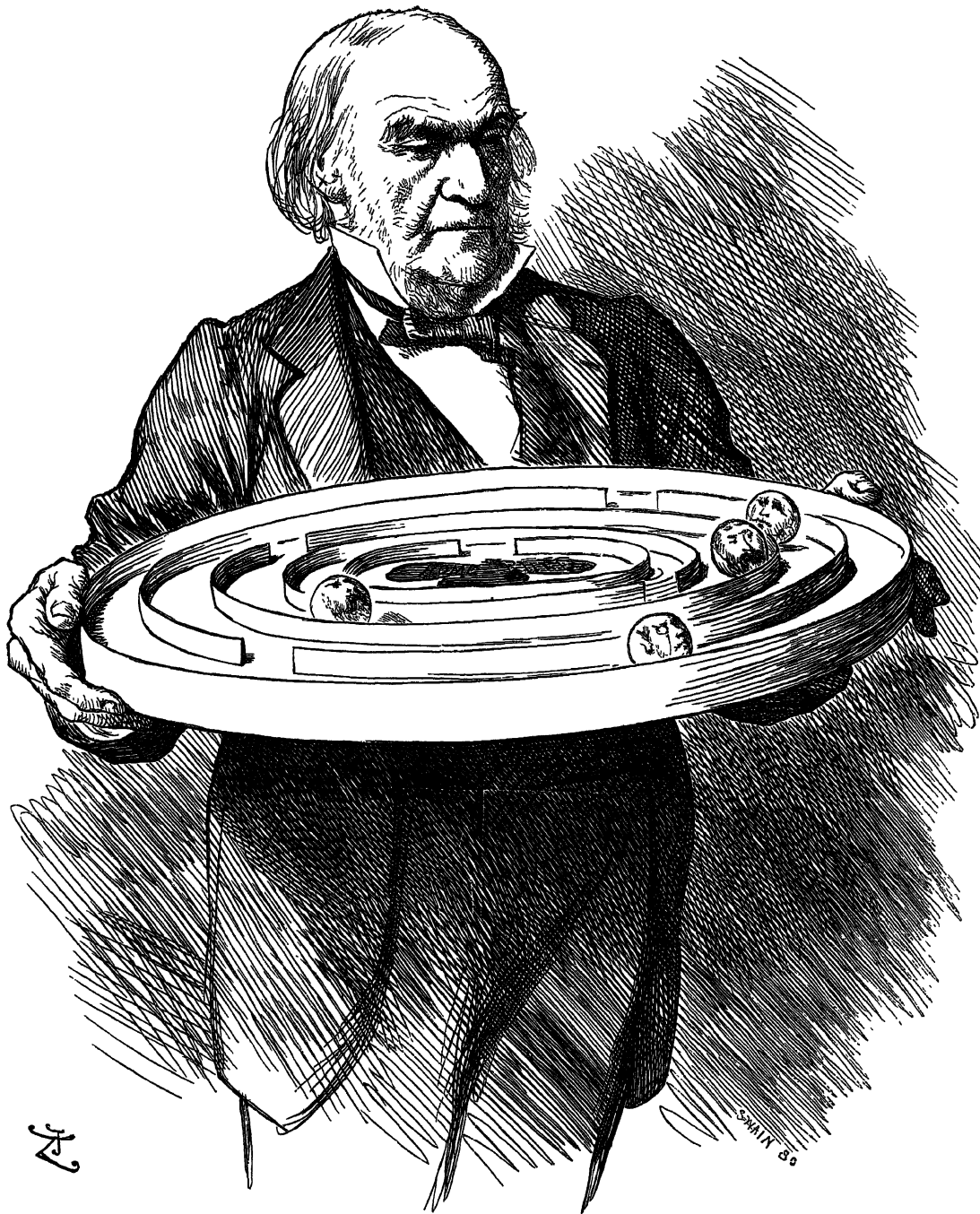
SHE 'd ebon hair and almond eyes,
She looked at me in mild surprise;
The "foreign devil" then had come.
I sighed—it was in far Japan—
And murmured, "Sweet O-KIKU-SAN,
Be mine, my own Chrysanthemum!"

She smiled, and though of course she heard,
She only understood one word,
And so the smiling lips were dumb;
She knew I called her "Queen of Flowers;"
I gazed each day for several hours
Upon my quaint Chrysanthemum.

I set myself to try to please
This fascinating Japanese;
I even played the native drum.
She laughed, and clapped her tiny hands;
At last, I thought, she understands
My ardent love—Chrysanthemum.

But ah! they married her. A swell
Of noble birth bore off my belle,
And I was left exceeding glum;
And still a melancholy man,
In memory of O-KIKU-SAN,
I wear the gold Chrysanthemum!

SOFT ROZE AND TOAST.—Our toast is "MARIE
ROZE—her health!" We are very glad to
hear that Madame MARIE ROZE has entirely
recovered from the effects of her fall. The in-
cident may be summarised thus,—for there
must always be something of the summary
about a Roze,—“MARIE ROZE; MARIE fell;
MARIE ROZE up again, and her foothold on the
ladder of public favour is firmer than ever.”



THE SHAMROCK PUZZLE.

"I THINK I SHALL GET 'EM ALL IN,—IN TIME!"

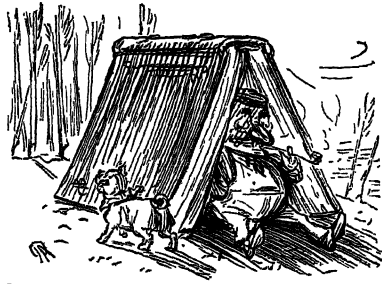


HUNTING HINTS.

HOW TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF YOUR HORSE AFTER A FALL—A SALMON REEL AND LINE IS THE VERY THING!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE plots of some of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's Plays, collected in a volume called *Fogerty's Fairy and other Tales*, told as stories necessarily lose much in the narrative form, except in the case of *Fogerty's Fairy*, which gains by the process. One of the shorter sketches, called *Little Mim*, is, as Mr. Sam Weller said of Mr. John Smulker's conversation, "Werry pretty;" but the gem of humour in the book is a short passage in *Maxwell and I*, descriptive of the performance of a couple of Acrobats in a



Music-hall show. This is immensely funny. In his satirical paper on *Authors, Actors and Audiences*, the Author makes some good common-sense observations on the distinction between the work requisite for even the very best adaptations and for the production of a genuinely original play. On a cognate subject, *Our Dramatists*, in *The Fortnightly*, I agree with a great deal that Mr. GEORGE MOORE writes. From a literary point of view, the article is unworthy of Mr. GEORGE MOORE, while as to acquaintance with the subject, if he knows any more than he has here written, he has not given us the result of his knowledge. Perhaps he is reserving his force. He justly praises *The Middleman*, but has not put his critical finger on its weak point, which was spotted in Mr. Punch's columns.

I see it stated a publisher has in hand some work of the late Miss AMY LEVY the authoress of *Reuben Sachs*, a book of undoubted cleverness, and as remarkable, in its way, as was *As in a Looking-Glass*. Yet, as in *A Babe in Bohemia* and *Dr. Phillips*, only the seamy side of Jewish life is represented, but of its nobility of mind, its fidelity, its unsectarian, and truly catholic charity, of which we have daily proof, we read absolutely nothing. As a rule of romance, given a Jew or a Jesuit, and the author is bound to make him more or less of a villain. There is a tide in novel-writing, and perhaps we are on the turn when the original idea will occur to some one to give us a Jew whose conduct puts Christians to shame, and a Jesuit who, like the man in the song, "Cannot tell a lie if he were to try."

There should be a new Court appointment made immediately—

"Mistress of the Robins," and Lady LINDSAY should be invited to fill it. Stern Naturalists have said rude and unkind things about our picturesque red-waiscoated friend, but Lady LINDSAY glorifies him to his heart's content. She tells us what the poets have sung about him, she shows how he has entwined himself in our nursery lore, she paints his portrait in delightful pictures, and she sings graceful songs in his praise. All these good things are to be found in a charming volume called, *About Robins*. (ROUTLEDGE.) It might as well have been called, *All About Robins*—because the talented authoress has left nothing for anyone else to say on the subject. The book is excellently got up—if on a shelf, everyone will wish to get it down—and "robinism" pleasantly pervades it. The blithe little birds flourish on the cover, chirp on the frontispiece, and flutter throughout the pages generally. A dainty volume, which everyone will like for a Christmas present if he can get it.

My faithful Co. writes:—"I have recently been revelling in research. That benefactor of the human race, Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER, has added another magnificent volume to his already considerable reference library, in the shape of the *Gray's Inn Register*, which gives from the earliest date the admissions to the Hon. Society up to 1889. Besides this mass of valuable information, the entries in the Marriage Register of Gray's Inn Chapel are also furnished. The index to the names of the students is simply admirable—as clear as crystal, and as easily understood as A B C. Mr. JOHN FOSTER deserves well not only of his county but his country. His *Men at the Bar* is also first-rate. In this last work, it is scarcely necessary to add, he leaves Folk Lore to describe law folk.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

GREAT ART STREET.

BOND STREET should change its name to the above at once. Mr. Punch says so, and the L. C. C. should see that the excellent notion is at once carried out. A capital Little Show has been opened at the Fine Art Society of Studies for Pictures. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Professor LEGROS, Messrs. (STACEY MARKS, G. D. LESLIE, ALMA TADEMA, Professor RUSKIN, E. J. POYNTER, and C. C. SETON are among the most notable contributors thereto. A charming collection of pictures of the modern Dutch and French Schools is now on view at Messrs. DOWDESWELLS, and an interesting Exhibition is that of the American and Colonial pictures in the Burlington Gallery. There never was such a street for pictures as Bond Street. By all means let it be christened Pictorial Place—or, better still, Great Art Street, for at all the Galleries they give you an 'arty welcome!



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 7.

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXX IV. MR. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AT 4, CARLTON GARDENS.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, wending his way across the Horse Guards Parade from a late sitting of the House of Commons, can never reach his home without having his mind attuned to lofty thoughts. Behind he has left a tumultuous assembly, where vulgar hate finds voice in rasping words. TIM HEALY may have been flinging hard sayings at him, or JOSEPH GILLIS may have bent upon him that look of benignant contempt which is harder to bear than spoken words. But as, with long, swinging strides, your host crosses the gritty roadway in the rear of the Horse Guards, and hears behind the silent footfall of the two plain-clothes denizens of Scotland Yard, he always feels the soothing influence of the Duke of York's Column. There, planted advantageously on the crest of a noble flight of steps, uncarpeted, and even unswept, there rises, sheer and round, the lofty column. On it stands, in solemn loneliness, the figure of the Great Duke, staring out straight before him, as if watching the retreating figures of his famed ten thousand men. As your host lightly skips up the steps, taking them two at a time as if they were Amendments moved by an Irish Member, a strange calm settles over his erewhile fluttered soul. There, under the flaming gaslight of the House of Commons, is hurry-scurry, turmoil, and tribulation. Here is long rest after labour, majestic peace, which may, some day, be his.

You also take the Duke of York's Steps on your way to No. 4, Carlton Gardens, but these sentiments are not appropriate to your case. You think, rather, that the stairway is a little steep, the Steps a trifle frequent, the Monument something of a monstrosity. Arrived at No. 4, you are warmly welcomed by one, whose expressive dark eyes, olive complexion, and finely cut features afford abundant evidence of his ancestry. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, though a Cabinet Minister and in control of one of the most troublesome Departments of the State, is still a young man. He looks more like a troubadour than an Irish Secretary, an illusion fostered by the dress in which he receives you. A robe of rich violet velvet is girdled at the slim waist by a rope of silk, wrought in dead gold colour. As he leans with negligent grace, one arm resting on the molten marble mantel-piece, he toys with his left hand with a lyre that reposes on a cabinet filled with the rarest specimens of Majolica and Sèvres.

"Not that I play you know," your host says; "but ORPHEUS usually carried a lyre with him. A flute one would suppose would have been more portable. But it was a lyre, and so I keep one handy."

As your host drops the thick fringe of his eye-lids over his expressive eyes, a sad, pained expression comes over his face, as if he were thinking of the lost Romans.

It is from a silver box used by the first Marquis of SALISBURY during a visit to Carlton Gardens many years ago, that the Chief Secretary to the LORD LIEUTENANT extracts a cigarette, which you smoke while he tells you something of a career that has led, step by step, to the highest honour which, in present circumstances, it is possible for an uncle to bestow upon a nephew. You think that whilst he was extracting something he might as well have made it a cigar. But the more varied your experience in life, the more extended your peregrinations, the less sanguine are your hopes, the poorer your expectations.

"La vie est brève :
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bon jour!"

your host hums, gently touching the lyre. You say, "Certainly," though you wish that this tendency to drop into German may be restrained. You find, for yourself, that one language is quite enough to express your full desires, and indeed that the facilities it affords for asking for things considerably outnumbers the opportunities for securing them.

You begin to feel that if your host is going to sit and strum the lyre, troling forth what may be German drinking-songs, it will become exceedingly difficult to fill up the allotted space in the forthcoming number.

"How do you get on with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL?" you ask by way of changing the subject.

"GRANDOLPH," says your host, with a sharp touch on what you believe to be the bass notes of the lyre, "is a very interesting person, though not quite so attractive as he used to be. I remember him very well in the House of Commons in 1880. Indeed, I had some thought at the time of joining his Party. I might have done so, but for an unfortunate habit he had contracted when delivering a speech of audibly interpolating a request that one would go and fetch him a glass of brandy-and-water. GORST did not mind, and WOLFFY, with his spectacles and his diplomatic look, was able to invest the mission with an air of respectability. But I didn't care for it; and so we broke off our relations."

From this point your host, still vexatiously toying with the lyre, proceeds with the story of his life. He went into business very



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"WHAT, GUS! LEAVING THE OFFICE ALREADY? WHY, IT'S HARDLY FOUR!"

"WELL, GOVERNOR, A FELLOW MUST GET WESTWARD IN TIME TO DO THE ARCADE, YOU KNOW."

early, being appointed President of the Local Government Board on the first opportunity his uncle, the MARKISS, had of distributing offices. Previously he had dabbled in Literature, and his *brochure* on *Philosophic Doubt* received the signal honour of being ordered to be read in all the Churches. In 1887, on the resignation of Sir M. H. BEACH, he was appointed CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND. "And now," he says, "as LEONIDAS of Tarentum hath it—

"On the shining point of PALLAS' spear
I perch, a warlike grasshopper."

As he moves across the thick pile of Turkey carpet, with here and there a rug of rich colour toning it up, you cannot help thinking, as you look at his lithe figure, that the simile is quite apt. Oddly enough, his long strides take him clear out of the room, and, after waiting awhile, and there being no sign of his return, you pick your way out past the tangle of nasturtiums, geraniums, marigolds, and fuchsias, which half hides a large window on a level with the ivy-clad portico, and so gain the street. The window is partly open, and, as you pause, you hear the jingle of the lyre, and a familiar voice, that sings,—

"La vie est vaine :
Un peu de espoir,

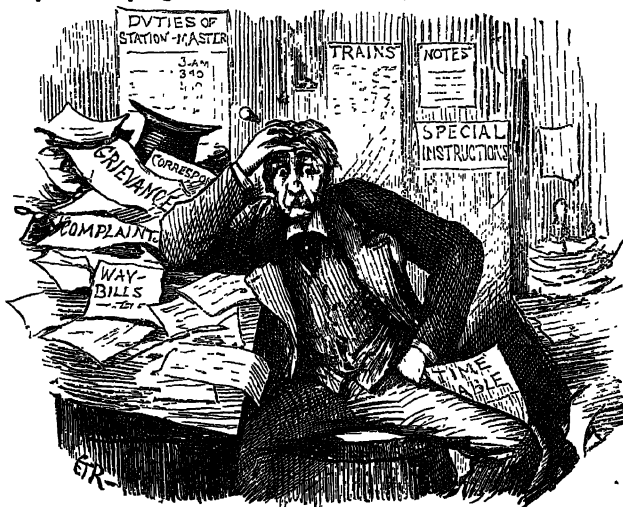
Un pen de haine,
Et puis—bon soir!"

HARDING'S ANNUALS.

WHAT are "hardy annuals?" Chrysanthemums? Don't know! Don't care! At any rate when chrysanthemums blow HARDING'S Annuals show. This year there is a braver exhibition than usual at 45, Piccadilly. The Temple Show is all very well, but HARDING'S beats it in colour and variety. All kinds of novelties in the way of Christmas Cards may here be seen—all produced by British artists and British workmen. Fishing, yachting, coaching—in fact no cardinal point of sport is omitted—graceful, pretty, sentimental—especially appealing to the *cardiac* region—grateful, comforting, exhilarating—as essence of *cardamoms* should be. Go and look at 'em now we have shown you the way, and doubtless you'll very much enjoy this refecton of "cards and way." Ha! ha!!

THE MOAN OF THE STATION-MASTER.

SPECIAL Instructions! Yes! oh yes! They come in a ceaseless stream; They haunt my nights like the floods and frights that filled poor *Clarence's* dream.



From dawn till dawn, and from night to night the hours fly fast, or creep, But it's all one round, and the fretful sound of the needle seems to mark The pulse unseen of that dull machine, my life, through day and dark.

Special Instructions, another batch! And my walls scarce hold the space For another "Note." How the papers float sometimes in this dingy place Before my eyes in the lamp's dull glow, when the winter nights are drear, And the rattle of rails, and the drag of wires are the only sounds I hear Above the wail of the restless wind—like me, it knows not rest, That wandering sorrow, that vagrant voice of a thing with toil oppress. It is only a dingy shanty this, with its poster-patched drab walls, A sordid stage for the tragedy of one of Toil's tired thralls. Tragedy? That's an imposing word, a touch too high; and yet, Is death by dagger a loftier thing than death from fever and fret? 'Tis more "dramatic," I grant you that; but the harpies of classic Fate Could hardly harry a man much worse than the thought of a train too late, Or a way-bill wrong, or a signal missed, or a grievance or complaint Not duly noted, although they'd tax the soul of a patient saint, These petty grumbles, and trivial taunts, and muddled moans all round. No wearier pest than the fussy fool who grumbles without good ground!

Long hours; indeed, it would puzzle me much to say when my work is done. (No doubt the Directors would tell you a different story—but that's their fun!) But all day long, and every day, I must bear the worry and weight Of responsibility undefined, and duties 'tis hard to state. Only if anything *should* go wrong, from a train to an old maid's cat, Or a lamp let out, or a ticket lost, I am certain to hear of that. Yes, Railwaydom is a wondrous thing! Does the Public know or care, What lies behind the blessing and boon of comfort and cheap fare, O'er which they cackle complacently? Has it any feeling or thought For my long, long day in this dreary den, tired limbs, and brain o'erwrought? The "System" stands with its myriad hands, like old Briareus, and serves The general need, and the huge routine from its course so seldom swerves. Good folk forget that those countless "hands" hold lever, light, and pen; Are the hands, indeed, of no giant machine, but of living suffering Men? So the work is hard, and the pay is small, and each unit fills his place On Engine, or Station, or Signal Box; who troubles to scan his face For the lines of care and worry and wear that my wife can see in mine, A Station-Master for twenty years on the Hurry-and-Harry-'em Line? Time-Tables, Way-Bills, Special Notices,—those are the things I read, Not the sort of Railway Literature you recognise, indeed, Fair lady there with the languid air, and the last Sensation Novel. No time for HAGGARD or BESANT, Ma'am, in this poster-cumbered hovel! Flurry and worry, fever and fret, long labour, petty strife, 'Tis these, Ma'am, that make up—and mar—a Station-Master's Life!

A WEAK POINT.—SIR,—I am not a Theologian, but if I am, without knowing it, I'm as good as any other Theologian. Protestants always triumphantly attack the Pope's Infallibility. Everyone knows what a bull is. It's a blunder, a mistake. Now, Sir, I'm going to bring forward one argument which will destroy once and for ever the whole doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility. If their Holinesses are infallible, they can't make blunders, can they now? "Certainly not," says Father Tom. "Well, your Rivivence," says I, "consult your history. Haven't the Popes all along made any amount of 'bulls'?" And with that I turned on my heel, whistling, "*Boyne Water*," and left His Rivivence bothered entirely.

NE PRUS ULSTER.

ROBERT ON EPPING FOREST.

AFTER a rayther long xperience, I shoold say if there ever was a hard-working set of Gennelmen as dewoted theirselves to the performance of their werry harduous dooties for the good of the Public with an amount of henergy and detummination never hexelled, it must be the Epping Forest Committee of the Grand Old Copperashun of the City of London.

Take, for hinstance, their larst xpedition there. What did they care about the Fore-Cast in the Morning Papers—which is amost as offen rite as it is rong—a saying as it was a going for to rain, why nothink, so off they set by the 10 o'Clock train, quite hurley in the morning, as far as Lowton, and then jumping merrily into the carriages a waiting for 'em off they drove to all the wariuous pints of the butiful Forest where deppytations of the Local Swells was a waiting for 'em, to surgest wariuous him-provements as wood make it, if possibel, ewen more butifuller than it was afore.

With their jolly thick boots, and their ekally jolly thick Gaiters, and their grey friz Coats, and their little round Afs, and their jolly thick sticks, they looked more like a Band of Robbing Hood's Men than Forest Werderers—witch I bleeves means sumthink green, tho that was about the larst culler as anyboddy as knowed 'em wood apply to sitch a jovial set. And tho the Sun favoured them with just a gleam or 2 to welcome 'em at starting, it soon came on to rain Cats and Dogs." What did they care about the rain who had their work to do, and hunder the watchful eyes of their fust-class Chairman, and their fust-class Souperintendent; so they worked away, as only Londoners can work, till "the Sun set, and hup rose the yellow Moon," as the Pote sez, and then, as they coodn't see their ands afore 'em, much less behind 'em, they went away to their wariuous homes rejoicing over a hard day's work thorowly well done.

And now cums the staggerer for the Copperashun libellers. "How offen," asks these snearing ninnys, "did they stop for refreshment? Probably at ewery place where improvements was wanted, and at werry great xpanse." Ah, that's all as they knows about it. For it did so appen, as I herd one on 'em say yesterday, that all they had to support 'em in their long day's work was a Lunch! but such a Lunch as praps was never ekwalled for both habundance, and helegance, and warm-artedness. "Ah, and at a pretty xpanse," says the grumblers aforesaid. No, my noble but stingy Swells, nothink of the sort, for it was all a free gift from one of theirselves, who lives there; and, jest to shew the sort of Gennelmen as they has among 'em, this same horspitable Werderer, and his ekally horspitable Brother and Werderer, had achashly bort and paid for out of their hone pockets, no less than twelve and an ari acres of privet land, which they has presented to the Grand Old Copperashun for them to hadd to the five or six thowsand acres of Epping Forest, as they held afore, for the helth and enjoyment of the People, with all its butiful Mountings, and all its butiful Walleys, and its thousands of Trees, and its millions of Blackberrys, and its Thicketts, and its Thinnings, and its Arnt Sallys, and its Donkeys, and its Coker Nuts, and everythink else as is necessary for their pure Publick Enjoyment, and hartistick wreekreation!

Ah, them's the sort of rich peepel as I admire! The more's the pity as there's so preshus few on 'em will foller such grand kampels. But never mind, let the rich and liberal ones keep on pegging away, and the rich and stingy will be compelled to foller suit if ony for werry shame. I overhead, too, what a jolly sell one of the Werderers, who is a Tea Totaller, pore fellow, played off on this same hard-working Committee a year or 2 ago. He invited 'em all to Lunch, and a werry good Lunch it were, with, aperiently, lots of Shampagne on the Table, to which, it being a jolly hot day, they in course helped theirselves plentyfully in Tumblers, and took good drafts of it, and before they cood stop theirselves found out it was that fearful mixture called Rarsberry Shampagne! The effect was so awful upon their unfortnit insides, being, in course, not accustomed to such xtrornary productions, that they wun and all with wun acord, when proceeding on their journey, ordered the Coachman to pull up at the fust Pub, and there they restored their usual equeilibrium with glasses of hot Brandy and Water all round! A sollem warning, I takes it, never to play not no tricks with that most himportant part of our hanatery, the hinterier.

ROBERT.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no expection.

"HISTORY MADE EASY."

If you pay a visit to Messrs. AGNEW'S Gallery in Bond Street, you will find that history is no longer a study, but a delightful recreation. You will shake your fist at the dry historians, who



taught you in your youth with their pens, and you will hail with joy the accomplished gentlemen who instruct you with their pencils in the present day. "The pencil speaks the tongue of every land"—and there is no reason that it should not relate the history of all nations. When the pencil is wielded by two such artists as Sir JAMES LINTON and Mr. JAMES ORROCK, history becomes very pleasant indeed, and the recital of the life of MARY Queen of Scots, most delightful to experience. The principal actors in the life of the unfortunate Queen have been admirably depicted by Sir JAMES LINTON, who has rarely done anything better than the twelve portraits and the picture of the "Abdication of Mary Queen of Scots." Among the portraits especially notable are the

"Earl of Moray," "Mary Seton," "Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley and King of Scots," "Mary Stuart Queen of Scots," and "Mary Beton." The scenery in this eventful history has been conscientiously painted in over a hundred drawings by Mr. JAMES ORROCK; "Bolton Castle," "Falkland Palace," "Peterborough," "Linlithgow Palace," "Jedburgh Abbey," "Criffel from the Solway," "Dunblane Cathedral," are among the many bright examples that will gladden the eye of the lover of art and student of history. Altogether it is a delightful exhibition. Sir JAMES LINTON and Mr. JAMES ORROCK, have set a good example. It is to be hoped other teachers will follow in their footsteps, for most people will prefer to learn history from a hundred good pictures than a dozen dry volumes.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

NO. XII.—THE PLAINLY PATHETIC.

A MUSIC-HALL audience will always be exceedingly susceptible to Pathos—so long as they clearly understand that the song is not intended to be of a comic nature. However, there is very little danger of any misapprehension in the case of our present example, which is as natural and affecting a little song as any that have been moving the Music-Halls of late. The ultra-fastidious may possibly be repelled by what they would term the vulgarity of the title,—*"The Night-light Ever Burning by the Bed"*—but, although it is true that this humble luminary is now more generally called a *"Fairy Lamp,"* persons of true taste and refinement will prefer the homely simplicity of its earlier name. The song only contains three verses, which is the regulation allowance for Music-hall pathos, the authors probably feeling that the audience could not stand any more. It should be explained that the "tum-tum" at the end of certain lines is not intended to be sung—it is merely an indication to the orchestra to pinch their violins in a *pizzicato* manner. The Singer should either come on as a serious Black Man—for burnt cork is a marvellous provocative of Pathos—or as his ordinary self. In either case he should wear evening dress, with a large brilliant on each hand.

THE NIGHT-LIGHT EVER BURNING BY THE BED.

First Verse.

I've been thinking of the home where my early years were spent,
'Neath the care of a kind maiden aunt, (Tum-tum-tum!)
And to go there once again has been often my intent,
But the fare is so expensive that I can't! (Tum-tum!)
Still I never can forget that night when last we met:
"Oh, promise me—what'er you do!" she said, (Tum-tum-tum!)
"Wear flannel next your chest, and, when you go to rest,
Keep a night-light always burning by your bed!" (Tum-tum!)

Refrain (pianissimo.)

And my eyes are dim and wet;
For I seem to hear them yet—
Those solemn words at parting that she said: (Tum-tum-tum!)
"Now, mind you burn a night-light,
—Twill last until it's quite light—
In a saucerful of water by your bed!" (Tum-tum!)

Second Verse.

I promised as she wished, and her tears I gently dried,
As she gave me all the halpance that she had: (Tum-tum-tum!)
And through the world e'er since I have wandered far and wide,
And been gradually going to the bad! (Tum-tum!)

Many a folly and a crime I've committed in my time,
For a lawless and a chequered life I've led! (Tum-tum-tum!)
Still I've kept the promise sworn—flannel next my skin I've worn,
And I've always burnt a night-light by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Refrain.

All unhallowed my pursuits,
(Oft to bed I've been in boots!)
Still o'er my uneasy slumber has been shed (Tum-tum-tum!)
The moderately bright light
Afforded by a night-light,
In a saucerful of water by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Third Verse. (To be sung with increasing solemnity.)

A little while ago, in a dream my aunt I saw;
In her frill-surrounded night-cap there she stood! (Tum-tum-tum!)
And I sought to hide my head 'neath the counterpane in awe,
And I trembled—for my conscience isn't good! (Tum-tum!)
But her countenance was mild—so indulgently she smiled
That I knew there was no further need for dread! (Tum-tum-tum!)
She had seen the flannel vest enveloping my chest,
And the night-light in its saucer by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Refrain (more pianissimo still.)

But ere a word she spoke,
I unhappily awoke!
And away, alas! the beauteous vision fled! (Tum-tum-tum!)
(In mournful recitation)—There was nothing but the slight light
Of the melancholy night-light
That was burning in a saucer by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

"HAVE you ever suffered from what the Germans call *Katzenjammer*?" asked the Moon the other evening,—“you remember



how I told you long ago about the poor Ant who suffered from a hopeless passion, which I at first took for *Welt-schmerz*? Well, *Katzenjammer* is very like *Welt-schmerz*—only worse. The sufferer creates all his unhappiness himself, and no tortures inflicted by other people could possibly be more cruelly ingenious. Not long ago I saw an unfortunate man who had *Katzenjammer* very badly. I looked through his window and saw him sitting in a comfortable chair by a cheerful fire; the room was most luxuriously furnished,

and I, who have to roll on all night in the cold blue sky with only the stupid little stars for company, quite envied him as he sat there in the warm firelight. But that was before I knew how terribly unhappy he was. He was all alone: none of his friends had come near him, he more than suspected that several of them had decided to drop his acquaintance of late; there was no one, no one in all the world to care for him, which was most distressing. Then he looked at his dog, which was lying stretched out on the hearth-rug. Even the dog didn't really love him! No, he was certain of it. By way of experiment he called to it softly—and the hardhearted animal went on basking, with no response beyond a sleepy grunt! Ah, it was selfish—like the rest of the world; he was alone,—quite—quite alone! And, as he realised this, the poor man leaned his head on his hand and gave a heart-broken sigh, that awoke even the dog. Discovering, by some mysterious instinct dogs have, that his master was in low spirits and needed consolation, he rose and stretched himself, and then came and laid his head on the man's knee, looking up into his face with eyes that spoke too plainly of honest affection to render any further doubt possible.

"You would have fancied that the poor man would have been comforted a little, would you not?—but not at all! He turned away his face with a heavy sigh—more miserably than ever. The dog loved him—that was natural enough—but a dismal conviction had just begun to oppress him, and it almost made him, strong man as he was, cry when he thought of it, and yet it became more and more clear every moment. *He didn't love the dog!* Ah! this *Katzenjammer* is a terrible complaint, and it is only very rude and unsympathetic persons who would mock at it," said the Moon, with real feeling in her voice, and, as she spoke, a cloud hid her face, and Mr. Punch saw no more of her that evening.



HAIRDRESSING ADONIS

WHO FINDS HIS OWN HEAD (IN THE GLASS) MORE INTERESTING TO STUDY THAN HIS PATIENT'S! THE RESULT IS DISASTER.

TOILERS OF THE SEX.

ACTING on your orders, I have just completed a round of houses in the slums of East London, in order to find out how poor work-women are housed, and what sort of life they really live.

I began with Paradise Place, Whitditch, and regret to report that I was here assailed by cries of, "Give us a copper, Gentleman!" emanating from the juvenile population. Passing on, I entered a dilapidated dwelling where resides a band-box maker, named SUSAN M., and knocked at the door of her single apartment. At first she appeared to resent my visit, and inquired with some emphasis, "Who the dickens I was?" My impression is that she took me for the broker's man, as she began to babble of unpaid rent; but being reassured on this score, she was at length—with some difficulty—induced to give me an account of her day's work, which may be of interest to your readers.

"I start working at 3 A.M. Yes, every blessed morning of my life. When do I go to bed? When I can. You may call it eleven, or twelve, or one, if you like; it don't make no odds to me. Don't I feel sleepy in the day-time? Not with seventeen brats to look after. Is my husband in work? No, he's in gaol. How many band-boxes have I to make? I can make as many or as few as I like, but the pay is half a farthing per dozen band-boxes, and find my own card-board, gum, scissors, and thread. How much money can I make in the day? About three-halfpence, working for twenty hours. What do I live on? Weak tea, mostly. Do I give the same to my children? Yes, only weaker. No, I won't join no dratted Union—I'll keep out of the Union as long as I can. I don't care if it's a Trade's Union, or what it is."

As my interlocutress misunderstood, or was even inclined to resent, my remarks, I beat a hasty retreat, avoiding as well as I could the yawning holes in the stairs, and getting off with nothing worse than a bad sprain.

The next place I visited was a room in Screw's Rents, Shorechapel. The woman I interviewed supported herself by making waistcoats for the sweaters. How she contrived to support the odours of the place, as well as herself, I cannot imagine. The rain came through the ceiling as I talked; I therefore had to carry on the conversation holding an open umbrella with one hand, and my handkerchief to my nose with the other. She said:—

"No, I am not sixty, though I look it. My age is thirty-five. Yes, it does smell rather bad sometimes. Has the Sanitary Inspector called? No, but the Rent-collector calls regularly, as so did the Parish Doctor when we were all down with typhoid. The man I work for says 'times is hard,' and he can't

afford me more than twopence a waistcoat, and find everything myself, including buttons. I am glad when I make half-a-crown a week, working sixteen hours a day. Thank you for your sympathy, but I'd rather it had been the price of a blanket. Mind you don't fall into the dust-bin at the bottom of the stairs. Who owns these houses? Mr. SCREW—he's on the Vestry. He ought to be on the Treadmill. Don't tell him I told you this, or we shall be turned out. Complain to the Inspector? If he interferes, SCREW 'll turn him out."

Mr. TURNSCREW would seem a more appropriate name. I will (if I manage to escape blood-poisoning, of which I have every symptom at present) continue my investigations in another locality.

[N.B.—This must be seen to.]

A CLOSING CHORUS AND FINALE.

(Brief Dramatic Cantata produced before an East End Audience with immense success last week.)

"[Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS himself visited the locality, and pronouncing the 'dwellings' in their present condition, as 'totally unfit for human habitation,' then and there, had them closed.]—*Police Reports.*]

The Scene represents the exterior of several East End "Model Dwelling Houses," somewhat out of repair. A crowd of haggard, half-starved, ill-clothed and inviolated tenants discovered hanging about, who, as the Curtain rises, sing the following Chorus—

CHORUS OF SLUM LODGERS.

We are fainting, wasting, worn and weary,
Fighting with a fate that nothing mends;
Hid away in alleys dark and dreary,
Wanting even sympathetic friends!
'Mid an atmosphere with poison reeking,
In a stifling room some eight feet square.
Roofs that let in water, gutters leaking,
Dust-bins, drainage,—all beyond repair;
Here we drag out our existence daily,
Wondering if we can bear much more;
Yet the Landlord takes his "rents" quite gaily,
And upon us seems to set some store!
Let illness come, and one be stricken,
On one alone the blow will not fall;
Pent up in here, we're bound to sicken,
Fever for one means fever for all!
Yet some perhaps for a change may crave,
And, willing enough to change their camp,
Glad to get rest in a parish grave,
That pr'aps may prove a trifle less damp.
So life grows drearier day by day,
And it sinks in squalor as 'neath a curse.
The Vestry may have its feeble say,—
Yet things merely move from bad to worse!
So we, in our chains all helpless bound,
Strain our eyes in hope to see the end,
And stretch out hands as we gaze around,
Beseeching the aid of one kind friend.
Will he come and cheer us in the fight?
Will he utter the word to set us free?
Is there none who will make what's wrong go right,
And give the Slum Lodger his liberty?

The Good Genius of the Bench appears in a blaze of light.

GOOD GENIUS.

There is! At any rate I mean to try.
My friends. The aid to help you, it is I!

[He waves a Local Act. As he does so, the dilapidated Model Dwelling Houses crumble and disappear, and a Fairy Palace of Working-Men's Improved Modern Sanitary Lodgings rises in their place. The Slum Lodgers, overcome with wonder, fall into attitudes of graceful thankfulness as Curtain slowly descends.]

Fusion.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH recommends a "fusion of parties" as the cure for current evils. Well, Sir MICHAEL, if you can secure the diffusion of common sense, an infusion of patriotic unselfishness, suffusion of the party bosom with good feeling in place of spite, and do this with less oratorical profusion, and without creating complete parliamentary confusion, then perhaps your specific may work, but, Mr. Punch greatly fears, not otherwise.



"IS IT A FAILURE?"

Mamma (their last unmarried Daughter having just accepted an offer). "WELL, GEORGE, NOW THE GIRLS ARE ALL HAPPILY SETTLED, I THINK WE MAY CONSIDER OURSELVES FORTUNATE, AND THAT MARRIAGE ISN'T—"

Papa (a pessimist). "UM—DON'T KNOW! FOUR FAMILIES TO KEEP 'STEAD OF ONE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INSTEAD OF MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SONS keeping everything dark, as, if they acted up to their name, they ought to do, they burst into early advertisement of their Christmas books, and at this time,—it makes one change colour to think of it,—BLACKIE is Reddy, aye, Reddy! Here's *Thorn-dyke Manor*, by MARY C. ROWSELL, who has a very pleasant manner, and a BROOKE to run through this literary pasturage with his illustrations. Then BARING GOULD gives us *Grettier the Outlaw*, and I hope this will result in "bearing"

plenty of "Goold" back to author and publisher. This being a good book for boys, it will not be much of a puzzle to find the good boys for the book.

G. A. HENTY, anything but a Non-Hentity at Christmas time, tells us a capital story about a young Virginian Planter, who served *With Lee in Virginia*. BROWNE's his artist and BLACKIE's his publisher. His *Tales of Danger and Daring* are most fascinating for the youthful reader, and the Brave Baron also has already enjoyed it, seated in an armchair before the only fire to which he cares to expose himself, and that's his own, or a friend's, but not the enemy's.

The Loss of John Humble. By G. NORWAY. Sounds like a story by *Uriah Heep*, but quite the contrary. It is all about the Arctic regions. Ugh! So cold! pile up the logs and King Cole for Heaven!

I thank GEORGE PHILIP AND SON for C. R. MARKHAM's *Life of John Davis*, the "navigator," 1550-1605. JOHN DAVIS was an Elizabethan Gent, who discovered Davis' Straits. His descendants are still

distinguished. They have long since got out of the straits. I believe one of them, Miss DAVIS, is the chieftainess of the corps of Lady Guides.

The most useful book-present at Christmas or any other time, is ROUTLEDGE's series of pocket volumes of standard works, which, on account of their durable binding, their size and print, are simply perfect, whether taken up for a few minutes' recreation in the study-chair, or as charming travelling companions. Then there is *Cassell's National Library Series* in paper covers, highly and deservedly praised by JOHN BRIGHT; cheap portable books adapted to almost any pocket.

MACMILLAN's reprints of Miss YONGE's and CHARLES KINGSLEY's Novels would be gratefully received by any one commencing a collection, and are worth tons of ephemeral books which merely glitter for a Christmas season, and then are heard of no more. In these three series I have mentioned there is reading enough for a life-time. I should like to see a re-issue of the best French works, selected, in the original language, not translations, brought out in the style that Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have published their pocket-volumes. What chances the present generation has of becoming acquainted with the pick of universal literature, at a very small outlay, which were denied to those who can now call themselves Mediæval.

FISHER UNWIN publishes *How Men Propose*, by AGNES STEVENS. This work has evidently been a labour of love.

Rambles in Bookland (ELLIOT STROCK). Mr. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS has, if I mistake not, been our agreeable companion aforesaid in the by-ways of this pleasant country. He is a good guide, and we are glad to be once more "personally conducted" by him. He never stays in a place too long; he gives us plenty of change—no end of variety. He takes us to out-of-the-way spots; he lets us rest when "so disposed;" he gossips pleasantly as we go along, and we never feel dull in his society. We can cordially recommend intending travellers in "Bookland" to take one of these "through tickets" without delay, especially as by this system they are able to break their journey at twenty-eight different places, if they feel so inclined.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



'FEATHERS OR FUR?'

"WHAT 'VE YOU GOT?" "COCK PHEASANT!" "NONSENSE, MAN! IT'S A RABBIT."
 "WELL, P'RAPS IT IS—ANYHOW I KNOW I'D 'T SOMETHING!"

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

FIRST ENTRY.

MUCH the rummiest product of Nineteenth Century are its "Governors." Name perhaps rather a mistake, because in most cases they "reign but don't govern." Mine doesn't, anyhow. Offers a good deal of gratuitous advice, however.



Bound in Calf.

"What you ought to do," he remarks, "now that you have left College and are looking about for an opening somewhere, is to gain success in life by steady application."

My reply is, I fancy, rather able.

"Steady application!" I exclaim. "I have applied steadily twice a week for the last two months to various Govern-

ment Departments for a first-class berth, and nothing's come of it."

"Now I think of it," the Governor suddenly says, after a pause; "I know old TIM GREGORY, of the Expropriation Department; I'll give you a line to him. He's pretty high up the tree there. Perhaps he'll be able to give you a lift."

Sounds rather promising. The institution of the Governor may be worth preserving, after all! Stroll towards Whitehall.

Am pretty well-known by this time at Expropriation Office. Consequently Usher, or Door-keeper, or whoever he is, whom I tipped at Christmas, admits me into the Presence before my proper turn. Intense indignation excited thereby in breast of individual with large red muffer, who looks like a bosun's mate, or skipper of a North Sea fishing smack run up to town for a holiday.

We hear his loud expostulations (as if he were hailing a passing vessel through a speaking-trumpet) echoing down corridors till we turn a corner and lose the sound. Ask friendly Usher who the gentleman is. "That old fogey?" he replies. "Don't know, and don't care. Let 'im bellow!"

Feel, though I am glad to be admitted first, that I can understand mental attitude of people who call these Ushers jacks-in-office. But why "Jack?" Go up no end of steps. Usher used to this sort

of mountaineering. I'm not. If Governor's friend would provide me with a *lift* just here, it would come in useful.

"Old TIM GREGORY" turns out to be not half a bad chappy. Gives me comfortable chair to sit down in while he reads the letter. TIM is a bit of a wag, it seems. Says, at end,

"Your father writes that he hopes if I can't see you now, I'll give you an appointment for some other day? It strikes me, young man, that's just what you *do* want—an *appointment*—eh? Ha, ha!" And TIM laughs at his own joke.

I admit the accusation, readily. A wild idea crosses my brain. Is TIM GREGORY going to crown my aspirations? Picture him rising from his seat, coming towards me with benevolent aspect, placing a hand on my shoulder, and saying in a broken voice:—"For the sake of my long friendship with your esteemed father, I will give you an appointment, and at once. A valuable one, too, beginning at £700 a year, and rising to £1500; when will you be ready to take it up?" As a matter of fact, this is what Mr. TIM says:

"Appointments are rather scarce nowadays. Of course, I have no power whatever to get anybody anything. It all rests with the heads of the Department, especially SIR ALEXANDER—SIR ALEXANDER SANDISON, you know. In this Department," TIM continues pleasantly, "interest does a lot. But interest not what it was; same thing in Money Market, eh? Ha, ha! You should have influence with SANDISON—*interest* with our *Principal*, you know, ha, ha, ha!" TIM pulls himself up abruptly in his fit of merriment, and asks me—

"Are you a Scotchman?" I admit that I am not.

"Ah, that's a pity!" he ruminates. "SIR ALEXANDER'S Scotch, and these Scotchmen hang together so. We," he whispers, with a hoarse chuckle, winking,—"we here often wish they *would* all hang together, like this,"—and he compresses his windpipe temporarily by adjusting a bit of window-cord round it, and pretends to be choking. Rather unofficial, perhaps, but amusing.

"Got any friendly M.P. who'd make things hot for our Chief in the House, and so get you a berth?"—he goes on.

"No," I reply, and reflect what a traitor in the Expropriation camp TIM is to try and "make things hot" for his own Chief!

At end of our interview he tells me he'll be sure to let me know when the next vacancy occurs, and "he'll mention my name to SIR ALEXANDER."

"A pity," are his last words, "a great pity you're not Scotch." I begin to feel that it is, although the feeling is not patriotic. Wonder, on the way downstairs, if they say—"A great pity you're not English"—when a Scotch fellow tries for an appointment of any kind at Edinburgh?

Passing a door, hear somebody inside getting what sounds like an official "wiggling." "Didn't know who the gentleman was?"—a stern voice is saying. "Did you ask?"

"No, Sir, I didn't"—is the reply, and I at once recognise the tones of the friendly Usher who let me in before the indignant sea-captain—"expectin' as 'ow the gent 'isself would have giv' me his card, if so be that?"

"Then let me tell you that the gentleman you kept waiting like that, and treated so disrespectfully, is the Earl of BACCARAT, Lord Privy Seal, and that he has been obliged to go away, not being able to wait any longer. And next time let me advise you, if you want to keep your place"—Here the door is shut from inside, and I am left to go down the stairs solus.

So the sea-captain with the muffler was the Earl of BACCARAT! Why didn't I let him go in before me? In that case he might have given me a post in the Privy Seal Office. If I'd given place to him, would he have given a place to me? How angry BACCARAT was with that Usher! Perhaps only natural for a Privy Seal to be wary! Think of going back and repeating joke to TIM, who would appreciate it, I know.

Console myself with a few weeds. Must really think of some new and practical line. Is the Army a "practical line?" But much too old for that.

ROBERT AT OLYMPIA.

My hentrance to the place was jest a leetle startling, to begin with. I asked a reel gent at a little whinder how much I was to pay, and he sed a shilling; but seeing, I suppose, as I didn't look xactly like a shilling kustomer, he, in the werry kindest manner, gave me a ticket for a reserved seat, which it was No. 54, and which I have kept as a qriosity, for it took me into one of the werry best places in the great Sho, and showed me such sites as I fears I shall never be able to properly describe, and all for a shilling!



Just to begin with, there was 3 Clowns, all in full heavening dress, the same as I wears on grate occasions, and they tumbled over every seat as they cum near, and got rolled up in the carpets, and had to chivvy their hats all over the place, till the peeple all roared again; but they never moved a mussell, but looked as grave as Churchwardens.

Then we had munkeys a riding races, jist like reel jockeys, except that not one on 'em was gilty of pulling!—suttinly not! There was helifants by the duzzen a doing of their exercise like reel sojers; Kammels by the score, and thurrow bread hosses by the hunderd, and such races with 'em as makes poor Epsom and the New Market hide their deminished heds and blush! Then we had Nights in Chane Armer, and Nights in Steal Armer, and Nights in Gold Armer, almost by the thowsand! Then there was Faries a flying about the Sealing like werry full-grown Doves! and reel live Ladys a warking on the Sealing with their Heds a hanging down, without not seeming to have no hed ake!

Then, jist by way of contrast, there was most lovely Lady Dansers by the hundred, a dancing about most butiful on the ground, and in such lovely dresses, and so werry becoming, as wood have sumwhat surprized Mr. MACK DOOGALL, of the Kounty Counsel!

And then again, to show how werry shuperior the Amerrycane dancers is to ours, ewery now and then, when the butifully drest ladies was jest a leetle tired of dancing, they all struck up a jolly chorus, and didn't seem the least bit out of breth!

Going out for a few minutes jist to get a little snack for lunch, I wandered into a place I hadn't seen afore, where there was a most bootiful Lady, who looked jest as if she had been out off at her waste! I stood and I stared at her with perfound estonishment, when presently she smiled at me, and took up her fan and fanned herself, for her breathing showed as she was rayther warm. I didn't like to speak to her, becuz I thort praps she didn't kno my tung, and praps it might have been thort rude, as we had not bin interdued. Presently sum other peeple came up, and so, as I thought it right, I left her. I quite ment to see her again, but wot I saw when I got back to my reserved seat, drove her out of my hed, so I shall have to go again, when I quite means to arsk her how she cum for to lose both her legs, and nearly all her body, poor thing!

And now how can I attempt for to describe the most wunderfulllest site that hever I seed, and, as I werily thinks, as anyboddy else ewer seed, not ewen an hed Waiter?

Ony fancy a pervission as doesn't seem not to have no hend, and

consists of lots of regements of soljers, almost all on horseback, and all wearing such lovely suits of most butiful harmer that, when lited up by the Lectrick light, they flashes away like twenty thousand flashes of real lightning; and then lots of splendid gold cars, sum drawn by horses, sum by helefants, sum by Kamels, one on 'em three story high, with a wicked Hemprer at the top, and drawn by lots of horses, and a lady a holding of a large fan of feathers over his hed, a fannin him if he felt ot, and crowds of dancing Ladies, a dancing away in the middle of the road, and singing all the while, and not at all afraid of being run over, and crowds of other swells all in their best close, as tho it never rained in that lucky country, and lots of bands of music a playing away most butiful tunes, tho of course I didn't know 'em, as, unfortunately, I never learned Latin when I was at my Parish Skool, and then, all of a sudden, all the grate City of Rome is dishcovered to be on fire, and I left in such a state of bewilderment as I didn't recover from till I found I had got into a Pirate Omnibus, who charged me dubble fare, and larfed at me into the bargain.

ROBERT.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

TEDDINGTON LOCK.

By Archie Smiler.

'Tis noon, joyous noontide, by Isleworth clock,
As we speed with the tide up to Teddington Lock.
So fast and so full is the bountiful flood,
Forgotten and hidden are shallows and mud.



The sun flashes up from each eddying swirl,
The trees keep their tresses in crispest of curl;
Each glance is a laugh, and each word is a song,
As we strongly and steadily paddle along.
And the pains of the past and the future we mock,
As we urge our light shallop to Teddington Lock.

There's a call, like a blackbird's who sits on a branch,—
The mellow salute of an oncoming launch.
Our shallop discreetly gets out of the way,
As it drives through the water all billows and spray;
And it brays like a donkey, and crows like a cock,
As it proudly precedes us in Teddington Lock.

Ah! why does my rubicund countenance blanch,
As I scan the white gossamer gowns on the launch?
Is it love that thus claims to be honoured at sight?
Would I woo, would I win, those fair women in white?
No, gladly I'd sink through the floor of the boat,
Regardless of whether the rest of us float.
The sunlight is dulled, there's a nip in the breeze,
And the curl is gone out of the hair of the trees,
And the Lock fills as slowly as ever it can
As I gaze on a waist I no longer may span,
And the past shakes like jelly at memory's knock—
I have met my old sweetheart in Teddington Lock!

She sits so serenely unconscious and cool,
While I feel like a culprit and look like a fool:
At the blink of her een I am fain to forget
The captious caprice of the cruel coquette,
And all our fond follies come back in a flock,
As I suddenly see her in Teddington Lock.

You may row on the river, or sail on the sea,
You may sparkle at dinner or five o'clock tea,
You may revel at Ramsgate, or sulk at Southend,
You may swagger at Southsea, at Yarmouth unbend,
You may crush your fine feelings with business cares,
And blight your romance with political airs;
But the past springs to light like a jack-in-the-box,
When you meet your old sweethearts on launches in locks.

OUT WITH "THE QUEEN'S."

MY DEER FRIEND,—Do they think I like being let out of a cart and frightened to death, by being chivied for miles by mounted men, and hounds that are thirsting for my blood? If anybody is of opinion that I personally enjoy the sport for the sport's sake, or for any sake at all, he is labouring under a delusion and should be first locked up, then let out for a run and be pursued by blood-hounds over a difficult country. What I say is—let all those who take part in this cruel unsportsmanlike sport be sent to—Coventry.

Yours, broken-hardtely, A STRANGE EYE'D DEER.



NEMESIS.

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHO'S WON?"

First Football Player. "WE'VE LOST!"

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT BAG?"

Second Football Player. "THE UMPIRE!"

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

J'y suis et j'y reste—for a time. If the poet PENTAOUR could but see Modern Thebes, he would surely discover a new inspiration in Me! How I pity that epical Copt, whom old RAMESES seemed to retain As a general utility rhymester! His subjects lacked business-like brain, His rhetoric's almost Swinburnian sometimes, but wants "ideation," And what OSCAR WILDE calls "Modernity!" Now for complete incarnation

Of that none need look beyond me. Yet I now find myself—with a (Like an earlier JOSEPH) set down by the side of the secular Nile.

Extremes really meet in this world; fancy Brummagem, Caucasus, and Screw

Meeting Memnon,—or was it Amenophis? Humph! They say *he* The Vocal One was. Always spoke when the rays of the sun smote his lips;

But clearly those priests to our wire-pullers might, had they liked, My,—well, let us say predecessor,—possessed a sly stone in his lap, Which uttered oracular sounds in response to a well-managed tap From the hands of the priests or their myrmidons. Memnon saluted the Sun,

His father. If they'd had the Caucasus in Egypt, the Copts had Yes, history truly "repeats itself." Our Grand Old Memnon at home, He of the fine "flowing tide" (don't he wish it may speedily come?) Responds, as his sycophants think, or pretend, to the "quivering touch

Of Titan's ray"—meaning the dawn of Success. But no, Memnon Wire-pullers, political priests, "work the oracle" even at Hawarden.

As once in old Thebes. Humph! An orchid that's cut from an Or lotus-bud culled from Lake Morris—what much, after all, does it matter?

How little our eager "hear-hearers" can gauge the true drift of our Not Memnon, the son of Aurora, am I, nor Amenophis. No! ["Jox."] I am he whom the Caucasians lovingly,—not so long since,—would call But my "brethren" just now are less sweet on me. Fancy 'twas I dug the pit

Into which *they* have fallen. My coat, many-coloured, they think

Ah! how ancient Egyptian—and Hebrew—analogies crowd on my mind!

But Memnon or not, I *am* JOSEPH, as some of them some day shall My dreams may come true, after all, though my enemies laugh them to scorn.

Meanwhile, I am very well here—anyhow, till the coming of morn Makes it needful again to be Vocal; for that I've the eye of a lynx; But until it is really at hand, I will try the old rôle of the Sphinx! Why, what did I say to the Bakers at Birmingham? "Bread-making now

Is very much like what it was some five thousand or more years ago At the time of the PHARAOHS!" Precisely. And bread-making's not the sole art

That has changed very little since PHARAOH's chief baker was play-As a dreamer of dreams. Hawarden's Oracle flouts the Septennial But I fancy 'tis only because he perceives in that popular pact [Act, Seven years of Conservative fatness. Ah! well, they are not yet run out,

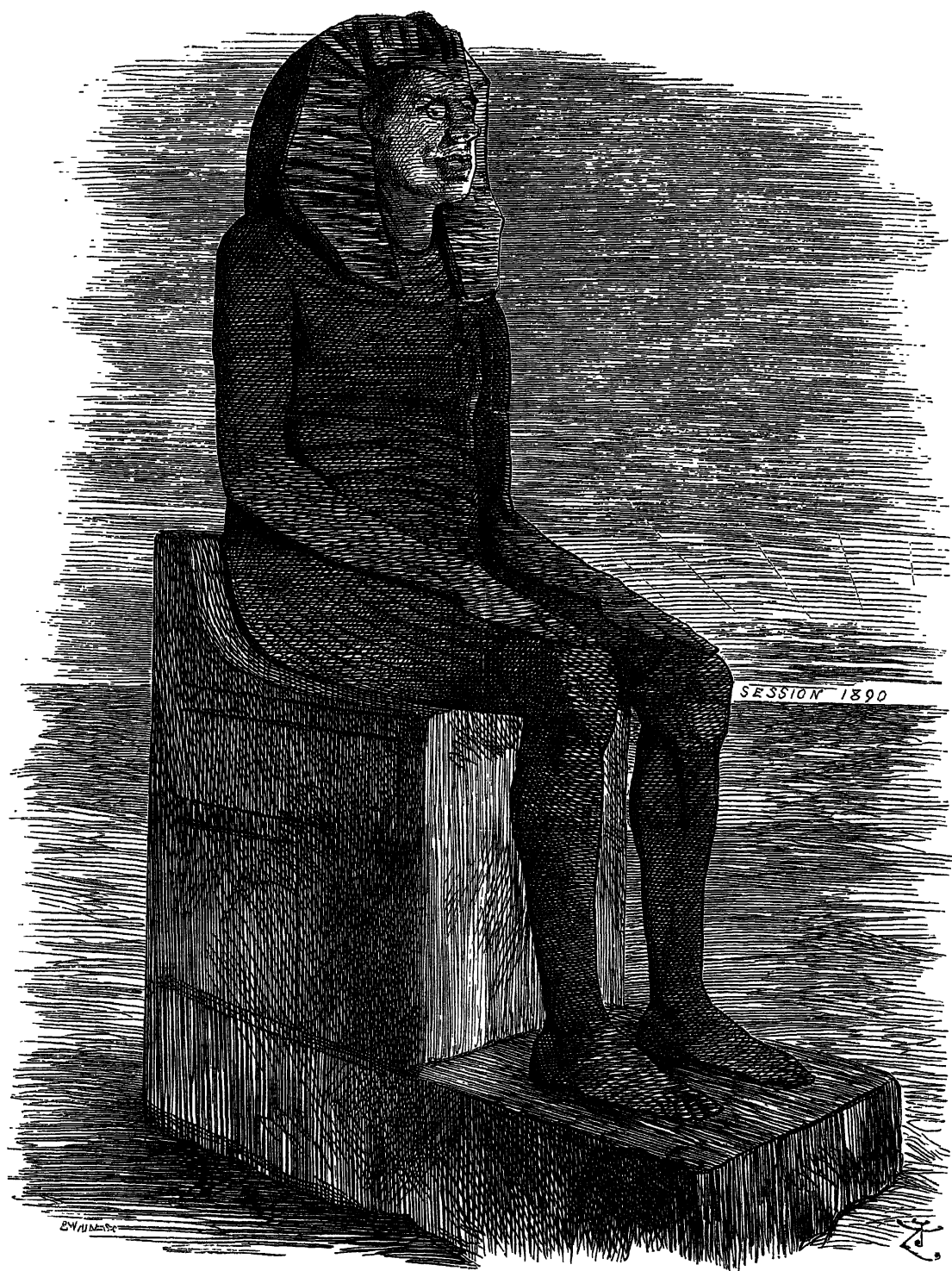
And what may come after who knows? But, I think I know what Like—well, like the earlier JOSEPH, the dreamer whose vision came true.

To prepare for the seven years leanness is what, after all, I must do; And Egypt is not a bad place to think over a question like that. And so on the whole I am glad to sit here—where Amenophis sat—Away from the fogs and the fumings; here, where every glance is a feast,

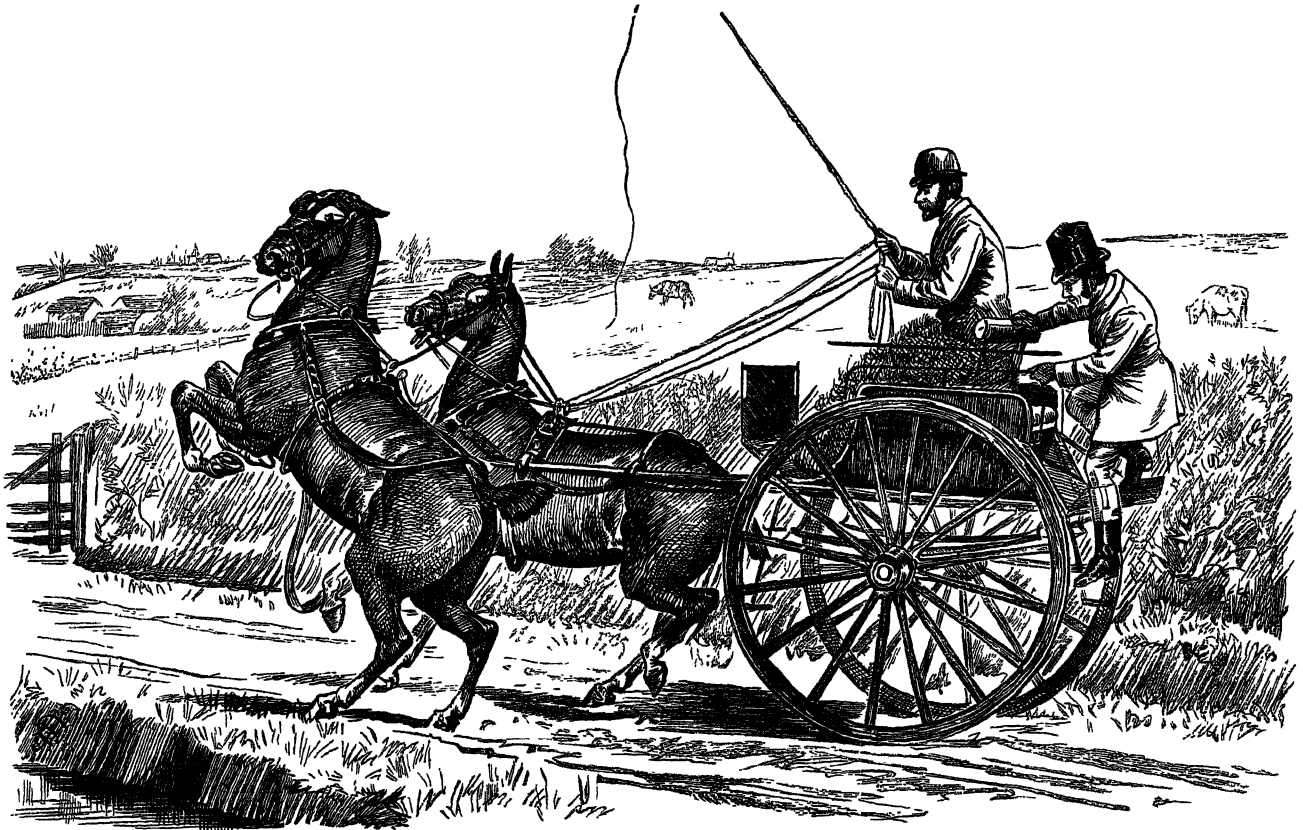
Like Memnon in dignified silence—but keeping my eye on the east!

Notes by The Lord Mayor's Fool.

GLAD to hear that Alderman VOCE MOORE has once more recovered his *Vox*. After that brutal assault *Voce* was nearly reduced to *Nil*,—not the Sheriff; but in future he must not walk home alone. Alderman SAVORY, as a companion, would sweeten any locality. VOCE looks forward to the companionship. In his best French he puts it neatly, thus, "*C'est vrai et moi*,"—which is, we believe, meant, in international pronunciation, to imply SAVORY and MOORE!! This is the effect of being a Liveryman of the City!!



JOSEPH IN EGYPT.



Captain Steerer, R.N. "UNSHIP THAT FORRARD BEGGAR, JOHNSON AND WE 'LL TOW HIM HOME ASTERN!"

VENEZUELA.

THE Place to spend a Happy Day!

["United States Consul PLUMACHER sends to Washington from Venezuela a very remarkable report, especially interesting to students of natural history."—*Brooklyn Eagle, and London Papers.*]

OF vermin, on a liberal scale, a
Variety has Venezuela;
In fact that favoured land must be
A School of Natural History!
And quite a rising health-resort.
Read Consul PLUMACHER's Report!
The Student starts with being bled
By vampires as he lies in bed,
And he will be relieved to know
They'll only tackle his big toe.
At breakfast time an omelette
Of Alligator's eggs he'll get,
With (he'll grow of the dainty fond) a
Cut from the juicy Anaconda!
And when his morning walk he takes,
He'll meet some interesting snakes!
The Boa, inclined to be "constrictive,"
But seldom (till annoyed) vindictive;
The Tiger-snake from "*Macanure!*"
'Tis easy, from their bite to tell:
The one is deadly, *savants* state all,
The other's fang is merely fatal.
The *Sobadora* should amuse him,
(Especially if it pursues him)
For when, as cads would say, it "cops" him,
That sarpiant sets to work and whops him!
Its head will superintend the whacking,
Its tail, like any horsemanship, smacking.
To cool the smart our Student soon
Will take a dip in some lagoon;
Though he his fate will surely go to seal,
Should he disturb the grim *Gymnotus* eel!
Uncomfortable too will he be,
If spotted swimming by "*Caribe,*"

They're tiny fish, to sharks in greed alike,
With double rows of teeth—all needle-like!
Should he contrive to gain the shore,
His mind he'll turn to insect-lore:
The capture of a Scorpion
May yield him scientific fun,
But cautious handling it will need.
(Tis likewise with the Centipede.)
A casual nip from some Tarantula—
To use a hybrid phrase—will "plant you *la*."
Next, if no accident he dreads,
He'll interview the quadrupeds;
The Peccary, or native hog,
When tame, is faithful as a dog;
If savage, on the contrary,
It chivies hunters up a tree!
Big apes (they term them "*Araguato*")
Fill forests with their loud *staccato*.
There, too, are monkeys "known to BUFFON,"
And most who furnish, at the Zoo, fun;
With ardour, too, he will be warming
To find *Carnivora* are "swarming,"
He'll soon acquire, we may assume, a
Familiar knowledge of the Puma,
Distinguishing the faithful Ounces
From Wildcats, merely by their pounces!
But, PLUMACHER, a wicked wag you are,
To tell him "*not to mind the Jaguar!*"
And then, it sounds so braggadocious!
To add—"These beasts are *all* ferocious."
In our prosaically kept iale,
We only sport one noxious reptile,
Carnivora we have to go
And study at a Wild Beast Show.
And your report is so instructive,
It paints a picture so seductive,
Our Naturalists will long to meet yours,
And see all those eccentric creatures.
So on a visit they'll determine
To Venezuela and its vermin.
(Punch doesn't know what will become of 'em,
But trusts they'll all return—or some of 'em!)

LATEST FROM THE LAW COURTS.

(A Spinster in the Box.)

Question. How old are you?

Answer. I really don't know—besides, it's rude to question a Lady.

Q. Will you swear you are under forty?

A. No—but I may be.

Q. Is it not a fact that you will never see your fiftieth birthday?

A. So I have been told.

Q. Have you ever had an offer of marriage?

A. Never—to my knowledge.

Q. Is it not true that you are one of the ugliest of your sex?

A. So it has been said by other Ladies.

Q. Ladies! That is the second time you have used that expression. Will you swear that "*females*" would not be the better word?

A. Well, perhaps it might.

Q. And you are the sort of woman that would stay in Court during the Besant trial, in spite of Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON's remonstrances, are you not?

A. Yes, I suppose I am.

Q. And can you imagine anyone more degraded or horrible?

A. Well, to be frank with you, I cannot! But there, pray excuse me further attendance, as I wish to see a man sentenced to be hanged!

[The Witness then hurriedly withdrew.]

MEM. ABOUT THE COLSTON BANQUETS.—I would rather dine at the "*Dolphin*," where one would be expected to drink like a fish—as they do, I suppose, on "*The General Porpoises Committee*" in the City—than be invited to the "*Anchor*" to dine with the Anchorites.



"EXCLUSIVE."

Our Philanthropist (who often takes the Shilling Gallery—to his Neighbour).
 "ONLY A MIDDLING HOUSE."
Unwashed Artisan. "AY—THAT SIXPENCE EXTRY, 'RATHER HEAVY FOR THE
 LIKES O' HUZ, Y'KNOW. BUT THERE'S ONE THING—IT KEEPS OUT THE RIEF-
 RAFF!!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DOXXXV. THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

As you descend from your 'bus in Piccadilly, pleased to hand the attendant conductor the penny he modestly demands, you observe on the right-hand side (going up) a high brick wall, once red in hue, but now held in the grip of the smoke of London. Passing between the jambs of a fifteenth century doorway, you find yourself in the great courtyard of Devonshire House. Although the date 1379 still lingers on the principal tower, the mansion, where the heir to the dukedom of Devonshire lives when in town, is not of great antiquity. It stands on the site of Berkeley House, built in 1658 by Sir JOHN BERKELEY, created Lord BERKELEY of Stratton (whence Stratton Street.) Here QUEEN ANNE lived before she died. In 1693, she quarrelled with WILLIAM THE THIRD, and, fearful for her young life, escaped to Berkeley House. Here she dwelt with Lady MARLBOROUGH for sole companion, and your host presently shows you a relic of the staircase, up which, at cockerow every morning, she lightly stole, and gazed across the park towards distant Westminster. Lady MARLBOROUGH, standing at the foot of the staircase, ever put the anxious question, "Sister ANNE! Sister ANNE! Do you see anyone coming?" There is a break in your host's voice as he tells how the years passed, and finally came the Duke of MARLBOROUGH with news that WILLIAM and MARY were dead, childless, and hailed this last member of the Stuart Family, daughter of JAMES THE SECOND and granddaughter of the renowned CLARENDON, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland!

Berkeley House perished in the flames in 1733, and WILLIAM KENT, third Duke of Devonshire, built on it the massive but simple structure in whose low pillared entrance hall you linger. Beyond

A MEDICAL OWL.

[An Owl has taken up his abode in a tree at Guy's Hospital.]

AN Owl seen at Guy's! We may surely surmise,
 That the bird of Minerva seeks knowledge;
 And comes to the place to find favour and grace
 At the hands of the men of that college.
 They may say, "It's absurd to encourage this bird,"
 Like the hero of *Lear's* famed *fasciculus*;
 But why that should be so we really can't see,
 There are many things far more ridiculous.

No man can deny that, in ages gone by,
 The Owl for his wisdom was famous:
 This bird may aspire, with a clinic desire,
 In medical culture to shame us.
 At the lectures we feel he will *certainly* reveal
 Strict attention, in every attitude;
 With a wink in his eye (Do owls wink, by the bye?)
 When Professors indulge in a platitude.

Minerva we know, in the ages ago,
 Was the patron of physic concoctors;
 Why should not the Owl, as the goddess's fowl,
 Be enrolled on the list of our Doctors?
 Let us see that he gains the result of his pains;
 Make him free of each medical mystery;
 Till we hail *Strix M.D.*, as he sits on the tree,
 To practise,—the first time in history!

ROD AND (HARD) LINES.

MR. JUSTICE MARK (in giving judgment for himself and Mr. Justice WONTS) said: "This is a case in which we are asked to give our judicial decision as to whether caning is, or is not, a suitable punishment to inflict on boys. A school-master is charged with assault, for having caned a recalcitrant scholar on the hand; and the Learned Counsel for the Defendant naturally asks—If a boy may not be caned on the hand, where may he be caned? What, then, is the ideal punishment we should be disposed to recommend? My learned Brother and myself have come to the conclusion, that if a boy who had offended were made to read twenty pages of the 'Law Reports,' he would never commit the offence again. Flagrant cases of insubordination might involve a perusal of *Coke on Lyttleton*, or even attendance at this Court for a whole day to listen to the proceedings. We—and we think boys as well—would prefer this system to either of the two methods which the Learned Counsel has humorously described as the 'palm-oil' and the 'switch-back' plan. The Defendant is discharged."

is the winding marble staircase at the head of which, upon occasion, your host stands and heartily welcomes Mr. WIGGINS, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, and other statesmen and luminaries of social life. As the ancient servitor throws open the State Drawing-Room and announces you, you observe your host standing on the costly hearth-rug in the act of yawning. The action is so perfectly coincidental with the opening of the door, that, for a moment, you suspect some cunningly devised connection between the Norman doorway and your host's facial arrangements. But before you leave you have opportunity of observing, that the gesture, so to speak, is distinct from the doorway. Your host is always ready to fill up any pauses in your conversation with a hearty yawn.

SPENCER COMPTON CAVENTISH, Marquis of Hartington, leads you from the State Drawing-Room into the Saloon, calling your attention as you pass to the beautiful ceiling, earliest work of BELLINI. But, before you go, you find yourself enjoying the varied beauties of PAUL VERONESE'S "*Adoration of the Magi*," over the doorway; GIACOMO BASSANO'S "*Moses and the Burning Bush*"; IL CALABRESE'S "*Musicians*"; MICHAEL ANGELO CARAVAGGIO'S "*Barrel-organ*," the musician earnestly regarding the upper windows of a modern house; CIGNANTI'S "*Virgin and Child*," and JORDAENS'S "*Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, and his Wife*." You notice the picturesque feeling, quite unusual in this Master, in the arch with the vine-tendrils climbing across, and the parrot pecking at it—both dark, against a dark sky, the better to bring out the light on the lady's forehead. You say this to your host, who yawns.

Your host, firmly poising his right hand in his trousers-pocket, his left arm swinging loosely but gracefully by his side, leads the way into the Saloon, where you pause to admire a number of family portraits, by Sir GODFREY KNELLER. Here is the first Duke of Devonshire; and in the courtly curl of the lip, the swift glancing of



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 8.

the eye, you fancy you discern traces of the lineaments of your genial host. In the Green Drawing-room is one of SALVATOR ROSA's primest pictures—"Jacob's Dream." You have just time to note that the angels ascending and descending are poised upon the ladder

by the power of their wings, when your host suggests an adjournment to the Dining-room. You make a feint of lingering under the Ladder, but, passing on, have time to note that, though the day is wearing towards one o'clock, there is no white cloth on the comfortable

cosy table, which stands erect on four legs, the light from a coal fire flashing here and there adown its mahogany limbs. Your host leads you round the room, pointing out on the walls the various VANDYKES. Here is MARGARET, Countess of Carlisle, and her little daughter; here EUGENIA CLARA ISABELLA, daughter of PHILIP THE FOURTH, of Spain, widow of the Archduke ALBERT; and here Lord STRAFFORD, happily taken previous to his execution, which affords you opportunity of noticing his massive jaw, his curling whiskers, and his haughty brow. Your host will presently take you across the hall into the Blue Velvet Room, where you notice MURILLO's "Infant Moses"—a chubby little boy, seated, proud delight gleaming in his eye at the discovery that he has five toes to each foot. On the opposite wall, GUIDO RENI's "Perseus and Andromeda." Standing under this, while "Joe," the long-haired Maltese terrier, and "Randy," the London waif, curl themselves up comfortably on the hearth-rug, their owner, with a ring of a Grand Master of the Drury Lane Lodge on his finger, tells you the story of his life.

The Cavendish history goes back further than the bold Baron CAVENDISH of Hardwick created in 1603. Since then, there has always been a CAVENDISH in the Commons, and a Devonshire in the Councils of the reigning sovereign. Your host points proudly to the great seal that dangles from his waist, carrying the arms of the Family. You have scarcely time to notice the three bucks'-heads cabossed, argent, when your host calls your attention to the crest, a serpent nowed, proper, supported by two bucks, proper, each wreathed round the neck with a chaplet of roses, alternately, argent, and azure.

"You see, TOBY," says your host, "we were always for Union."

You pleasantly suggest, that your host probably does not include matrimonial union. SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, Marquis of Hartington, stares blankly across your head, fixing his regard on the portrait of his ancestor, Lord RICHARD CAVENDISH, painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS in the very prime of his power. You are about to explain your joke when the sight of his carriage out among the poplars in the wooded garden reminds him that he is already due at the House of Commons. "Roasted Chestnut" and "Hot Potato" are conveying the future Duke of DEVONSHIRE rapidly South-west, while you, emerging from the walled garden, stand once more on the pleasant pavement of Piccadilly, and hail the returning "bus."

FISTS AND GLOVES; OR, THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

THE PAST.

THE battered pugilist at length became conscious. For a fortnight he had rambled in his talk in the throes of delirium. His eyes were still closed, and what remained of the bridge of his nose had been removed by a skilful surgeon. For the rest, his broken right arm was beginning at length to regain its pristine position.



Pelican Club.

well as he could *minus* three-fourths of his teeth. "Has he come?"

Then entered his patron, who, placing in his hands a bank-note, exclaimed, "You have deserved it, my lad! Six hours' hard fighting with your fists is enough for any one!"

"Five pounds!" murmured the nearly dying prize-fighter; and, with a sigh of intense relief, he fainted away for joy!

THE FUTURE.

The boxer was smoking a cigarette at his Club and sipping a lemon-squash. He paused for a moment to adjust a piece of sticking-plaster, about the size of a three-penny-piece, on the little finger of his left hand.

"Just my luck!" he growled; "just my luck! I always get knocked about when I put on the gloves!"

He lighted another cigarette, and, taking out the gardenia from his button-hole, inhaled its perfume.

"Will DITCHWATER never come?" he continued. "Surely an appointment with me is more important than 'a debate in the Lords.'" At this moment the Duke entered, and, bowing to the boxer, with some hesitation placed in that gentleman's hands a cheque.

"Oh, mi! What's this? Hi! here!" shouted the indignant pugilist. "I was at it with the gloves for nearly seven minutes, scratched my little finger taking 'em off, and you haven't given me more—hang me!—than a thousand pounds!" And uttering an expression of intense disgust, he absolutely swore!

FORTECOMING WORK.—*The Larks for Lunatics.* By the Author of *The Canaries for Consumptives.*



"THE LITTLE STOWAWAY."

A (LAW) COURT LADY.

I LIKE to listen to—well all that sort Of thing one wouldn't hear except in Court. I'm of the class that's "privileged." The Judge Can't turn me out of Court, so I don't budge, But sit to hear wigg'd barristers with three tails Describe what journals call "disgusting details," At which, next day, they scarcely dare to hint. So, being deprived of reading it in print, I go to Court to hear what I can't read, And I enjoy it very much indeed. Yet there may come a day (forbid the thought!) When rudely I may be "ruled out of Court." Public opinion is a strong sledge-hammer, I may be crushed, and cases heard *in camera*, As was a recent one we know. But then, man, The Baron, bless him! doesn't rule like DENMAN. When there's another like this last, or near it, I, as a lady, hope that I may hear it. And if the Baron's there the sex to chaff, He'll be satirical, and we shall laugh.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Financial Independent.)

GUILELESS.—The return from your New River Debenture Stock is much too low. Buy a few City of Timbuctoo Waterworks. This Company holds a monopoly from the ruler, and, as a large part of the city is situated some distance from the river, the demand for water is great. The natives certainly use wells at present, but the bad quality of water from such a source is well known, and this fact is merely another proof of the need of a better supply. The capital is only £200,000; and actuarial statements exist showing that, if only the hopes of the promoters are fulfilled, a dividend of 10 per cent. can be paid. These hopes may possibly be exceeded.

FATHER OF A FAMILY.—Sulphates have again been depressed by the bears, but we advise you to hold on. The well-known financier who rules the market has just bought a new country-house, and it is, we think, rightly pointed out that this portends something good.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—We hear well of two Mining ventures. One, the Sweet Hope Mine, has bought a farm, about eight miles west of the famed Josephsburg gold-field. Surveys have shown that the estate is in a direct line with the run of the reef at Josephsburg. The vendors have been generous enough to take £90,000 out of the £100,000 capital in cash, thus leaving the public the benefit of any increment in value. The second is a more ambitious undertaking. Mr. DORM BROWN, the vendor, has discovered that the Nile, at a certain spot at present kept secret, contains gold in its bed. By a simple process—also a secret—the Nile Diversion Company will divert the river into a new course for a few miles, and thus obtain possession of a rich gold-field. The first issue of capital will be £1,000,000, and is sure to be largely over-subscribed.



An Inquiry for Bar Silver.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XII.

"MANHOOD," my guide remarked,
 "is a great dower,
 The hope of glory, and the prop of
 power,
 In every prosperous nation.
 O'er its displays, the daintiest critic
 gloats,
 And half its hours a polished world
 devotes
 Unto its cultivation.

"With what results? Our visits of
 to-night
 Upon that question, friend, should
 throw some light.
 In the great Titan tussle
 Called Civilisation, sense may not
 refuse
 To recognise the ever-growing
 use
 Of nerve and brawn and muscle."

"Incarnate sneer!" I said, "you shoot awry.
 To doubt the virtues of virility
 Were surely sheer insanity.
 Else what the meaning of the athletic rage,
 Or that peculiar portent of our age
 Called 'Muscular Christianity'?"

"The running ground and the gymnasium
 now
 Are adjuncts to the Church. Youth's noble
 brow

Must sweat—or soul will sicken—
 If not at labour then, of course, at sport.
 The boxing-chamber and the tennis-court,
 The idler's pulses quicken."

"Most true!" rejoined the Shadow. "Come
 and see
 The majesty of muscularity
 Crowned in the modern manner;
 Not with the parsley chaplet of the Greek.
 A modest champion is as far to seek,
 Now, as a stainless banner."

A curious scene! Full midnight, and a mob
 Of moneyed ruffianism! Purse and fob
 Well filled and smartly furnished,
 Broadcloth in sable acres; faces fine
 Or brutal, flushed with furious zest and wine,
 Bronze cheeks, like copper burnished.

All eyes concentrate on two brawny churls,
 Whom diplomats and dandies, "Sports" and
 earls,

Eagerly scan and measure.
 Two coarse athletic animals, whose might
 Nudely displayed, moves many a brilliant
 light

Of learning or of leisure.

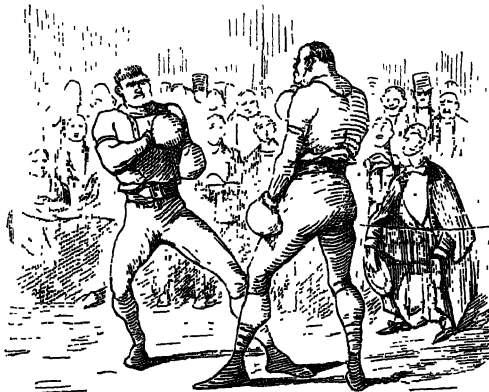
"This," smiled the Shadow, "is the shrine
 of Sport!

The monarch Muscle here holds secret-court,
 In sinew like to languish.
 Whilst wealth and culture find delight acute
 In the achievements of the human brute,
 Careless of fleshly anguish?

"It must ennoble manhood to look on
 In safety, as in days fools fancied gone,
 And watch men pound and batter
 Faces and forms out of all human shape,
 Whilst they, the well-dressed watchers, bet
 and gape,
 And curse and chaff, and chatter.

"Look at that low-browed peer; no coarser
 cub [pub.

E'er 'spread himself' at a low sporting
 See how his fool face flushes
 As one grim gladiator makes strong play,
 And one, the gentler, vainly strives to stay
 Brute blows and fierce bull-rushes!



"He howls applause, he whom one swashing
 blow

From a clown's fist would suddenly lay low.
 See there, hard by his shoulder,
 A vulgar, vulpine visage, smile-wreathed,
 peers,

And whispers hideous hints into his ears—
 As base a brute, but bolder!

"Bolder, and, so far, better than the boy
 Who finds a frantic, yet effeminate joy
 In such fierce mutual mauling
 Of venal ruffianism. There are men
 Engaged in 'manly' sport in this shy den,
 Though like mad Manads bawling!"

"Mammon and Manhood," murmured I,
 "appear
 The twin divinities of this strange sphere."

"It sees their mutual action,
 Replied my cold companion. "Mammon rules,
 Whilst 'Manhood' it bewitches and befools,
 To their joint satisfaction.

"Ask any keen expert at modern Sport
 What 'Champions' are. He'll answer in a
 sort,

If frank, which may surprise you.
 That burly brute's a champion—at this game!
 Exactly how he won, or stole, that fame
 Inquire not, I'd advise you!

"At least, not here. Sharp words, and blows,
 come quick [trick,
 From sleek supporters of the 'Champion'
 When fearing its exposure. [leech

Ask awkward questions, and some lurking
 Of the blood-sucking brood upon your speech
 May put most summary closure.

"Sport? The true sport of all these greedy
 knaves [slaves,
 Is pigeon-plucking. They are Swelldom's
 Sycophants soft but sinister;
 They're panders and purveyors to the mob
 Of affluent noodles; but those gulls they rob
 To whose base tastes they minister.

"Mark those two shiny, silent, black-browed
 men!

They are the ruling spirits of this den.
 Should we their footsteps follow
 Into their private room, where, without fuss
 Of morals or of manners, they discuss
 Their business brutish, hollow;

"Strange side-lights on the wondrous 'World
 of Sport,"

So popular from clerkdom to the Court,
 Our darkness might illuminate.
 Shall we? Nay, from the task I see you shrink.
 Such happy-souls are a foul seething sink,
 O'er which 'tis ill to ruminate."

SASSIETY SMALL-TALK.

(From the "Twopenny Twaddler.")

HER MAJESTY, on her return from Scotland
 last week, travelled the greater part of the
 way in a railway carriage. The QUEEN (who
 is in excellent health) closed her eyes several
 times during the journey.

It is reported in literary circles that Mr.
 SMITH is writing a life of Mr. JONES, and that
 Mr. JONES is engaged on a biography of Mr.
 SMITH.

The new LORD MAYOR is very popular in
 the City, and has given great satisfaction to
 his guests at the Mansion House by intro-
 ducing turtle soup into the menu of his Lord-
 ship's dinners.

The rumours that QUEEN ANNE died some
 years ago has now received confirmation.
 This piece of intelligence will be welcome
 news to the Historical Research and Investi-
 gation Society, of which Mr. TOMKINS, the
 eminent antiquarian, is the respected Presi-
 dent.

Next week Monday will be followed by
 Tuesday, and Thursday be preceded by Wed-
 nesday. It has been arranged that Friday
 and Saturday shall come before Sunday.

We are authorised to state that the an-
 nouncement made in this column some time
 since, which we denied, and subsequently
 confirmed, is entirely devoid of foundation.
 We shall, no doubt, have more to say on this
 subject on some future occasion, when the
 pressure of news on our space is less than at
 present.

A CHEAP SCOTCH TOUR.

SEE the Tooth Drawing Exhibition at Messrs.
 TOOTH'S (why not call themselves "The
 Teeth" at once?) Gallery in the Haymarket.
 The Firm should be known as "The Wisdom
 Teeth," since they rarely if ever make a mis-
 take in their Show. This time it consists of
 over fifty pictures of the Rivers of Scotland,
 by Mr. DAVID FARQUHARSON. Notwith-
 standing the large number, it is astonishing
 the variety to be found in the Collection.
 No two pictures are alike; they all have
 the impress of being painted on the spot,
 and have no "studio-taint" about them,
 too often acquired by re-touching a fresh
 transcript from Nature in a murky town
 painting-room. They are broadly painted,
 but with a marvellous knowledge of effect
 and feeling for colour. There is such a
 wondrous breeziness and reality about them,
 that you begin to wish you had come as a
 Philibeggar in a kilt, ready to have your
 fling, and after "a wee drappit in the 'ee,"
 reel out again. We present this little notice
 as a contribution of "Butter Scotch," and
 advise everyone to at once take the Cheap
 Scotch Tour, personally conducted by Mr.
 DAVID FARQUHARSON.

ROBERT DE PARIS.—At the *déjeuner* given
 by Lord LYTTON to H.R.H. the PRINCE and
 PRINCESS OF WALES, the first item on the
 menu was "*Cuifs à la Robert*." A certain
 City Waiter of our acquaintance not un-
 known to fame looks upon this as "a ninter-
 nashnal cumpliment." "Heggs is Heggs,
 nowdays," he writes to us; "speshully in
 Parris, where a 'Uff aller Robert,' must
 mean a neg as koster a bob."

REVIVAL OF PUGILISM.—Great Celebration
 of Boxing Day this year at the Pelican.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?
OR, THE GENEROUS LANDLORD AND THE THREE JOLLY TRUSTEES.

A Vote of Thanks put in the form of a Ballad.



THERE was a munificent host
At the sign of "The Tankard," whose boast
Was this, that the Poor
Never turned from *his* door
Without having had sip and sup from his
store,
And feeling as warm as a toast.
And oh! what a snug, cosy world it would be
Were only all Landlords as hearty as he!

The name of mine host was NED GUINNESS;
He knew what the right use of "tin" is,
To earn, save, and spend,
Bless the poor, help a friend.
And they who dispute the more generous end,
Must be the most miserly ninnies.
But oh! what a many starved mouths might
be fed,
Were all Landlords as wise and as kind as
was NED!

And there were three jolly Trustees,
Who sat with their hands on their knees,
Like the Postboys of song,
And they thought, "It seems wrong
That the Poor should be horribly housed for
But then *we* can't do as we please. [so long,
We would give them snug homes, if we could,
without doubt;
Meanwhile, let us call for a tankard of Stout!"]

They called for the stout, and they drunk it.
(There was ROWTON, and RITCHIE, and
There they sat, these Trustees [PLUNKET]
With their hands on their knees,
And they said, "To give labourers sweet
homes and ease
Is a very stiff job, and all funk it!"
"What, *all*?" cried mine host. "Well, I
trust that you won't [don't!]
Talk like that in *my* house, for *I* certainly

Then he came from behind his snug bar,
With a bottle (some say 'twas a jar)
Of a Pantomime sort.
And he said (in his sport)
"Here's a magnum, my boys, not of Cham-
pagne or Port,
No, no! something better by far.
You've heard of a big pot of money, no doubt,
Well, here's a big bottle of—let us say Stout!"

Those jolly Trustees they all stared;
To believe their own eyes hardly dared,
It *was* such a whopper,
Pure gold was the stopper.
Cried, PLUNKET, "Great Scott!" (The re-
mark was improper.)
Whilst RITCHIE and ROWTON looked scared.
But the Landlord laughed loud and cried,
"Test it, this minute!
The great Inexhaustible One is not in it!

"Do I look delusive or shifty?
Well, Thousands Two-Hundred-and-Fifty
You'll find there secure,
And it's all for the poor!
I have earned a full right to give freely, I'm
sure,
By being successful and thrifty.
There 'tis, boys! You three will make good
use, no doubt
For the poor, of this bottle of—shall we say
Stout?"

Bravo! O munificent host!
Your magnum is something to boast.
Magnanimous man,
You have hit on a plan
To encourage in giving the many who *can*,
And shame those who shrink from the cost!
A rare pot of money, indeed; all made out
Of other big pots—of your excellent Stout!

No wonder those jolly Trustees
Sit struck, with their hands on their knees.
But each *must* be goose
If he can't find good use
For so noble a gift without waste or abuse.
Mr. Punch will just watch, if you please,
That big bottle's future. Just now he gives
honour
To good EDWARD GUINNESS, its generous
donor!

"DARNLEY v. MELNOTTE."—Striking names.
The one recalling the history of MARY Queen
of Scots, and the other the celebrated *Claude*,
likewise the *Dame Melnotte*, in Lord LYTON's
Lady of Lyons. Therefore generally inter-
esting, but specially so to dramatic authors
and actors, as showing that for once and
away there is a Judge willing to understand
theatrical terms and customs, and not above
observing to Counsel, who was questioning
Mr. PINERO as to what he has written for the
stage so as to identify him, that "Mr. PINERO
required no introduction." This was very
nice of Mr. Justice MATHEW. A great im-
provement in courtesy since The Chief
expressed himself absolutely ignorant of
the existence of two such celebrities as
CORNEY GRAIN and CORNY,—no, CONNIE,
GILCHRIST.



"DE GUSTIBUS," &c.

Doctor. "AND HOW'S YOUR APPETITE?"
Patient. "I CAN EAT VERY LITTLE, AND DRINK VERY LITTLE—ALL I CAN RELISH NOW
IS MY PHYSIC!" Doctor. "AH, THEN, FOR THE PRESENT, STICK TO THAT!"

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE good old ship in Suffolk Street sails 'on her winter voyage
with less press of canvas than sometimes, but possibly that canvas
is of a better quality than usual, and better able to withstand the
blast of rude Boreas, the critic. Gone are the startlers, with which
the Whistlerites, the Symphonists, and the Impressionists used to
deck the walls! Vanished are the Spanish pictures of HURLSTONE,
the mild landscapes of GOSLING, and the prismatic, half-dressed
young ladies of WOOLMER, which flourished in this gallery in a more
remote age. And the good ship—which has weathered many a storm
—sails pleasantly and smoothly on an even keel. Though the
number of pictures has been reduced, there are over six hundred
and fifty works of art—more or less—in the present show. Among
them may be noted two clever landscapes in Provence by Miss HILDA
MONTALBA, "*Moonlight*" and "*Planting Potatoes*," "*Unveiled*,"
by H. T. SCHÄFER, seems to demonstrate that all Mr. HORSLEY's
expostulations are unavailing: "*The Home of the Sea Fowl*," by
HORACE CAUZY, bright, fresh and true; "*The Rehearsal*," by J.
CLARK, somewhat sombre in tone, but carefully painted; "*A Connais-
seur*," by W. D. ALMOND, full of character; "*In the Wake of
Winter*," by F. S. SPENLOVE, a very clever landscape; "*Ashore*,"
by F. BRANGWYN, a good sea-story well told. This artist also con-
tributes a powerful bit of reality, called "*Spinning Yarn*." "*Home-
wards*," by F. C. ROBINSON, is a careful transcript of Nature; "*Be-
trayed*," an excellent water-colour, by C. CATTERMORE; and "*An Old
Romance*," by P. H. CALDERON, R.A., is well worth attentive perusal.
There are a number of excellent sea-pieces by G. S. WALTERS; "*The
Mill Stream*," by J. H. SNELL; "*When the Sun is Low*," by L.
GRIBER; "*A Misty Morning*," by R. HALFNIGHT, an appropriately
named artist to paint such a subject; a clever picture from *Sketches
by Boz*, by W. H. PIKE (where was I'luck?); "*On the Loddon*," by
YEEND KING; and others that well merit the attention of the spectator.

FRENCH HOSPITALITY.

"France has been able to offer her sympathetic hospitality to millions of
foreigners."—Speech of M. Tirard.

"SYMPATHETIC hospitality" 's a very pretty word

For inadequate hotel accommodation,
O rushing Monsieur TIRARD, don't you think that it's absurd
To advance a claim like that for your French nation?
Folks visited your wondrous Exhibition, a vast crowd
Thronged fair Paris to the end from the beginning;
But, in more than one hotel, it's universally allowed,
That they underwent a process known as "skinning."

There is little doubt you welcomed every nation with good will,
And we know what great attractions Paris offers;
But it's hardly hospitality that sends us in a bill,
Nor do hosts expect their friends to fill their coffers. [Yankee,
You were welcome to our sovereigns and the dollars of the
And your Show was worth the utmost we could spend;
But LUTETIA, for our largesse, might at least, we think, say
And not boast of hospitality, my friend! ["Thank ye,"

HAUNTED HOUSES.—Typhoid, according to the *Daily Telegraph* re-
port, seems just now to be the awful spectre appearing in many
ancient country houses. The only way of laying this Insanitary
Spectre, is by sending round the Sanitary Inspector.

"SOMETHING IN THE CITY."—It is understood that AUGUSTUS
DRURIOLANUS, in consequence of his distinguished Pantomime and
Operatic Spectacular services, and Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, for his
noble effort in the cause of artistic effect on Lord Mayor's Show day,
will be elected honorary members of The Worshipful Company of
Spectacle Makers.

ROYALTY AND REVOLT.

King Arthur and the burden of Royalty—The Coming Mimes.

THE theatrical thermometer of the Royalty has gone down to freezing-point with *The New Corsican Brothers*. Blame not alone the bard



"Actor, Manager, and Arthur too" (to himself). "My! what a frost!"

Mr. CECIL RALEIGH,—whose *Great Pink Pearl* was an ornament to the stage, and who is the author of several good things,—but blame everybody, including Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, who had anything to do with the production of this apparently plotless and witless extravaganza. Perhaps the author was attempting to give us something quite novel, and in this he has succeeded, for it is not within my experience to see ARTHUR ROBERTS absolutely dull, as he was, except for a few moments when he did a bit of his own peculiar comic business, and at another time when he gave imitations of the Music-hall style of vocalisation. This last the audience would have had over and over again, but ARTHUR positively declined. There is no other burlesque actor or actress of note in the piece, and so the whole weight, which SANDOW and SAMSON would stagger under, is on poor ARTHUR'S shoulders.

The Composer, too, has made a mistake, and light, sparkling catchy music is conspicuous by its absence. The compositions may be scholarly, admirable, and all that a musician could wish, but the patrons of *opéra bouffe* and extravaganza know the sort of thing they want, and it's no use giving them German Meyerbeer when they demand Parisian Offenbachian champagne. A Composer who rejoices in the name of SLAUGHTER ought to write killing melodies. The best thing is a Chorus of "Hullo There!" sung by the Members of The Carnation Club. If ARTHUR ROBERTS had, at least, three good comic songs and an eccentric duet, with—well, who is there there to sing it with him? And if the piece were out down, so as to play from 9.30 to 11, it might have a chance, as, nowadays, a bad start frequently results in a long run and a brilliant finish. But ARTHUR must have two or three strong and talented assistants to pull this coach along.

"LES DEUX AJAX."—There are to be two Pantomimes this year; one of course, "The Annual," at Drury Lane, and the other at Her Majesty's.



RECONCILIATION.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished."

The question if left in doubt is, which has "stolen a march" on the other? *Solvitur ambulando*. Perhaps, they may yet come together at the fraternal festivity of Christmas, and, embracing, may exclaim with the two characters in *The Beggar's Opera*, "Brother! Brother! we were both in the wrong!"

THE HEXLEY-SPUNSER CONTROVERSY.

The Smoking-room of the Adelphide Club. Time, Afternoon.

Old Gentleman (turning over recent numbers of "The Times"). It's the duty of every English citizen, my son tells me, to study the science of political ethics. And I believe he's right. What's the use of talking about the Land Question, or any other question, until you've got the light of clear, impartial, impersonal inquiry shed upon it. That's what he says, and there's a good deal in it. When two men like HEXLEY and SPUNSER discuss anything, they stick to the point. There are no digressions, no personal recriminations, nothing but calm sober inquiry. Now then, let's begin somewhere in the middle. Never mind the introductory letters.

[Selects any Number of "The Times," and reads.

"SIR,—As Professor HEXLEY admits that his friend A. B.'s dog is white,—as, by implication, he admits white is closely allied to grey,—as he acknowledges the possibility of a shade of grey being mistaken for black by gas-light, I do not see in what respect his views on the compensation for inconveniences caused by compulsory muzzles are other than analogous to my own opinions on the precisely similar point discussed by me in my last letter?"

I had an idea that it was all about the Land Question. Well, I suppose this is a side-issue, or an illustration, or something in that way. Perhaps I ought to have begun a few days back. No matter—I'll just skip a few lines, and go on again.

"And as I have already shown that all difficulties with regard to unearned increment, relative ethics, linoleum, hair-wash, bindles, and speculative diagnosis are fully dealt with in my little book, *The Data of Ethics*, which should be on every man's book-shelves, it only remains for me to point out, that it is the special province of the exact sciences—as Professor HEXLEY himself knows—never to have the same opinion for ten minutes together. I regret that anyone should have supposed that I intended any of my conclusions—which were all of them reasoned truth—to be ever treated as such. At the same time, I fail to see that any one of my theories is any the less practical because it was not intended to work, will not work, and would not be any good if it did. I may, therefore, leave the Land Question, and pass on to a consideration of absolute political ethics."

Land at last! But why does he leave it, especially when he has not yet got there? Of course, he may feel more at home with the—(refers to paper)—ah, yes, "absolute political ethics."

"If anyone attempted to cure me of some complaint without having previously consulted Professor HEXLEY'S *Lessons on Elementary Physiology*—a treatise which is invaluable to the medical practitioner—I should at once denounce—"

This is all very well, but it's neither Land Question, nor the—other thing. It almost seems as if the man was—but perhaps it's an illustration. There's no saying—

"—I should at once denounce him as a charlatan. Similarly, Professor HEXLEY might just as well confess that any attempt to solve a social or political problem without reference to one or more of my published works would be madness. In fact, if he will only scratch my back, I am perfectly willing to reciprocate the attention. I have no desire to be combative, and I shall never write any more letters on this subject as long as I live. Professor HEXLEY has only to state his belief that absolute political ethics are a real exact science, and all will be forgiven and forgotten, and I shall continue to recommend his hand-book on physiology. This closes the controversy, as far as I am concerned. If my letter to-day has—as I trust it has—helped to make the great facts of absolute political ethics more clear to your readers, it will not have been written in vain.

"I am, &c.,

HERBERT SPUNSER."

More clear! Why, I know as much about it as I did when I started. Perhaps it's the other man who does the clear, impartial inquiry.

[Selects the Number containing Professor HEXLEY'S reply, and reads.

"SIR,—After a careful perusal of Mr. SPUNSER'S letter in the *Times* of to-day, I can only reiterate my declaration that I never agree with anybody, except myself. Mr. SPUNSER'S efforts to prove the contrary are founded on an ignorance of history, and his ethical system rests on pure assumption. Mr. SPUNSER said that private ownership in land was originally set up by force or fraud. He stole that out of Rousseau, and I saw him take it myself. I should be ashamed! However, as Mr. SPUNSER, leaving the main issue aside, has put me on my defence, I shall say no more about the Land Question, but simply go for Mr. SPUNSER. His suggestion that patients should be treated by deduction from physiological principles was hardly prudent—addressed, as it was, to a man of my superior attainments. No practitioner, who is sensible of the profound responsibility which attaches to his office, will dream of treating cholera or small-pox by deduction. He would use induction, and, if the patient had both cholera and small-pox, there would be a reduction. There always ought to be a reduction on taking a quantity.

"There is no analogy whatever between medical practice and Mr. SPUNSER's absolute political ethics. Yah! Gar'n! Go home to your mother!"

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, T. R. HEXLEY."

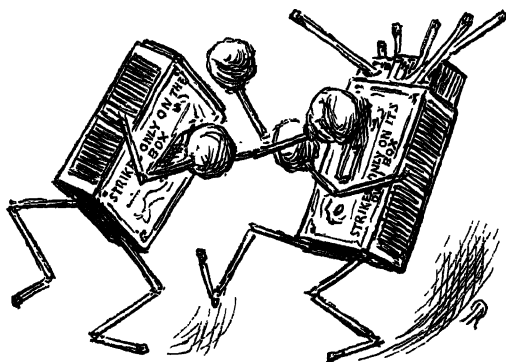
Worse and worse! I wonder if there's any more of it? Oh, yes. Here's another letter from SPUNSER—I thought "the controversy was closed, as far as he was concerned." Then there's another, from SPEKLEY or HUNSER—I mean, HUNSLEY or SPEKXER. What's it matter? I'll just glance through it. (*Reads.*)

"SIR,—It seems to me to be a pity that the discussion which has been carried on in your columns should come to an end before Mr. LAIDLER's able letter has been considered on its merits."

But I never read Mr. LAIDLER's letter. Positive—ladle, comparative LAIDLER. If I'd only had the LAIDLER, of course he'd have helped me. As it is, I'll just leave out that part. Here's a postscript!

"Mr. SPUNSER, in the letter which you publish to-day, says that he learns from me 'that the principles of physiology, as at present known, can never procure for a doctor an introduction to his patient. Nothing of the kind is discoverable in what I have said. Without denying for one instant a close analogy between social and physiological laws, I never asserted that the connection was one of cause and effect. If Mr. SPUNSER were already acquainted with the present relations of physiology and therapeutics, no introduction would be required. You should bow, but not shake hands.'"

Well, I'm thankful, that's all. No more SPUNSELEY and HEXER for me. Where's this week's *Punch*? SPENSLEY and HUXER sounds something like sherry and seltzer. That reminds me—ah, Waiter!



PUGILISTIC REVIVAL.

Matches in Box, and Boxin' Matches.

"SHORT SERVICES."
—The best short Sunday service with which we are acquainted, is that between Dover and Calais, in one of the L. C. & D. Company's newest boats. No Sermon. Collection on board, as usual.

ROSE-LEAVES AND REVOLUTION; OR THE LATEST DEPOSITION.

HOW (ACCORDING TO ALL PRECEDENT) IT OUGHT TO HAVE COME OFF.

The Scene represents the Interior of a Reception-room in the Imperial Palace on the morning of the violent outbreak of a bloody revolution. Barricades are erected in all directions, and the air is dark with the explosion of shells and the hail of flying shot. As the Curtain rises, the Imperial Family are discovered, terror-stricken, and cowering in a corner, while a furious mob of desperadoes, headed by a "Son of the People," bursts into the chamber, and advances on them with threats and imprecations.

The Emperor (*facing the Mob*). Well, ruffians, do your worst! And you, who call yourself a "Son of the People," know that I defy you!

[Attempts to get under the table. Son of the People. And know, too, Imperial Wind-bag! that I am here to beard you in your den, and proclaim as the herald of the proletariat the doom of your accursed house and race!

The Emperor (*aside*). This is

HOW (IN FACT) IT ACTUALLY DID.

The Scene represents the Interior of an Apartment in the Emperor's summer retreat at Petropolis, on the morning of a change of the Constitution of the Country. There is no outward and visible sign of any unusual commotion, the birds singing sweetly in the sunshine without. As the Curtain rises, the Imperial Family are discovered finishing their simple breakfast quietly, while a Retired Solicitor, arrayed in a red scarf of office, representing the New Government, is ushered into their presence by a Court Official, bowing respectfully.

The Emperor (*inspecting card which has been handed to him, and reading*). "Representative of the Provisional Government." (*Smiling blandly*). Excuse me, but I do not quite understand.

Retired Solicitor. No, Sire! We hardly expected you would. But we thought the best way of preserving your Majesty from any unpleasant shock, which, I fear, is inevitable under the circumstances, would be for me to call personally and explain matters.

very awkward. I wish I could see my way out of it. (*Aloud*). "Provisional Government," indeed? What do I know of it?

Son of the People.—If you are still ignorant, we'll soon enough manage to enlighten you. Know, wretched Despot, that your rule is over! The Federated Republic One and Indivisible reigns supreme. You, vile traitor to your country as you are, are deposed!

The Emperor. The Emperors of Brazil have ever faced all odds, and yielded only at the last moment to overwhelming force.

[Gets under the table.

Son of the People. (*pulling him out again*).—Ha! miscreant, we had foreseen this, and had taken measures to meet it accordingly. (*He gives a signal, upon which the folding-doors of a back drawing-room are flung open, disclosing the guillotine, set up with head-basket and all ready for use.*) Now, dare to give us much trouble, and we shall make short work of you. The machine is in excellent working order, as you will soon find out.

[The Mob shout approval. The Emperor (*turning slightly pale*). Be it so! Struggle is useless. (*Aside*). And now for some disguise in which to effect my escape. I must at any rate endeavour to manage this somehow.

Son of the People (*anticipating his intention*). And think not, myrmidon, to escape our watchful eye. A guard is set upon every exit, and the orders are to fire and spare no one! Ha! ha! Beware! Beware! You will find our bite every bit as bad as our bark.

The Emperor (*making his way hurriedly to the back*). If that is the case, and I see no reason to doubt it, the sooner I get out of this decidedly the better.

[Mixes with the crowd, and eventually having shaved off his hair, his eyebrows and whiskers, and assumed a comic red shock wig and disguised himself as a cabman, and borrowed one shilling and ninepence from his Major-domo, finds himself towards the evening hanging about the docks in search of some vessel bound to set sail that same night for Europe, and at length, after hiding himself away on several and getting discovered and warned off, the "Emperor," now with only a few pence in his pocket, succeeds in secreting himself in the hold of a second-class collier, and in the midst of privation and confusion, sets sail for Europe as the Curtain falls.

ON COMMISSION.—As it has been suggested to me that some acknowledgment should be made in recognition of the graceful compliment paid by Sir JAMES HANNEN to the untiring industry and conspicuous ability shown by myself and "those others to whom thanks are due," in the management of our part of the Special Commission, I have no hesitation in stating that it is my deliberate opinion that their Lordships will show equal talent in performing what still remains to be done in bringing this historical inquest to a final and satisfactory conclusion. It gives me the greatest pleasure in trusting (with them), that they will discover the truth. When found, I have no doubt the Press will assist in publishing it. I have the honour to bid their Lordships a respectful adieu. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

The Emperor. Quite so. Pray proceed. (*Referring to card*). "Provisional Government"? Then I conclude there has been some change?

Retired Solicitor. There has, your Majesty. The fact is the country is no longer an Empire, but a Republic; and you, Sire, I almost regret to have to inform you, but I was commissioned to break the truth to you as delicately as possible, are deposed.

The Emperor. Dear me! This is very interesting. Coming, however, of a long line of Royal ancestors, I feel bound, at least, to say that I can "yield only to force."

Retired Solicitor. Just so. Your Majesty, we had foreseen this display of your Imperial spirit, and had provided for it. (*He whistles. Two Newspaper Editors and another Retired Solicitor, enter, bearing garlands of flowers, which they gracefully entwine about the Emperor.*) You see, Sire, thus we hold you in chains. You must confess that you are indeed our prisoner.

The Emperor (*still smiling blandly*). I see. Struggle is useless. And now let us get a Bradshaw, and see what time the first boat starts for Europe.

Retired Solicitor. Your Majesty need not trouble yourself. Your passage is already booked; and, to make matters pleasant on the voyage, I have been requested to press your acceptance of this little cheque for \$50,000,000.

[Offers it. The Emperor (*taking it*). Thanks, very much. (*Moved*). I really shall often think of "poor old Brazil."

[Wipes away a tear.

Retired Solicitor. Do, your Majesty! And now, is there anything else that you would like. You have only, believe me, to mention it, and your Majesty's wishes—

The Emperor. Quite so. (*Considering*). Well, no; nothing beyond. Stay; I may as well have the Crown jewels and—the throne?

Retired Solicitor (*with alacrity*). They shall be made up into a neat brown-paper parcel for your Majesty at once.

[And, shedding a quiet tear of joyful gratitude, with his family comfortably around him, and his pockets full of the ready money provided for him by "poor dear old Brazil," the deposed Emperor starts, amid every luxury and comfort, for Europe, as the Curtain falls.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

Hostess. "YOU ARE LATE THIS MORNING, MONSIEUR ALPHONSE!"

M. Alphonse (who is fond of English Idioms). "YES, MADAM, I 'AD ZE MISFORTUNE TO SLEEP OVER MYSELF ZIS MORNING, AND I COULD NOT DESCEND IN TIME!"

THE NEW CRUSADE.

At last! The anti-human Demon, long
By aid of mortal selfishness so strong,
Now stands at bay before the banded league
Of nations. Ruthless power, or sly intrigue
Will scarce avail him now to force or foil
The ranks that close around, or snatch his spoil,
Insatiate ogre, in the old safe way. [day]
CLARKSON, you should have lived to see this
WILBERFORCE, GARRISON, and all great hearts
Who played far-scattered solitary parts
Against the common enemy of all,
In days when Civilisation held the thrall,
Lucre's fair prey, and luxury's mere tool,
When even Christianity sought to school
The emancipating gospel to the need
Of haughty indolence and huckster greed,
How would you in this welcome scene rejoice!
LAVIGERIE, triumph that your rallying voice
Has urged the nations to the New Crusade,
Not against Paynim force but godless Trade!
Once more the Cross is lifted, not alone
Against the Crescent as when GODFREY shone
Amidst the ranks of Europe's Chivalry;
No gallant Saladin indeed is he.
'Gainst whom these Christian swords you fain
would urge;
The Demon of the Shackle and the Scourge,
Lowering and shrinking hideously, stands
Circled and trapped by those cross-hilted
brands. [base]
Not GOETHE's mocking fiend was black and
As this vile ogre of the Afrit face,
Africa's subtle bane and potent blight,
Last, strongest champion of the powers of
night;

Still strong, for all those swords, and not yet
slain;
At bay, but till stretched stark, too sure
again
To rear his hateful crest in some foul lair,
And, like an incarnation of Despair,
Dominate riven hearth and ruined home
Of those to whom the New Crusade should
come
Like the cool water-drop of LAZARUS
To DRYES in his agony. 'Tis thus,
And thus alone, this fiend may yet be foiled.
He, quintessential devil, hath despoiled
Earth's fairest scenes for ages, taking tithe
Of the poor simple race, who might be blithe
Even in ignorance, save for that foul foe,
Whose breath lays hope's most humble blos-
soms low,
Blasts in their birth the germs of happiness,
And make of Life a synonym for Distress.
Now he's at bay, like *Mephistopheles*
Before the students' cross-hits. And will
these,
Civilisation's gathered champions, hold
The cross, the blade at need, loyally bold,
Unitedly impregnable, until
The hideous incarnation of all ill
Falls utterly before them, fails and falls
No more to shackle or to scourge his thralls,
No more to traffic blood for gold, no more
To strew the sands from tropic belt to shore
Of the Dark Continent with his dusky
prey,
Butchered in wrath, or fallen on the way
Beneath the lash? England looks on with
hope,
She, the first Champion who dared to cope

With the great Slavery Demon. Not alone
She standeth now, for Freedom's Guard hath
grown.
Good Cardinal, and you magnanimous king,
Who brought your Belgium into the great
ring
Of exorcisers, *Punch* applauds ye both,
And hopes no hidden greed, no selfish
sloth,
Nor calculated callousness of Trade,
Will eat the heart out of your New Crusade.

"WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME NOW?"—
All the world's a playground, and everybody

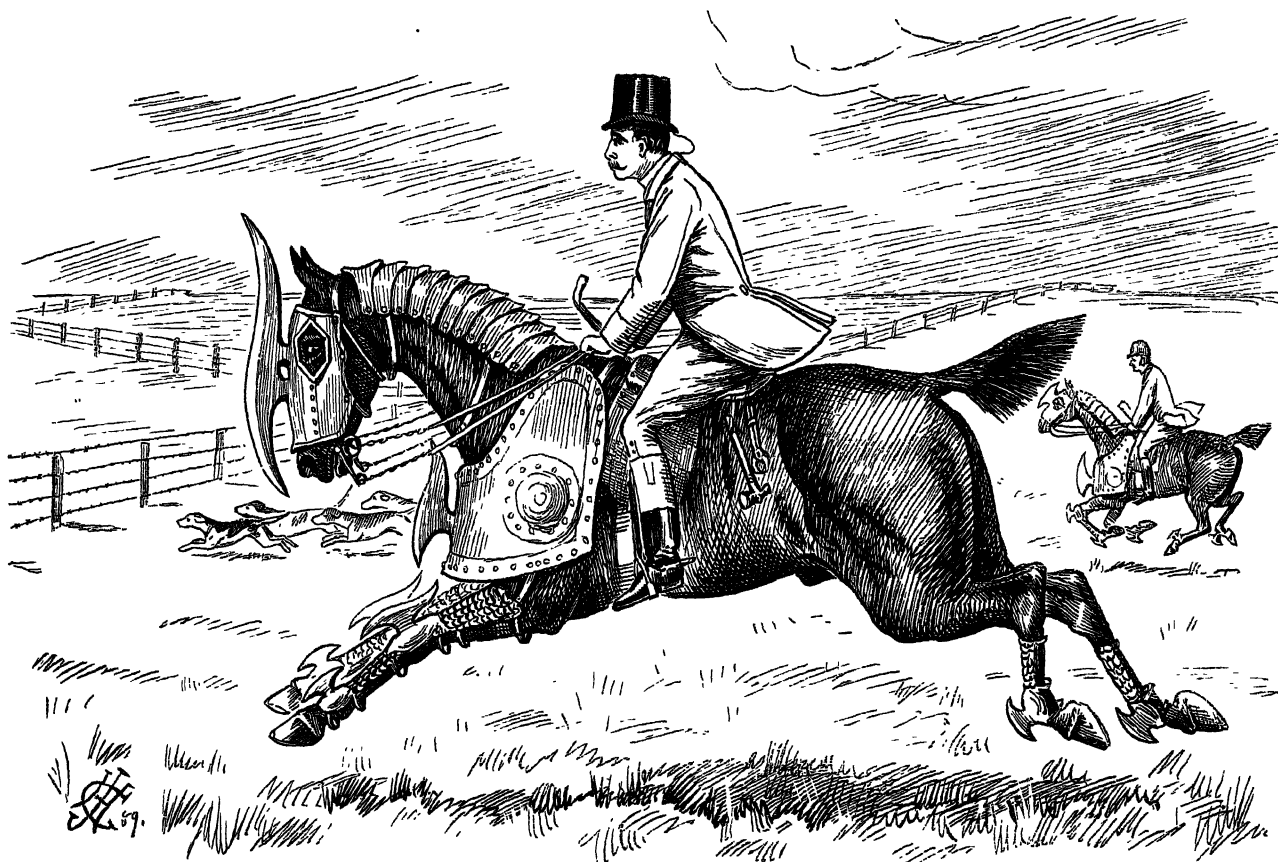


in it merely
players, must
be the obser-
vation of the
Merry not the
Melancholy JACQUES,
who with his Son—
the firm is JACQUES
AND SON—has in-
vented the indoor
games of *Tiddledy*
Winks (he should
patent *Forty Winks*,
a companion to *Nap*), *Chopsticks*, *Halder*,
and his latest is *The Butterfly Hunt*, which
can be made a very funny performance, only
it might have been so much better with
coloured butterflies, instead of little scraps
of paper. In indoor exercise nothing yet
invented has beaten the ancient *Battledore*
and *Shuttlecock*, which can be made nearly
as scientific as Lawn-tennis.



THE NEW CRUSADE.

"The Anti-Slavery Conference opened at Brussels on November 18. All the plenipotentiaries were present."—*Times*.



THE MODERN FOX-HUNTER EQUIPPED AGAINST THE MODERN FENCE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE industrious SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has given us a delightful couple of volumes about *The Idols of the French Stage*, published by REMINGTON & Co. The chapters dealing with the life and death of the witty SOPHIE ARNAULD are as interesting as they are entertaining. Poor idols! everyone with a history, and all the histories bearing a strong resemblance to each other. In the biographies of men we say, *Cherchez la femme*; but here it is always, *Cherchez l'homme*! Poor talking dolls! worshipped as idols, then shattered or neglected, and the cult transferred to a rival. Charming cynicism is the story of the vestal RAUCOURT, whose virtue brought its own reward, and had its price in the betting-list; and curious, nowadays, when the Curé of St. Roch invites the Company of the Comédie Française to celebrate the tercentenary of CORNEILLE at his church,



to read how Christian burial was refused to so many actresses, even when they had become "reconciled" on their death-beds. BOSSUET's letter *Sur la Comédie* is evidence of the rigorous ecclesiastical rules then in force according to the *Rituel de Paris*. Mr. EDWARDS, in the course of his amusing account of the capricious Soprano, Madame DE SAINT HUBERTY (afterwards the unfortunate Countess d'ANTRAIGUES, married to a Frenchman who might well have been named Count d'Intrigues) tells us how, on one occasion, being annoyed with the conductor of the orchestra, she declared, that if he appeared in his place at night, "she would undress herself, and refuse to sing her part." Surely Mr. EDWARDS has here inverted the sequence of events. Her refusal to sing, which would be on the stage, must have preceded her act of undressing, which would have been in her *loge*. Still in those days they did odd things.

As usual, Mr. JOHN LATEX, Junior, brings out his Penny Illustrated Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* well in advance of all the others. Miscalled JOHN LATEX, evidently JOHN EARLY. The cover shows travellers be-lated in the snow. Good, this, to begin with. Plum-pudding and turkey await them. JOHN EARLY has written a story with a well worked-up sensation, and FRED BARNARD shows us a struggle between somebody and a

highwayman in the snow—most uncomfortable for both—but somebody gets decidedly the best of it, and consequently the highwayman the worst of it. The Fiery FURNISS ends the Number—which, by the way, is all snow and fire, typically Christmassy,—with hints for TOMMY's dressing-up in the holidays, TOMMY being recommended by the Fiery One to cause great sport to his friends and relatives by trying to look as much like several distinguished persons as possible. Poor TOMMY! And, if he's caught making raids on Grandpapa's linen, and requisitioning collars, in order to look like GLADSTONE, and Grandmamma's cloaks, to look like TENNYSON, and so forth, it will end in TOMMY's getting an extra dressing, which will be the reverse of what the gardeners call a "top-dressing." Poor TOMMY!

"THE HOO CASE."

To be published, in one volume, with ecclesiastical binding, that is, if anything ecclesiastical can be binding in such a matter, a short history of this important case, to be entitled, *Hoo's Hoo and What's What?* It will be illustrated with snatches of song by T. DIBDIN, a specimen of which, entitled, "*Hoo Cares?*" (*vide DIBDIN's Ballads*, BOHN's edition, p. 91) we place before our readers. It has quite the nautical smack of DIBDIN about it, as one might expect from one who assists in steering the ecclesiastical barque in the See of Rochester. Here it is:—

And then when ill-fortune has crowned his endeavours
Twixt parties the peace to restore,
Well, what if so be if the public he favours
With reasons why, Hoo, and where-fore?
Now, bless the kind Bishop who treats with good-nature
Friend, enemy, false or true,
Though oppressed by Hoo cares, he will give a poor creature
His ben'son,—but what cares Hoo?

We do not know when the volume is coming out, but due notice will be given in the *Hoo and Cry*.

THE Anti-Enjoyment-on-Sunday Society might turn its attention to the Sunday 'bus traffic, as represented in a letter to the *Times* of November, 19, by a Director of the Tram Car Company.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 9.

"HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES."

(A Ballad of a Police-Court Case, set to the ancient rhyme of "Billy Taylor.")

THERE was a young and Hansom Cabby,
Which he had a sweet young wife,
Annoyed by a willin base and shabby,
Who werry nearly worried her out of her life.

He dogged her footsteps whenever he met her,
Wrote her many a billy doo;
But the sweet young wife gave every letter
To her Hansom hubby fond and true.

So the Hansom Cabby, up to him dashin',
Descends from his perch,—"Take that!" says he.
When he'd given the willin a well-deserved thrashin',
He gave himself into custodee.

And the Magistrate says to the Hansom driver,
"I can't help applaudin' wot you've done;
But I *must* bind you over in a fiver,
To keep the peace to everyone.

"Which, talking of 'peace,' you go to the Adelphi,
Where there's a melodrama fine;
You take your wife, and you'll see yourself, I
Think, as a Hansom Cabman Shine.

"As you know the science of fisticuffin',
Which the gent can say who felt your knocks,
The GATTIS may Hansomly admit you for nuffin',
Or a friend will square up for a Private Box."

THE GOLDEN GIFT.—*Notice to Correspondents.*—As by this time at least a quarter of a million repetitions of the one joke about "pounds" and "Guinness" (guineas) have been made in various forms, of which *Mr. Punch* has received his full share, he hereby gives notice that on and after this Wednesday, Nov. 27, any perpetrator of this joke or anything like it, or anyone attempting to pass it off as original, will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law.

BRAZILIAN NEWS.—The Revolution in Brazil will make no difference in the price of Nuts, nor in the cost of Crackers for Christmas.

"Quand j'étais roi de Boétie,
J'avais des sujets et des soldats,"

is the air which the ex-Emperor, who knows his Paris uncommonly well, now contentedly hums to himself.



THEORIES OF THE TRAINING-STABLE.

"NICE-LOOKING YOUNG GENTLEMAN THAT FRIEND O' YOURS, SIR CHARLES. I SUPPOSE HE'S SOME LORD?"

"YES; HE'S MY COUSIN, LORD RIPPINGTON. HE'LL BE DUKE OF ALL-TOWERS WHEN HIS FATHER DIES."

"AH, I THOUGHT HE WAS SOMETHING OF THAT SORT. BUT IT DON'T DO TO BEGIN MYLORDIN' EM TOO YOUNG!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVI. LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT CONNAUGHT PLACE.

THERE is a certain flavour of modernity about the name of the street where LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL resides that abruptly strikes you as you seize the knocker at No. 2. There is, or used to be, an expression common in Ireland which bracketed Connaught with an alternative place of destination. Probably MR. W. H. SMITH, LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, MR. STANHOPE, and other colleagues of your host in a recent Ministry may have thought of this saying as, upon occasion, they wended their steps towards Connaught Place. But the terrace which your host modestly shares with other eminent persons did not receive its name directly from the Irish province. It was so called after one of the Queen's sons, an accession to the Peerage which goes back but a few years, and stamps the locality with the notion of newness which struck you just now when, as mentioned, you were pulling the bell—signal of your desire to be ushered into the presence of the amiable nobleman who is impatiently awaiting you.

But, though Connaught Place is new, the locality is old, and is connected with some of the most interesting scenes in the social life of London. As you stand with your host at the window of the two-pair back, he shows you the very spot where Tyburn tree spread out its gaunt arms, and dangled its ghastly clusters of fruit. Hither came the condemned, riding in a cart from Newgate, carrying the nose-gay that had been presented to him on the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, and cheered with the flagon of ale he had halted at St. Giles's to drink. Here came to his death JOHN SHEPPARD, a person singularly unreliable in the presence of portable property. Here came JONATHAN WILD, who, as the Chaplain prayed with him, picked his pocket of a corkscrew. Forty years later Mrs. BROWN-RIE, formerly resident in Fetter Lane, also rode to the corner of what is now Connaught Place, and never more returned.

"You see," says your host, tugging at the overhanging eaves of his moustache, "they used to harbour pleasant company in this neighbourhood. But our occasional visitors were not all drawn from the classes which MR. SHEPPARD and MRS. BROWNRIE adorned. We had the Rev. Dr. DODD hanged here for forgery; and there was EARL FERRERS, who murdered his steward, and was hanged over there with a silken rope. I often think," continues your host, reflectively, "that the re-introduction of the occasional use of a silken rope in the House of Lords at this day might be attended with consequences conducive to the welfare of the State."

Turning away from what you gather is a favourite place for reflection, and casting a passing glimpse on the distant glades of Hyde Park, where across the wilderness of fern and bracken you see the October sun glistening on the balustraded bridge thrown across the winding sheet of artificial water, where the golden hues of the chestnut contrast with the bright blue of the maple, the piquant pink of the wild cherry, the rare red tone of the beeches, and the blue and amber of the pitiful pine—your host, crossing the paved hall adorned with old oak, African weapons, antlers, and Indian shields, ushers you into the dimly-lighted room where he is wont to compose letters addressed to LORD SALISBURY or to MR. CHAMBERLAIN. Seated at a blue-enamelled writing-table, with brass handles pendant to its many drawers, RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, third son of the seventh Duke of MALBOROUGH, tells you the story of his life.

Except for the charm of his conversation, the lambent play of his fancy, and the acrid solution of his humour, you would say that the narrative is superfluous. The framed documents close to the door commemorate all important epochs in his career. The first is a collection of his speeches delivered in the House of Commons when he still sat below the Gangway, and led to death or victory that remarkable body of statesmen known to contemporary history as the Fourth Party. The second, effectively divided into four panels, contains, in the first panel, his attacks upon MR. CHAMBERLAIN in connection with the Aston Park Riots; another panel in the same

framework shows his alliance with the Member for West Birmingham against Mr. GLADSTONE. The third embraces proofs of growing distrust in connection with the representation of Central Birmingham. You notice that the fourth is just now a blank. There is another very interesting collection, showing your host's attitude towards the Irish Members at various epochs of his interesting career. This is charmingly diversified.

Your host is delighted to find his versatility appreciated, and, as he lights another cigarette at the massive silver and ormolu electric lamp that stands upon the terra-cotta table at his side, whilst his eye rests upon a picture of Lord SALISBURY, in which the master-hand of REMBRANDT has brought out all the latent strength of character, he muses on the past: "I don't mind telling you, TOBY, old fellow," he says, "that sometimes I regret chucking things over as I did at Christmas, 1886. The fact is it was Christmas that did it all. I was thinking of a surprise present for the MARKIS; something, you know, that would make him sit up on Christmas Day in the morning. Turned over in my mind several little projects of the artificial toy order. Then it suddenly flashed upon me, 'Supposing I was to resign?' As you know it proved, nothing could have been more startling or unexpected. I had only been a month or two Chancellor of the Exchequer; I was Leader of the House of Commons; we had had our Cabinet Councils, and settled a good deal of the business of the coming Session. We had squared HARTINGTON and CHAMBER-

LAIN. GLADSTONE's people were divided and disheartened. Everything looked blooming for us, and no Ministry ever anticipated a happier or merrier Christmas.

"Only the morning before I let fly, SMITH was talking to me about a turkey he had bought—the biggest in the market—and such a plum-pudding! His honest face, beaming with delightful anticipation, was too much for me. Perhaps if I could have managed something by which, as he stuck his knife into the turkey, the bird would have stood up on its hind legs, and flapped what was left of its wings, it would have served; or if I could have conveyed into the plum-pudding a little detonating powder, that would have gone off, as dear OLD MORALITY thrust in the expectant spoon, I might have been satisfied. I thought of these things, and then came the notion of the resignation, which would spoil all their Christmas dinners. Once conceived, I could not resist the temptation, and so it came about. It was a tremendous piece of fun; fully equalled my expectations; but it proved rather expensive."

A tear slowly courses down your host's cheek, and, withdrawing from the sight of this sacred sorrow, you pass out on tip-toe, endeavouring, as you walk under the mullioned fanlight, and skirt the site of Tyburn Tree, to concentrate your thoughts upon Sixteen-stringed JACK, hanged here in 1774, for robbing the Princess AMELIA's Chaplain in Gunnersbury Lane. He suffered in a pea-green coat, with an immense nosegay in his hand.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

NO. XIII.—THE MILITARY IMPERSONATOR.

To be a successful Military Impersonator, the principal requisite is a uniform, which may be purchased for a moderate sum, second-hand, in the neighbourhood of almost any barracks. Some slight acquaintance with the sword exercise and elementary drill is useful, though not absolutely essential. Furnished with these, together with a few commanding attitudes, and a song possessing a spirited, martial refrain, the Military Impersonator may be certain of an instant and striking success upon the Music-hall stage,—especially if he will condescend to avail himself of the ballad provided by Mr. Punch, as a vehicle for his peculiar talent.



And though we say it ourselves—it is a very nice ballad, to which Mr. McDUGALL himself would find it difficult to take exception. It is in three verses, too—the limit understood to be formally approved by the London County Council for such productions. It may be, indeed, that (save so far as the last verse illustrates the heroism of our troops in action—a heroism too real and too splendid to be rendered ridiculous, even by Military Impersonators), the song does not convey a particularly accurate notion of the manner and pursuits of an officer in the Guards. But then no Music-hall ditty can ever be accepted as a quite infallible authority upon any social type it may undertake to depict—with the single exception, perhaps, of the Common (or Howling) Cad. So that any lack of actuality here will be rather a merit than a blemish in the eyes of an indulgent audience. Having said so much, we will proceed to our ballad, which is called,—

IN THE GUARDS!

First Verse.

I'm a Guardsman, and my manner is perhaps a bit "haw-haw";
But when you're in the Guards you've got to show *esprit de corps*.
[Pronounce "a spready core,"]
We look such heavy swells, you see, we're all aristo-cràts,
When on parade we stand arrayed in our 'eavy bearskin 'ats.

Chorus (during which the *Martial Star* will march round the stage in military order).

We're all "'UGHIES," "BERTIES," "ARCHIES,"
In the Guards! Doncher know?
Twisting silky long moustarches,

[Suit the action to the word here.

Bein' Guards! Doncher know?
While our band is playing Marches,
Of the Guards! Doncher know?

And the ladies stop to gaze upon the Guards,

Bing-Bang!

[Here a member of the orchestra will oblige with the cymbals, while the Vocalist performs a military salute, as he passes to—

Second Verse.

With duchesses I'm 'and in glove, with countesses I'm thick;
From all the nob's I get invites—they say I am "so chic!"

[Pronounce "chick,"]

It often makes me laugh to read, whene'er I go off guard,
"Dear BERTIE, come to my At Home!" on a coronetted card!

Chorus.

For we're "BERTIES," "'UGHIES," "ARCHIES,"
In the Guards! Doncher know?

With our silky long moustarches,
In the Guards! Doncher know?

Where's a regiment that marches
Like the Guards? Doncher know?

All the darlings—bless 'em!—dote upon the Guards,
Bing-Bang!

Third Verse.

[Here comes the Singer's great chance, and by merely taking a little pains, he may make a tremendously effective thing out of it. If he can manage to slip away between the verses, and change his bearskin and scarlet coat for a solar topee and kharkee tunic at the wings, it will produce an enormous amount of enthusiasm, only he must not take more than five minutes over this alteration, or the audience—so curiously are British audiences constituted—may grow impatient for his return.

But hark! the trumpet sounds! . . . (Here a member of the orchestra will oblige upon the trumpet.) What's this? . . . (The Singer will take a folded paper from his breast and peruse it with attention.) We're ordered to the front! [This should be shouted. We'll show the foe how "Carpet-Knights" can face the battle's brunt!

They laugh at us as "Brummels"—but we'll prove ourselves "Bay-yards!"

[Now the *Martial Star* will draw his sword and unfasten his revolver-case, taking up the exact pose in which he is represented upon the posters outside.

As you were! . . . Form Square! . . . Mark Time! . . . Slope Arms! . . . now—'Tention! . . . (These military evolutions should all be gone through by the Artist.) Forward, Guards! [To be yelled through music.

Chorus.

Onward every 'ero marches,
In the Guards! Doncher know?

All the "'UGHIES," "BERTIES," "ARCHIES,"
Of the Guards! Doncher know?

They may twist their long moustarches,
For they're Guards! Doncher know?
Dandies? yes,—but dandy lions are the Guards!

Bing-Bang!

[Red fire and smoke at wings, as Curtain falls upon the Military Impersonator in the act of changing to a new attitude.

"In omnibus caritas"—most difficult to practise when it's "full inside" on a wet day, and you're in the company of twelve damp, stuffy, stout, irritable and unyielding persons of both sexes.

UNFILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMDEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIII.

"A WORKMAN seeking work he cannot get,
 Than *ŒDIPUS* or *Hamlet* is a yet
 More tragic figure." Truly?
 So says, at least, your soberest platform Sage,*
 Who little shares the weakness of the age,
 To emphasise unduly.

"*Hamlet* in fustian! Ah!" the Shadow smiled.

"Think you Society would be beguiled

To see that sordid drama,—
 Society, to which the labourer lone
 In dull suburban suffering is unknown,

Well-nigh, as the Grand Lama?
 "Well, we at least may watch it, if you care
 For witnessing unpicturesque despair,
 Undecorated sorrow.

This man, no *Œdipus*, knows not to-day
 How to procure his children food, or pay
 The landlord's claim to-morrow."

I looked into a scantily-furnished room—
 A lamp's low flame scarce glimmered through the gloom;

And yet a certain trimness
 Of none too tasteful Cockney carefulness
 Spake in the pictured walls, the woman's dress,
 Through all its doleful dimness.

A head set smartly on, an apron clean,
 A face not vixenish, though worn and lean,
 Hair glossy, though dishevelled,
 These mark the better sort of workman's wife,
 Who in the humble joys of labouring life
 For prosperous years has revelled.

Revelled in almost radiant content,
 The well-stocked cupboard, and the ready rent,
 Materials for gladness.

Modest, yet all-sufficing, were her own,
 And not till now has the poor creature known
 The sharper pangs of sadness.

Now? Well, you see her "Man" is "out of work!"—
 Menacing phrase, in whose dread meaning

Ruin and helpless anguish;
 To Toil it sounds the tocsin of despair,—
 Once raise it, and in many a joyless lair
 Labour unfed must languish.

Footsore and faint, from a long foodless tramp,
 Through miles of City suburb, drear and damp,
 In leafless, grey November;

Her husband has returned. Behold him there,
 Cowering and shivering in the close-drawn chair,
 Over the fire's last ember!

Hamlet, in fierce soliloquy near the throne,
 Larger, more searching, sorrow may have known,
 Not more complete prostration

Of manly energy and struggling hope.
 They only know it who have had to cope
 With such a situation.

Mile after mile, with ever lessening force!
 Shop after shop, with voice more faint and hoarse!

Still tramping, still appealing!

* Mr. JOHN MORLEY, at the "Eighty" Club.



Picture that daily task for many a week—
 Rebuffed all round, with ever-paling cheek,
 And courage still congealing.

"Chance of a job?" The dismal shibboleth
 Repeated with dropped eyes and bated breath

At entry after entry,
 Becomes a burdening horror. Now 'tis o'er,
 Hope's latest portal's shut, and at the door
 Sullen despair stands sentry.

The shame of it! The once smart-vestured wife
 Looking appeal that cuts more like a knife
 Than any loud reproaches;

The hungry children's clamour hardly hushed,
 Their tear-stained cheeks with ruddy health
 Once flushed,
 On which the white encroaches.

The half-stripped chamber, and the vacant walls,
 On which his dizzied glance, despairing,
 Ay, and that open letter,

The angry landlord's last demand! His head
 Drops o'er his knees. Great Heaven! were he dead,

For them were it not better?
 "You read that in his eyes, and read aright,"
 The Shadow said. "Come forth into the night!"

Yonder rolls on the river,
 Fog-hidden, silent, fascination wild
 For many a soul grief-stricken, sin-defiled,
 Lone girl, or evil-liver!

"The winter mists hide it, and it hides all,—
 So dreams, at least, full many a hopeless thrall
 Of poverty or sorrow.

The fate-scourged soul's surcharged with woe to-night;
 What if the body, with dawn's breaking
 Drift down that flood to-morrow?

"The woe, at least, is over, and the strife
 With the twin harpies of the toiler's life,
 Hunger and Debt. Who knows them?
 Not *Hamlet* and not *Œdipus*. They wage
 Ravaging war upon a pettier stage,
 These scenes, good friend, disclose

"Spectres unpicturesque! Ambition, lust,
 Volcanically wreck; these twain, like rust,
 Silent, and slow, and stealthy,
 Eat into humble souls; their utter stress
 Strains not the imposing strugglers in life's

press—
 The wicked and the wealthy.

"The poor to plead for, or to champion want,
 Strikes your great 'Thunderer' as 'the sorriest cant'—

And I am not a canter," [small,
 Murmured the Shadow. "Nay, shopkeeper
 Artisan out of work, or Sweater's thrall,
 'Tis better 'form' to banter.

"They're not heroic, are they, friend?—to us
 Like halting *Hamlet*, fate-scourged *Œdipus*.
 And are they not protected?

'Freedom of Contract' is their guardian boon,
 What more, by doctrinaires who dream and
 (Like *MORLEY*)—is expected? [moon,

"Freedom of Contract! 'Tis delightful fun!"
 "And what," I murmured, "has that blessing done

For the wrecked workman yonder?"
 "Well, he contracted—freely—for his rent,
 (Upon his normal wage how much per cent.
 That means, let pundits ponder).

"Freedom of Contract, plus that force majeure
 Which binds the toiling throng in toils
 Stern need of shop or dwelling,
 And narrow limitations of their choice—
 There breed such bliss as scarce an angel's
 Were adequate to telling. [voice

"For the results! Friend did you hear that splash?
 Poor fool, dull, unappreciative, rash!

His idle hands deliver [heart,
 One o'erstrained head, and one impatient
 His 'freedom' bids him choose despair's last part—
 A plunge in the cold river!"

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS
IN WATER-COLOURS.

"OH, WHAT A vast and a varied variety—You see in the Royal Water-Colour Society!" Why shouldn't I sing? Why shouldn't I "drop into po'try"? It's nice rimey weather. They wouldn't allow me to do it at the Institute. It's all right here! Fol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, lol-de-rol-liety. Mr. RIDGE, the Keeper, approaches. Looks as if he were about to institute a *de lunatico inquirendo*—says it's rigidly forbidden. Ha! ha! Not bad. But let us be serious. Eh! What! "*The Fleet Saluting!*" Suggests "Kiss me quick, and go!" Nothing of the kind! Charming study of Spithead last August, by Miss CLARA MONTALBA, who has at least a dozen capital works in the Gallery. STACY MARKS has some clever pictures. Stay, see MARKS, by all means. Look especially at his "*Lloyd's News*," and his "*Sulphur-crested Cockatoo*." ALFRED D. FRIPP has only one picture. There is no frippery whatever about the "*Stair Hole, Hanbury Down*," but an excellent, an earnest study of Nature, painted at Lulworth. Sir JOHN GILBERT appears, with all his old force and splendour, in "*A Bishop*." Good to look at. Just the man for a see. HERBERT MARSHALL has marshalled his talents mostly in Holland, and only gives us one view of London, namely, "*Westminster Abbey, from Lambeth*." This is so good, that we cannot allow him to go out of London again for a long while. J. H. HENSHALL's "*In Wonderland*," is a clever picture of a pretty little damsel, with a pair of shapely, sable-hosed legs, over the arm of a chair. We cannot help wondering what the little lady's mamma will say when she sees her lolling and dreaming in this fashion. F. SMALLFIELD's pictures, especially *Sadak*, and "*When the Bloom is on the Rye*," show his versatility, and demonstrate that his field of observation is anything but small. "And there are lots more I could name with propriety, That are hung at the Royal Water-Colour Society!"

THE WARBLING CRITIC.



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

A WORD FROM THE MOUTH OF THE BOURNE.

Now that the subject of winter resorts is before the world, some account may appropriately be given of that Bournemouth to which so many visitors return. The town seems to have been built in the midst of pine-forests, through which roads have been cut in different directions; and it is significant that every thoroughfare in Bournemouth, with but one exception, is still called a "road." The whole place, as HAYDN, or his librettist, might have put it, is "with verdure clad"; the rich greens of the pine-trees and the firs being, in many places, relieved by the scarlet berries of the mountain ash, or the pink flowers of the rhododendrons. Snowdrops and winter roses may here and there be seen; but the general uniform of the place is green sprinkled with red.

At Bournemouth I was, for the first time in my life—but not, I hope, the last—inveigled into taking up my abode at a temperance establishment. It was not even an hotel—not at least by name—the proprietor of the house being specially forbidden by the terms of his lease from calling it one. He was prevented, moreover, by a clause in this formidable lease from applying for a wine and spirit licence. A feeling of depression comes over the visitor, when on crossing the threshold of the "Imperial," he finds an announcement staring him in the face, to the effect that the proprietor does not possess a wine licence, and is bound not even to ask for one. "All ye who enter here, leave drink behind," the solemn inscription seems to say.

But an hotel, even though it be furnished like a well-appointed private house, and bear no special designation, is still an hotel; and though an hotel-keeper may have bound himself not to apply for a wine licence, this does not prevent him from enabling his customers to order wine from another hotel. A sort of cheque-book is brought to the visitor, who draws for whatever draughts he happens to require; whether for lunch, dinner, or the intervals between regular meals. This plan of ordering wine beforehand might advantageously be adopted at all hotels. It would save delay, and that rushing to and fro on the part of the waiters, which must necessarily take place when wine is ordered only at the moment of sitting down to table.

The rivers of Bournemouth and its neighbourhood are full of fish. The Bourne contains tittlebats; the Avon, near Christchurch, is famous for its salmon—"saumon de Christchurch," as it is called in our London menus; while the Stour, on the other side of Christchurch, is celebrated for its pike—the turnpike—that stands on the bridge by which it is crossed.

In the beautiful cathedral-like church of the village of Christchurch, fine stone architecture and droll wooden sculpture are to be seen; a remarkable example of the latter being an admirably-carved representation of a preacher in the form of a fox, holding forth to a congregation of geese; the duty of the clerk being performed by a crowing cock. In the churchyard I noticed an epigram and an enigma—both excellent. The former is as follows:—

"Live well, die never;
Die well, live for ever."

The enigma runs thus:—

| | |
|---|--|
| "We were not a layne bvt rays'd; Rays'd not to life Bvt to be buried twice By men of strife. | "What rest could th living have When dead had none? Agree amongst yov. Heere we ten are one." |
|---|--|

"HEN: ROGERS Died April 17, 1841."

The ancient explanation of this epitaph in the form of a riddle was a most unsatisfactory one—"that ten men having been drowned, their bodies were recovered, and buried together in one grave." What is evidently the true solution has been found by the present Rector of Christchurch, who, starting from the fact indicated by the date, that the re-interment took place during the Civil War, came to the conclusion that Cromwellian troops, in want of bullets, must have dug up the ten bodies with a view to their leaden coffins, and then re-buried them in one common grave.

Boscombe, an interesting suburb of Bournemouth, is remarkable for the fineness of its sea-view and the humour of its inhabitants. At the entrance to its pretty little pier may be read this exhilarating announcement: "Dogs are not allowed on this pier for promenading purposes." I have made a copy of this strangely worded



CHARITY THAT BEGINNETH NOT WHERE IT SHOULD.

"AND WHAT'S ALL THIS I HEAR, BARBARA, ABOUT YOUR WANTING TO FIND SOME OCCUPATION?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S SO DULL AT HOME, UNCLE. I'VE NO BROTHERS OR SISTERS—AND PAPA'S PARALYSED—AND MAMMA'S GOING BLIND—SO I WANT TO BE A HOSPITAL NURSE."

regulation, and sent it as a rare curiosity to the *Académie des Inscriptions* of Paris. Close to the pier is a lofty sand-hill, absolutely destitute of vegetation; on which some facetious member of the Town Council has caused a notice to be set up, entreating the public to "protect the grass on this slope."

Ultimately, I discovered on the top of the sand-hill, widely dispersed, just thirteen blades of grass; and I have opened a subscription for the exhibition of a second notice which, I propose, shall be in these words:—

If you'd seen this grass before it grew,
You'd give the gardener all is due.

With a contented mind, a cheerful spirit, and enough experience of musical and dramatic performances, to render an occasional absence from them a pleasant change, one may pass a few days, or even weeks, agreeably enough at Bournemouth. The open sea, the jagged, many-coloured and picturesque cliffs, the golden sands, the green pine-woods, the hedges of laurel and rhododendron, are delightful to the lover of Nature. But no amusements are provided which, to a Londoner, would seem worthy of the name; and in this, above all, lies the inferiority of Bournemouth, as of all other English watering-places, to Nice, Monte Carlo, and the favourite health-resorts of the Riviera.

THE GOOD MUSICIAN.

POOR dear FREDDY CLAY! No common Clay. Gone from us last week after seven years of suffering. His disposition was as sweet, as were his melodies. He had collected about him a band of devoted friends; nothing false or discordant ever fell from his lips, or from his pen; he never made an enemy, and lived in harmony with all who knew him, for all who knew him loved him. I knew him well. *Requiescat!*

F. C. B.

THE NEXT POPE.—There can no longer be any doubt of it, the next Pope must be Mr. STEAD, of the *P. M. G.* What title will he assume? Pope LINUS was the immediate successor of St. PETER, so Mr. STEAD, on the strength of his "Letters from the Vatican," might appropriately style himself Pope PENNY-A-LINUS.

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

A Golden Piece at the Criterion—A Tempestuous Piece at the Lyric.

CASTE is a masterpiece. It is full of those touches of nature which, as affecting the use of pocket-handkerchiefs, should gladden the heart of the washerwoman. A CASTE AT THE CRI, AND A CRY AT THE CASTE.



The Wicked Abbé leans upon his stick, and wipes away a tear.

siderably developed, when he holds the audience watching him as closely and as intently as though he were about to commit a melodramatic crime, when he is simply filling and lighting his pipe, without saying a word, is a triumph acknowledged by a round of genuine appreciative applause.

The performance of Mr. LEONARD BOYNE and Miss OGIA BRANDON, as *George D'Alroy* and *Esther Eccles*, is as near perfect as it can be; and his scene with the baby is perfect. Miss LOTTIE VENNETT'S *Polly Eccles* is Ecclesent.—I should say, excellent. Mr. BROOKFIELD'S *Sam Gerridge* is a living type of the honest mechanic; careful and economical, he is bound to get on in the world; kind and generous, he will win the affection of those who come to know him; yet capable of turning so nasty if anything rubs him the wrong way, that one trembles lest after the honeymoon is over, the lively *Polly* may occasionally regret her bargain.

BROOKFIELD-Gerridge's genuinely hearty and awkward shake of *Hawtree's* hand is an inspiration, but *Major Hawtree*, a brave soldier who has fought for his country, is not the sort of man who at that time and place would turn round to pity his own squeezed hand, and shrug his shoulders by way of making a cynical apology, to himself and society generally, for his recent condescension in fraternally greeting a horny-handed grubby gasfitter. *The Marquise* is the one character that ROBERTSON couldn't write. He meant her for a Grande Dame, and he has produced a Lady Snobness.

The Play is one which no lover of the Drama ought to miss seeing. It commences at the rational hour of 8.45. May I be permitted to suggest, for the benefit of those who hate "turning out of their homes after dinner," that from the Criterion dining-room to the Theatre is but a step, and, if you don't mind a few more steps, you could "do yourself" worse, but scarcely better, than at the Café Royal in Regent Street, superior to any similar Restaurant in Paris—certainly as to the wines,—and, ahem! not much behindhand in prices, which you will do well to study before ordering, remembering that it costs very little more for two persons to dine than for one—and then having smoked two-thirds your cigar, and taken your coffee at the table where you dine—a great boon, smoking permitted at and after 8 o'clock—you can finish the other third as you walk quietly and digestively down to the "Full Cri."

Tempestuous Nights at the Lyric.—In *The Red Hussar*, Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON has composed an Opera, and scored a success. His collaborateur, Mr. H. POTTINGER STEPHENS, has just escaped writing a good *Libretto*. It might have had a second title, *The Military Billy Taylor*, if that hadn't been done years ago at the Royalty. The piece goes smoothly enough, yet it is nearly all TEMPEST. Act I., TEMPEST as a ballad-singer, nice little hussy, in which she sings a taking waltz; Act II., TEMPEST as a dapper officer, nice little hussy becomes nice little Hussar, in uncommonly tight pants, red, aye, red—very dandy boots—and with a Song of the Regiment, which is full of "go"; Act III., TEMPEST again as an Heiress, in a sedan-chair, who marries the man she loves,

but, being still of an eccentric turn, elects to reappear on her wedding day in the costume of the *Red Hussar*.

Billy Taylor was a "fine young fellow," and so is *Ralph Rodney* (Mr. BEN DAVIES). *Billy* was pressed and sent to sea: RALPH, pressed by debt, enlists and joins the army. *Billy's* young woman was a "maiden fair and free" (I forget her name, and believe she



Tria Juncta in Unâ.

never had one in the ballad), so is *Ralph Rodney's* sweetheart, who, when *Ralph* is enlisted, follows him to the wars in the disguise of a soldier—a brilliant *Red Hussar*, "unattached," except to *Ralph*—just as *Billy's* young woman follows him to sea dressed as a sailor, her hands smirched "with the nasty pitch and tar," "under the name of *Richard Karr*." *Billy's* sweetheart, finding him faithless, shot

him and his new flame, and received the commendation of the Captain for the deed, as well as promotion in the British Navy from a Government, that evidently knew how to reward merit in those days. But *Miss Kitty Carroll*, when she sees *Ralph* with *Barbara Bel-lasys* (Miss FLORENCE DYSART), doesn't do any-

thing at all, as far as I could make out—not having a "book of the words" for reference—but, taking the situation in the friendliest possible spirit, dashes recklessly into the Song of the Regiment, by way of bringing down the Curtain on a gay finale. The Third Act seemed unnecessary, except for HAYDEN COFFIN'S song, which is not the happiest of Composer SOLOMON'S inspirations. To my mind, there's not an air in it equal to the "*Bake-a-roll*" in *Pickwick*. It was a cold night. I came into the theatre myself, and I went out Coffin', and haven't been the same man since. Perhaps I may now get engaged as a tenor, or to replace one of the supers, who shaved off his moustachios in order to do his best, as he said before the Magistrate, for the success of *The Red Hussar*. Bravo, super!

The scenery and costumes are charming. This *Red Hussar* ought to do what no soldier ever should do, and that is,—run.



"Ah si Ben Mio"; or, The Lyric edition of Henry Neville.

HOLLAND HOUSE AT MONTE CARLO.—Fogs, snow, North-east winds, sunless, joyless weather in London, and then to read the journalistic summary of the very summery state of the weather at Monaco and Monte Carlo, where the new Métropole Hôtel, under the Management of Mr. ALFRED HOLLAND, has just been opened fresh as one of the Dutch natives. Would that we could take a month's Hollanday, and be like the swallow flying South towards the South Pole, or quite far enough to the Métro-pole. No such luck, and luck's everything at Monte Carlo; so we hope there's plenty of it, with the new and superior sanitary arrangements, at "Holland House," in the Paradise of Principalities, where play is work, and demand-notes, Schoolboard-rates, and taxes, are unknown.

THE ROBIN.

(With apologies to "The Thrush" that sang in October.)

"CHRISTMAS is coming, Christmas is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it!
Goose again, gifts again, peace and good-will again."
Yes, and the bills again—blow it!

Here's the tailor's—new suit for my younger son WILL,
Reseating the same, same repeated.

"Bill, bill, bill, bill!" Be thankful your bill
Need not be receipted.

"Ice again, frost again, all the pipes burst again!"
I wish Christmas came in the summer.
You can't get the plumbers to work, little friend;
At Christmas you can't get a plumber.

"Beer again, beer, beer, lots of beer!"
Oh, yes, it's drink that's the reason.
Christmas is coming, is coming, my dear,
And I wish you joy of the season.

A GOLDEN BOOK.—The best of all the Christmas Books we've at present seen, the one that comes nearest the true spirit of Christian Christmas is Mrs. MEYNELL's touching story of *The Poor Sisters of Nazareth*, illustrated by GEORGE LAMBERT, and charmingly got up by Messrs. BURNS & OATES. Some years ago GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA powerfully pleaded for the funds of this noble Institution with the best results. Miss MEYNELL's delightful book must touch all hearts and open all pockets.

A Real Musical Treat.

"Six Song-Stories for Children,"
Will be to them a joy
With pictures by HELEN MACKENZIE,
And music by JIMMY MOLLOY.
You'll sing them in Christmas play-time,
The time for cakes, crackers, and apples,
Though not to be sung in Churches
You'll always get them at CHAPPEL'S.



BISMARCK COMMITS "THE HAPPY DISPATCH"—
TO THE POST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If her name is any indication of the director of her literary talents, Mrs. SALE BARKER ought always to write nautical stories. The children will be as contented with her charming annual as must be ROUTLEDGE, and the Sons of ROUTLEDGE, who put it before them.

Pepin, the Dancing Bear, by Mrs. MACQUOID, and illustrated by PERCY MACQUOID. Get it from SKEFFINGTON AND SON (if SKEFFINGTON isn't in, ask the son), and give it to your for-bears for Christmas.

The Encore Reciter sounds like a personage who asks twice for whiskey, but it isn't. It's a collection,—most of us dislike collections, but you can put in your modest coin and get something out of it. WALKER. This pedestrian publisher turns out some bright and entertaining books for children. I think if they're lured on to learn the *Reciter* by heart, they will be quite quiet till it is time to return to school, and they can give the recitations there. From JAMES CLARK & Co. comes *The Rosebud Annual*. Blooming again! Examine its leaves. I have to turn on a band of skimmers and a crew of skippers to look into these Christmas books, otherwise the Bold Baron would sink under the task. Alone, he can't do it. But he can guarantee the opinions given by the skimmers and skippers (who "know the ropes") on all they pick out for choice. So the Baron's examining chaplains pass as first-class in one line—here's the line:—Miss A. B. EDWARDS's *Midsummer Ramble in the Dolomites*—not quite a book for very little children. So don't be misled—Miss (A. B. E.) led—by the sound of *Dolly Mites*. Elder children look out! So for COOPER's *Leather-Stocking Tales*, and our dear old friend, *The Last of the Mohicans*. Hang it! This must be the very last of the Mohicans! He'd been lagging behind, and has lost his way, because he got out of the company of *The Pathfinder*. That'll do for this week.

As for the Cards, they're pouring in. Old Father Christmas hasn't himself, as yet, left his card with us—at least, the Baron doesn't see anything like his old friend's face in the brilliant flowers, birds, and lovely designs worked out by Messrs. HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER, for example, with whom he will begin, and, for this week, end. Plenty more to review. The cry is still they come; but I can only notice "here a one and there a one," says, emphatically, the friend of everybody,
BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

"A VERY MUCH OVER-RATED PERSON."—The London citizen.

THE MYSTERY OF A CITY DINNER.

THERE is a curious paragraph amid the rare fashionable announcements of the *Daily News*. It records how a dinner was given at the Albion Tavern, to Mr. J. C. PARKINSON, Mr. EDMUND YATES in the Chair.

"The guest of the evening (we read) was presented by the Chairman on behalf of the subscribers, in a feeling speech, with a handsome service of plate, artistically designed to illustrate the most celebrated characters and incidents in the works of CHARLES DICKENS. The presentation was from Mr. PARKINSON's private friends in acknowledgment of recent public services in connection with an archaeological and philanthropic association, of which Mr. PARKINSON has been a leading member for a quarter of a century."

A flood of questions arises on this. What is the archaeological and philanthropic association thus darkly alluded to? Mr. PARKINSON was, we fancy, once made a Bard or a Druid in connection with the Eisteddfod. Is that it? Why drag in CHARLES DICKENS? and what was EDMUND "feeling" for? His pocket-handkerchief? Not we trust for any stray item in the service of plate subscribed by these inscrutable private friends to a hitherto unsuspected Public Benefactor.

A VERY CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—"There have," the *Pall-Mall Gazette* complacently remarks, "been two rather curious instances of journalistic coincidences this week. One is the Cartoon in *Punch*, and the Cartoon in the *Pall-Mall Budget*, both representing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the Sphinx. The other, the *Daily News* and the *Pall-Mall Gazette* both adopting the parody form in reviewing Mr. MORRIS's *Roots of the Mountains*." Not the least curious feature in the coincidence is, that it was a little late. *Punch* is in the London newspaper offices on Tuesday afternoon, the *Pall-Mall Budget* coming out on the following Thursday; whilst the idea of reviewing Mr. MORRIS's book in the particular form alluded to appeared in the afternoon issue of the enterprising sheet, with much else already familiar in the morning papers.

THE Pigmies of South Africa are, it is said, in a letter to the *Times*, "gradually disappearing." A striking illustration of "small by degrees, and beautifully less."



A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Young Mother (lately from Girtton). "COME IN, DEAR. EXCUSE ME FOR ONE MOMENT. I'M JUST ORDERING A CRIB FOR HERODOTUS."
Fair Friend (not from Girtton). "OH, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO CALL DEAR BABY, IS IT?"

FRIENDS (?) OF EDUCATION.

A SONG OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

AIR—"Three Students were travelling over the Rhine."

THREE strangers were travelling toward one day,
 And together they paused to hobnob by the way.
 Oh, far might you wander before you would see
 A grislier group than that terrible Three!

For not the Three Ravens of legend looked foul
 As these Three with the "mortar-board," "stove-pipe," and cowl;
 And not the Three Fates, when intent on their thread,
 Had an aspect more harsh, a demeanour more dread.

There was he of the "mortar-board," pedant austere,
 With the book and the birch that the little ones fear;
 The grinder of hearts and the racker of brains,
 Moloch-service the price of his dubious gains.

The Teacher as torturer, poverty's scourge,
 Who the lesson would force, and the school-fee would urge.
 Though poor bairns to his rostrum should hunger-racked come,
 With the penny that left them all starving at home.

And who is his villanous plump *vis-à-vis*,
 Of the visage suffused with such sinister glee?
 That ruddy-faced rogue is Society's curse:
 His hands ever grope in the fat Public Purse.

Plump hands and prehensile, they grub, and they pick,
 And, oh, how the gold to those digits will stick!
 That's Jobbery, thieftom incarnate is he,
 And perhaps the worst knave of the rascally Three.

As sly Jerry-Builder he best loves to pose,
 But that cynical eye, and that fee-sniffing nose,
 Into everything peer, into everything poke,
 Where there's chance of a "job," which he hails as a joke.

And the third of the Three, the strange spectre, and thin,
 With the cowl, and the bowl, and the skeleton grin!
 Ah! Pedantry callous, and Jobbery foul,
 Find companionship fit in the Thing with the Cowl!

"Drink, Gentlemen! Fill up your cups to our Cause!"
 And they rap on the Board with effusive applause.
 For the stuff in that bowl is right stingo, you see;
 And they all love a dip, do those sinister Three.

And these be thy friends, Education! The grub
 Who would ruthlessly cram the poor famishing scrub,
 The knave, of whose life base corruption is breath,
 And—auxiliar of all things, destructive!—pale Death.

Education! O spirit benignant and kind,
 To the ghouls who dishonour thee canst thou be blind?
 Not this was the promised Utopian bliss,
 Of thy kingdom so lately established—not *this*!

Thy task is divine, but 'tis badly begun.
 Autolycus, Herod, and Moloch in one
 Appears this new idol that some would set up,
 To drink childhood's bane in a poisonous cup.

Hath Justice *no* power—hath Law not a hand,
 To sweep jocund Jobbery out of the land?
 'Tis our newest Utopia, and lo! he creeps in,
 Hob-nobbing with Death, with its menacing grin!

The fumes of those draughts are of deadliest breath,
 Pedant cruelty, knavish corruption, and Death!
 Education's a spirit benign, with fair ends,
 But Heaven deliver her from her new friends!

OLD FRENCH MOTTO FOR CREMER.—"*Toy que j'aime.*" Ask to see the *Grenouille nageuse* at "the Cremeries." Froggee would a swimming go. The Country House of the Cremeries, where the toys go for their spring, must be at "Dollis Hill."

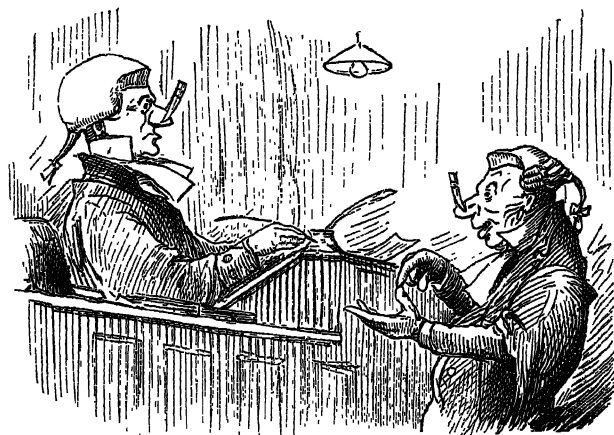


FRIENDS (P) OF EDUCATION.

OUR LAW COURTS.



Lords Justices BOWEN and FRY are prepared to break the widows of the Court, and relieve the asphyxiated Bar.



In order to deaden the sense of smell, second-hand clothes-pegs will be used by the Bench and the Bar.

THOSE DREADFUL DOCTORS!

SIR,—I am sure that the thanks, not only of rather cautious people, like myself, who take their own little measures for self-protection, but all who give a moment's consideration to the matter, are due to Miss COBBE for calling attention to this deadly scourge working in our midst, the modern disease and destruction-distributing Doctor. Some years since, it was my bitter misfortune to have introduced into my defenceless and unsuspecting household, by one of these secret pests of our existing social system, a virulent epidemic of nettle-rash, of the worst type; and it was this final outrage that roused me to think out, and carry into execution, the subjoined plan, which, I submit, is the only possible safe method, under existing circumstances, of calling in, and getting the advice of the ordinary medical practitioner. There may be a little trouble involved in carrying it out, and it may not always be easy to come across, especially in a busy neighbourhood, a medical man of a sufficiently scientific bent to induce him, for the accustomed fee, which I never exceed, of three shillings and sixpence, to fall in agreeably with the little extra trouble involved in giving effect to the few precautionary measures which my sense of obligation to myself and family obliges me, when seeking the assistance of my medical adviser, necessarily to adopt. However, such as they are, I have much pleasure in communicating them for the benefit of your numerous readers.

On a case of illness occurring in my household, and the Doctor being summoned by telegraph, a due watch is set for his approach, and, as soon as he comes in sight, he is played upon by a hand garden-engine charged with a powerful disinfectant. On entering by the hall-door, which is opened to him by a couple of servants bearing large lighted torches, giving off volumes of smoke, for the purpose of fumigation, he is enveloped in a large sheet steeped in vinegar and water, and conducted to a conservatory at the back of the house. Here he has to take off his clothes, which are taken from him and burnt, he the meanwhile being requested to step into a shower-bath of Condy's fluid, upon emerging from which he dresses himself in a

complete suit of camphorated white linen clothes that have been already prepared for him. He is now finally enveloped in a large but tight-fitting india-rubber waterproof overcoat, buttoned close up to the ears, and having a lighted strymonium cigar put in his mouth, and receiving a last sprinkling of carbolic acid from a good-sized hand-syringe, may be regarded in safe condition to see his patient, and be ushered without further ado into his presence.

Such, Sir, is the "process," by a rigid adherence to which I flatter myself I have as yet managed to preserve myself and the members of my family from the dangers of imported infection. It is true that, nicely as it reads on paper, its practical execution has certainly given rise to several misunderstandings with the various medical men whom I have from time to time called in; one, for instance, strongly protesting against the burning of his clothes, the value of which he ultimately recovered from me by means of an appeal to the County Court; while another bitterly reviled me, because the shower-bath of Condy's fluid had had the result of turning him a rich deep brown colour, that lasted quite a month. Though I tried to explain to him that so far from objecting to this, he ought, on the contrary, rather to hail it as a welcome advertisement to everybody who met him, that *he*, at least, was one of the careful set of medical men, and had been thoroughly disinfected; still, he did not seem to see the matter in this light, and threatened to put the whole affair into the hands of his solicitors. However, whatever happens, I mean to hold religiously fast to my programme, and fully hope and expect to be able conscientiously to subscribe myself as

ONE WHO HAS SUCCESSFULLY COMBATED THE INSIDIOUS GERM.

SIR,—I have followed the correspondence on the danger of the spread of infection by Doctors with interest, but I have not, as yet, come across any suggested specific that equals my own. Mine is simple. I never call in the Doctor at all. Not that I am without medical aid. When ailing, I turn to the advertising columns of my daily paper, and try the first patent medicine that meets my eye. As I am constantly ailing, my recourse to this form of remedial aid is tolerably frequent. Indeed, I may say, I almost live on drugs. My life is, therefore, not quite a happy one. I am often overwhelmed with melancholy; still, as long as there is a self-recommended Pill in the market, I feel I have something to fall back upon, and that, even if it does not entirely agree with me, I may still regard it as a preferable alternative to the visit of the infecting Doctor. At least, you may take this to be both the hope and consolation of one who, spite the gloomy outlook of a somewhat shattered existence, yet believes he may honestly sign himself A MATCH FOR THE DOCTOR.

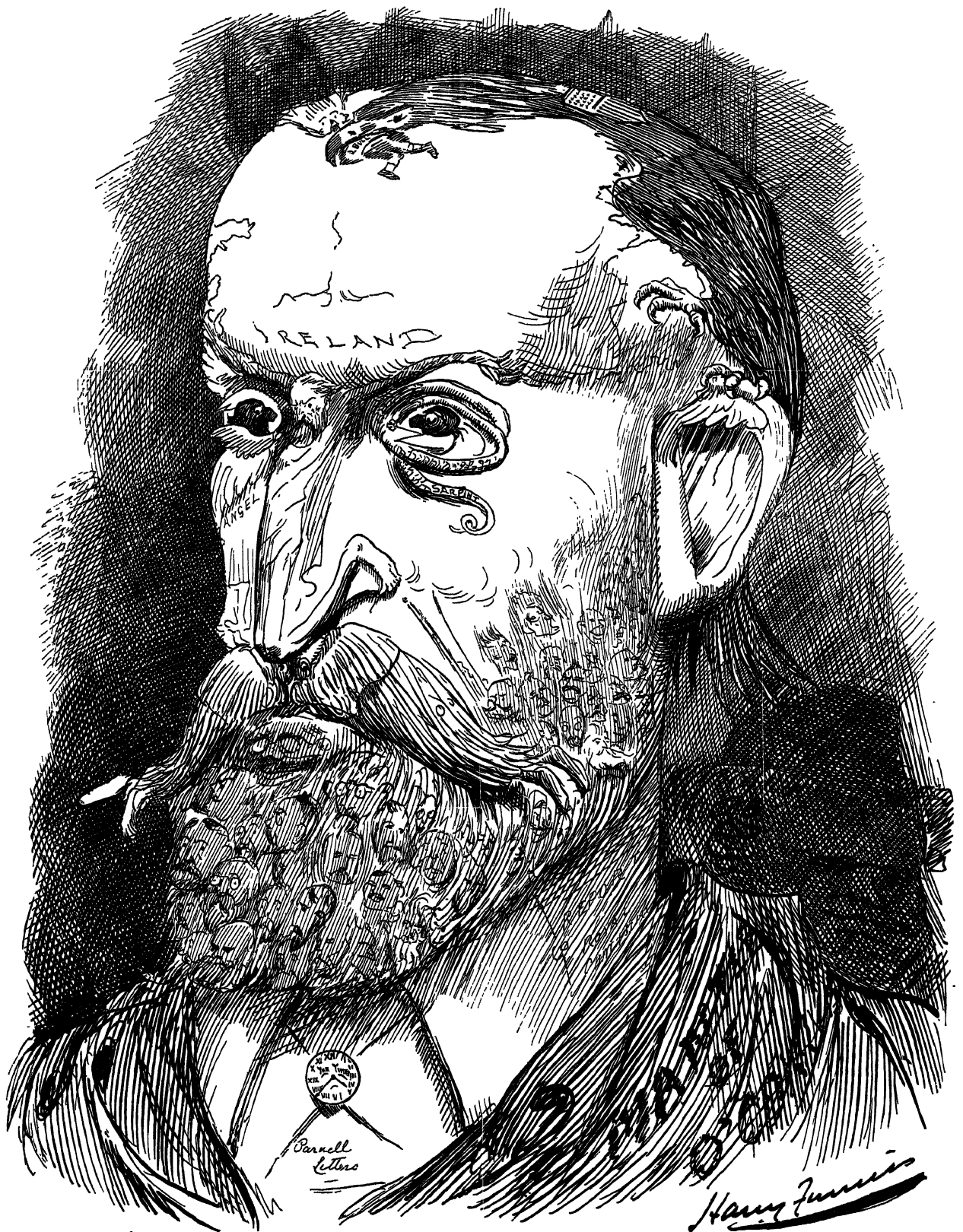
SIR,—What is all this new-fangled nonsense about the Doctors "spreading infection?" "Do they?" Why, of course they do! But it's all in the day's work. I should like to know what busy practitioner has got time to think of changing his coat, or, for the matter of that, of washing his hands because he has just come from seeing A.'s family who are down with scarlet fever, and has happened then to look in on B.'s family who have only been got hold of by the mumps. Bless my soul, Sir, what *are* we coming to next, when these sort of precautions are expected of us? Why everyone who is in the swim knows that if it wasn't for a rattling epidemic now and then, we poor, struggling, hard-working practitioners couldn't keep our heads above water. "Spread it?" Of course we "spread it." That's all fair enough, for how should we keep our business up, I should like to know, and get our accounts to look something like ship-shape, when we send them in at Christmas, if we didn't? Anyhow, those have been my sentiments for the last five-and-twenty years, and good sound sentiments too! And it will want something more than all this squeamish and rubbishy talk about "Disinfectants," and Heaven knows what other old woman's tomfooleries, to take the wind out of one who is only too proud to subscribe himself an

M.D. OF THE REGULAR GOOD OLD SCHOOL.

"KEEP UP THE CHRISTOPHER!"

WE hail with satisfaction the news, taken from that invaluable compilation of news called *London Day by Day*, in the *Daily Telegraph*, that Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, of Brantinghamthorpe, is to be presented by the Electors for the Buckrose Division of Yorkshire "with a memorial of the Parliamentary tie which has existed between them so long." The "Parliamentary tie" we've generally seen round the neck of Mr. SYKES, M.P., in the evening, has been a white one. What better memorial of a spotless record of twenty-three years spent in the service of the Buckroses, than a stock of virgin-white ties? If the Buckroses adopt the notion, Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES can retire into private life, and be known as The White Tie-Coon, X M P.

"HIS NAME HAS PASSED INTO A PROVERB."—MARTIN F. TUPPER, famed for his *Proverbial Philosophy*, has joined the majority. He was thoroughly in earnest, and said many a true thing in what popularly passed for poetry. He will be remembered as "The Great Maxim Gun" of the nineteenth century.





‘ EVERY EXCUSE.’

Brigson (excited). “HULLO!—THERE GOES A—”

His Host (clutching his arm). “GOOD HEAVENS!—YOU’RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT THAT FOX?”

[Ups with his gun!

Brigson. “MY DEAR F’LLER! WH—WH—WHY NOT? THIS IS THE LAST DAY I SHALL HAVE THIS SEASON—AND I—I FEEL AS IF I COULD SHOOT MY OWN MOTHER-IN-LAW—IF SHE ROSE!”

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DOXXXVII. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL AT AVONDALE.

SPEEDING in the train to Holyhead, crossing the Channel in the well-appointed boats designed for the Mail Service, landing in Dublin, and passing through Wicklow on the way to Rathdrum, you have opportunity to reflect on the varied experiences that fall to your lot in the task which, impelled by a sense of public duty, you have undertaken. Most frequently your business calls you into communication with the great and the rich. All your men are eminent, and all their houses well furnished. You know most of the Stately homes of England—how beautiful they stand!—have made an inventory of their chairs, their carpets, their line-engravings, and their umbrella-stands. But there is another aspect of the picture, another surface of the medallion; and, as you pick your way across the prickly potato-field that environs the mud-cabin which has descended to the Irish Leader as a feature in his paternal estates, you sternly set yourself to disregard the unusual environments of your company, always ready (as Mr. W. H. SMITH once said) to do your duty to your Queen and your country.

As you draw near to the mud edifice, you discover your host standing in what may be called the doorway, apparently surveying the beauties of the country. At home, among his own people, CHARLES STEWART PARNELL conforms to the habits of the locality. This afternoon he wears a coat in which you recognise the beginning of the dinner-dress which you are accustomed to wear in the higher circles of society in London. It is, perhaps, cut away a little more than usual at the hips, the skirts more decidedly resemble the outline of a swallow’s tail, and the collar is a trifle high. But these are details. His breeches are tied at the knee with ribbon, vividly green in hue. Stout brown worsted stockings, a little the worse for wear, cover his shapely limbs, ending in a pair of brogues that have not recently been submitted to the blacking-brush. A waistcoat, half unbuttoned, displays a blue cotton shirt; a high collar, such as Mr. GLADSTONE wears in holiday time, is loosely tied with a kerchief,

green, but not so decidedly patriotic in tone as the ribbons that knot the breeches at the knee. A high hat, with exceedingly small brim, is rakishly set on one side of your host’s head, and you do not fail to notice the “cuddy” stuck in the rusty band that confines the base of the crown, and has braved many storms in these lovely Wicklow mountains.

Advancing with hearty *bonhomie*, you hold out your right hand to grasp that of the Irish Chief, and, waving your left comprehensively around the scenery, you remark, with the late poet MOORE:—

“Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold-world should cease,
And our hearts like thy waters, be mingled in peace!”

“Ah, well,” says your host, without catching your enthusiasm, “if you are tired with your walk, you had better come inside to rest. You will find it less damp.”

You follow your host’s example in stooping under the doorway, and find yourself in the outer of the two rooms that seem to compose the mansion. A creeper-clad verandah shades the French window, under which a massive pig reposes at full length, and grunts inquiringly at the entrance of the stranger. A faded Turkey carpet covers the floor. But its proportions are not so exact as to hide from your scrutiny the fact that underneath it lies the mud of virgin earth. On one of the low walls under the smoke-grimed rafters, which have, doubtless, covered many a cheery company, hangs a Bartolozzi engraving of Adam and Eve; portraits of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR addressing the House of Commons; TIM HEALY in wig and gown, disputing with the Town Clerk of Ephesus, and seemingly getting the better of him; whilst a portrait of Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT in his court dress, does duty for a fire-screen. This last, however, is not sufficiently massive to cover the generous space, over which hangs a bulky cauldron, from which there flutters a breath of inviting steam. As your host draws up to the fire an ormolu and gilt chair (for the day is chill), and rests his feet on the well-worn straw hassock, you adroitly affecting a slight cold, sniff, for peradventure you may make a happy guess at the contents of the

cauldron. But there is nothing recognisable in the way of odour, though you distinctly hear the bubbling sound as of succulent meats.

The Chippendale *dos-a-dos*, which you take at the invitation of your host, was, you presently learn, in the possession of DANIEL O'CONNELL, who presented it to the great grandfather of your host, Sir JOHN PARNELL, who held for many years the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Irish Parliament, and resigned rather than vote for the Act of Union. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, lightly reaching out his hand towards the low-ridged book-case, enamelled with velvet of dead gold, draws from a receptacle a long pronged iron fork, which he plunges into the cauldron. After an active search, which you follow with keen though dissembled interest, he produces a mealy potato. Placing it, fork and all, on the carpet, at a safe distance from the other resident in the room, prone near the window, whose interest in current events has received a sudden fillip, your host proceeds to take off his coat.

"As you may have read, TOBY," he says, with a pleasant though somewhat chilly smile, "I always take off my coat before approaching a serious question, and I do not know anything that requires nicer manipulation than the peeling of a potato that has been just a little over-boiled. May I offer you some luncheon? No? Perhaps, if you do not care to eat, you would like some refreshment. I can recommend our butter-milk. The Avondale brand is known for miles round the country-side."

You lightly aver that you lunched early, and your host, skilfully holding the potato on the end of the fork, carefully peels it as he proceeds to tell you the story of his life. It is full of interest, illumined here and there, by brief characterisations of the eminent colleagues with whom he has been at work for many years.

"Yes," your host says, in reply to an observation you interpolate, "JOSEPH GILLIS is a very remarkable man. There is about him an air of repose which conceals high aspirations, and far-reaching projects. He is our Chancellor of the Exchequer, you know, and I do not recall any sight more interesting than is to be met with during the Parliamentary Session on any Saturday afternoon—JOSEPH, sitting in his office in his shirt-sleeves, with his spectacles on his nose, going through an account for travelling expenses, which one of the boys has sent in, and in which the keen eye of our Treasurer discovers a tendency to exaggerate disbursements."

You are proceeding to draw your host out with reference to other of his colleagues, when you are interrupted by a voice outside, singing,—

"And if ever a man,
Stopped the course of a can,
MARTIN HANEGAN's aunt would cry—
'Arrah, fill up your glass,
And let the jug pass;
How d'ye know but your neighbour's dhry?"

"Ah! that's MIKE," says your host, "My man-of-all-work. When I have a visitor, he always sings as he approaches, lest he should interrupt the hatching of high treason."

And MIKE entering with a large bundle of letters and telegrams, your host affectionately bids you farewell. You have scarcely quitted the cabin, when CHARLES STEWART PARNELL commences to peruse the correspondence, which bears many foreign post-marks, and contains a pleasing agglomeration of remittances.

SOMETHING LIKE A MEETING!

PLACE—Somewhere. TIME—Any hour. THE CHARACTERS—
Purely imaginary.

His Majesty (heartily). Why, my 'good friend, I am glad to see you. How are you?

The Pasha. Very well indeed, Sire. And your Majesty?

H. M. Capital! But you mustn't call me that—I am simply a Dom now. I suppose you know what I have been doing?

The P. (with consideration). Well, Sire, I have been away so long, that the echoes of the outer world have scarcely reached my ears. Still, I think I can guess. No doubt your Majesty (whose reign extends to Jubilee proportions) has had a glorious time. Possibly you have led armies to victories—defeated your enemies—extended the frontiers of your Empire to twice its original proportions?

H. M. (slightly disconcerted). Well, not exactly. (*Frankly.*) Fact is, I have spent a great part of my time in dear old Europe. Try again.

The P. (after consideration). Well, then, your Majesty, you have been the cherished of your grateful people's hearts. They have fallen on their knees, and blessed your name.

H. M. (much amused). Not a bit of it—they have kicked me out!

The P. (surprised). Dear me! That's awkward!

H. M. (slightly annoyed). That's all you know about it! Never was better pleased in my life. Infinitely prefer Lisbon to Rio, and shall probably settle in the new hotel they have just opened at Monte Carlo. (*With renewed heartiness.*) But tell me, my friend, what have you been doing?

The P. Surely your Majesty has heard?

H. M. (apologetically). No, I have not had much time for reading the newspapers recently; but I can guess. (*With enthusiasm.*) A second and improved edition of GORDON, [you have administered countless provinces of the mysterious Soudan with a rule, if not of iron, of kindly tempered steel. Your followers have been devoted to you, and looked upon you as a second father!

The P. Well, not exactly. The fact is, my followers did nothing but imprison me, and then put me up again when someone was coming. (*With a tinge of sadness.*) They are most admirable persons, and I am devoted to them; but I don't think they treated me quite nicely!

H. M. (indignantly). I should say not! Well, you are back again, safe and sound?

The P. Yes, thanks to my kind friend, the Explorer. I took a year considering whether I should escape with him, or stay with my people, and then he seemed suddenly to think that we had better both be off. So here I am (*anxiously*); but would you advise me to go back again? Because if you would, I think—

H. M. (laughing). No, no! You stay where you are! But have you no news to tell me?

The P. (eagerly). I should think I have, your Majesty! Will you believe it? I have absolutely found a new sort of Cactus!

H. M. (astounded). No!!! And I am devoted to botany! Pray show it to me at once!

The P. With pleasure, your Majesty. (In a tone of quiet triumph.) So you find, Sire, my labours have not been quite in vain. But I see your Majesty is impatient. This way, Sire.

[*Exeunt hurriedly to look at the new sort of Cactus.*]

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

"Not long ago," said the Moon, "I saw a small country boy who was very miserable. He had just lost his sweetheart, and I can tell you all about it, for I was looking on the whole time. She is a



pretty child, with clear eyes and fresh round cheeks, and he is deeply attached to her, and she to him. They used always to walk home from the village school together, and they were to have been married quite soon—but that is all over now.

"The other afternoon I watched the children coming shouting and running out of school as usual, and there was the little girl waiting by the gate in her scarlet cloak until her small lover should join her, as he generally did. Presently he appeared, but he seemed changed, somehow, and did not seem to know exactly what to do. Just as he was about to join her, another boy came up.

"She's my sweetheart now," said the newcomer; 'not yours.'

"No, I'm not—am I?" said the little girl, indignantly—but her lover made no answer.

"Yes, you are," insisted the other

boy. 'He went and sold you to me this afternoon for six brandy-balls—and he can't say he didn't either!'

"Did you?" asked the little girl.

"Well, he wouldn't let me have them no other way," said the boy in a muffled tone.

"There!" cried the purchaser, triumphantly; 'now you see you've got to come along with me!'

"Have I got to go along with him?" she inquired.

"I s'pose so," was the sulky reply.

"Now this little girl is a very obedient child, and always does what she is told; so, although she did not like her new sweetheart nearly so well as the old one, she trotted off with him very meekly, for she was sensible enough to see that a bargain was a bargain.

"The deserted lover stood in the lane looking after them, and I saw his eyes beginning to fill with water. 'She might ha' said she was sorry,—she might!' I heard him mutter, 'and them brandy-balls, they didn't seem to have no taste in 'em, neither!'

"This is only one of the many heart-tragedies that I see almost every night," said the Moon, "and it is not children only, but quite grown-up lovers, who have to give up their love because they are unable to resist the good things of this world, when they find themselves put to the choice. And when a lover is in this most melancholy situation, he is so sorry for himself that there is no need for other people to pity him—and they very seldom do," said the Moon.

UNTILED; OR THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIV. (PART FIRST.)

"LONDON is not *all* lurid, e en
 by night;
 There glow some scenes of
 gladness and delight,
 'Midst all its desert dimness,
 And sombre suffering. Must our
 steps unseen [ful mien,
 Haunt only companies of mourn-
 And scenes of spectral grim-
 ness?"

Wearied of woeful sights my
 shadowy guide
 I thus addressed. Slow smiling,
 he replied,
 "Good friend, you sought
 revealing [secrets, those
 Of night-roofed London's sterner
 That darkness-lovers from its
 honest foes
 Find interest in concealing.

"They who love darkness rather than the
 light,
 'Because their deeds are evil,' woo the night
 In this wide-stretching city.
 It is no chaste Diana gleams upon
 The lifting lids of young Endymion
 In London,—more 's the pity!

"You weary of long-suffering loneliness
 And of gregarious vice, gloomy no less,
 For all its surface glitter?
 Friend, this is not the Athenian wood, nor I
 Its merry Puck. In mirth I cannot vie
 With that nocturnal flitter.

"There are no mysteries in the truly gay,
 And honest gladness, open as the day,
 Needs little night-unveiling.
 Nocturnal businesses are far from few,
 Many may intermittent seem, but two
 Are pauseless and unfailing.

Pleasure's gay flock to Feed and to Amuse
 Are Night's twin-tasks. Its revelling Comus-
 crews

Still swell in zeal and number.
 Ever the two keen cravings are awake,
 For food and fun; the slaves of pleasure break
 Upon the realm of slumber.

"Look on these shifting scenes!" I looked
 and saw

A chaos of mad mirth, whose sole fixed law
 Seemed limitless indulgence.
 Here footlights glowed, there dancing jewels
 gleamed, [streamed,
 Yonder o'er feeding hundreds gas-jets
 A ruddy-flamed effulgence.

Venus Pandemos in her every guise,
 Light-vestured, venal, flew before mine eyes,
 Flaunting factitious roses.
 Here vulgar-bold, there virginal of mien,
 The one presiding priestess of the scene
 In swift metempsychoses.

"There," said the Shade, "the Paphian
 piousettes
 To please the gallery. How the goddess whets
 The gods' esurient senses!
 Pink-hosed, provocative; the arts employed
 By this cheap siren of the stage are void
 Of hypocrite pretences.

"Yonder the crafty Cyprian takes the shape
 Of decent daintiness, which art can drape
 To more seductive splendour [lies
 Than Cnidus knew. How soft the lacework
 On her chaste breast! How pure those azure
 Those scarlet lips how tender! [eyes;

"Her portrait, side by side with poets, seers,
 Royal princesses, local pulpiteers
 And priests, you'll find adorning



The albums of suburban Philistines.
 The night-star of Belgravia mildly shines
 O'er Clapham in the morning.

"Bohemia now with old Boeotia dwells
 In mutual amity. If gossip tells
 Tales of Pandemos, verily
 It is *sub rosa*. How demure she looks!
 Welcomed in boudoirs, eulogised in books,
 The Cyprian fares on merrily.

"No mirth in this, my friend? Must all
 mirth run
 Like shallow streamlets sparkling in the sun?
 Fribbles love not the ironic.
 Would we *could* make pure comedy of Life,
 But whilst its farce with tragedy is rife
 Laughter will seem sardonic."

La reine s'amuse!—the Pandemonian Queen,
 Whose spirit rules o'er every shifting scene
 Of this gay panorama.
 Dancing or dining, shrilling cynic song,
 Or lounging, *très décolletée*, through the long
 Wild wastes of scenic drama.

La reine s'amuse—a little; then is led—
 For goddesses now hunger—to be fed.
 Not on Olympian diet;
 Ambrosial dishes and nectarean draughts
 Might suit the deities of the bolts and shafts,
 Lapped in Elysian quiet.

But these would not subserve *our* Cyprian's
 need;

Nay, nor support our modern Ganymede
 (A millionaire, or nearly).
 Behold his clients thronging half the town!
 Their cravings to allay, their thirsts to drown
 In cates and *crus* costs dearly.

Whilst vulgar Venus topos the modest malt,
 The polished Pandemonian makes assault,
 With lips of lustrous scarlet,
 On "beaded bubbles, winking at the brim."
 What if Amphitryon be a "masher" slim,
 Or squat shop-keeping varlet?

What if the banquet at saloon or club
 Be spread, or laid at *restaurant* or "pub"?
 Aristocratic ichor
 And proletariat are alike in this,
 They need to supplement *Amusement's*
 bliss
 With the delight of liquor.

"A contrast this" (the Shadow said), "and
 foil
 To the too sombre worlds of greed and toil,
 And solitary sorrow!
 Here light and laughter wait on Pleasure's
 Queen.
 Why look to-night behind the glittering
 Or question the to-morrow?"

"The Cyprians flourish, and the Caterers
 thrive,
 And eager myriads, in this monster hive
 Of drones and drudges, cluster
 Beneath, behind, beyond this dazzling show,
 Follow me, friend, if you indeed must know
 The morals of the muster."

(To be continued.)

LONDON IMPRESSIONISTS.

"FIRST impressions are 'everything!'"
 would appear to be the motto of these clever
 but unconventional artists. It is a good
 motto, but sometimes "Second thoughts are
 best" is a more useful one. Why not organise
 another band of painters, and call them the
 "Second-thoughtists"? If some of the gentle-
 men who exhibit at the Goupil Gallery would
 join such a society, they would doubtless
 achieve distinguished work. "*The Marble
 Arch*" and "*The City Atlas*," by SIDNEY
 STARR—who by the way is a bright star in
 the Impressionist firmament—are full of
 truth, and have an absolute London tone
 about them, but they want carrying further
 —we do not mean out of the Gallery—that is,
 they require more finish and development, if
 they are to hang within the range of ordinary
 eyesight. The same may be said of "*A
 Spring Evening in the Row*," by GEORGE
 THOMSON. It is excellent in intention—the
 artist's intentions are strictly honourable, but
 they are not sufficiently defined. "*Pretty
 Rosie Pettigrew*," by P. WILSON STEER—a
 pleasant steer-cotype of beauty—might be
 called "*Pretty Rosie Largergrew*," for she
 appears to be over life-size, but there is
 admirable colour and masterly brushwork
 about this picture. "*The Three Public Houses;
 Morning Sunlight*," by P. F. MATTIAND, is
 sunny—but was the subject worth painting?
 The same may be asked with regard to the
 various Music-hall studies—full of cleverness
 as many of them are, by WALTER SICKERT.
 Charming in colour and tone is "*The Cinder
 Path*," by BERNHARD SICKERT—but we are
 angry with him for not elaborating his sub-
 ject. Indeed, most of the pictures of this
 school give one the idea, that the artist has
 with enthusiasm dashed off a sketch, then
 become tired of the subject, and did not think
 it worth while to trouble himself any farther.

If these works were hung in a gallery, with
 a rail to prevent the spectator approaching
 within twenty feet of the canvas, they would
 be vastly effective. If they are to take the
 place of ordinary pictures, it is absolutely
 necessary they should conform, in a degree,
 to the recognised rules of Art. There is so
 much talent, so much daring unconvention-
 ality, and so much thinking for themselves,
 about this school, that, when they have sown
 the wild oats of the palette, and abandoned
 the Bohemianism of the brush, we shall doubt-
 less find they will give us work that is not
 only original, but great.

"THE LORD MAYOR WILL OBLIGE AGAIN,
 GENTLEMEN!"—We have heard of a Dancing
 Chancellor, but a lyrical Lord Mayor is un-
 doubtedly a novelty. We are glad to hear that
 his Lordship's brave example is likely to be
 followed. It is whispered the Town Clerk is
 an excellent tenor, that the Singing Sheriffs are
 admirable, that several rare *altos* have been dis-
 covered among the Aldermen, that the Common
 Serjeant is good at a comic song, and that a large
 number of carolling Common-councilmen have
 tendered their services. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN
 is, it is said, hard at work upon a "*Corporation
 Cantata*," which will soothe the savage breasts
 of Civic malcontents, and help to promote
 harmony during the Musical Mayoralty.

THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

A NEW SONG TO A VERY OLD TUNE. AIR—"Billy and the Butterfly."



Mr. Jacko, the Ape, was a troublesome chap—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 And would always be playing up pranks with a map—
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!
 "Odds bobs!" cried the Ape, as he jumped on a chair—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 "The African Map is again hanging there!"
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!
 So away scrambled he, till at length he did perch,
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 Near the map, and for something to spoil it did search—
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!

He discovered a bottle of very black ink—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 Says JACKO, "Odds bobs! this will do it, I think!"
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!
 And he snatched up a pen, did this mischievous chap—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 To scrawl "Annexation" all over the map—
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!
 But in writing the Ape met with little success—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
 But he sputtered the ink, and he made a great mess—
With a high dumble, dumble derree!

And when Mr. BULL came along with a stick—
Hepity, lepty lee! [quick—
 Poor JACKO the Ape had to move double—
With a high dumble, dumble derree!

Odds bobs! cried the Ape, Mr. BULL is a bore—
Hepity, lepty lee! [sore—
 And he took to his heels, feeling dreadfully
With a high dumble, dumble derree!

MORAL.

An Ape should not sprawl or spill ink on a
 map,
 Though that Ape be a smart Portuguese.
 Take a hint from friend *Punch*—JACKO,
 there's a good chap—
 Or look out for the stick of J. B.

SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

Monday.—Rather pleasant day. Inspected
 seventeen Regiments of Nigger Infantry. Not
 quite up to the Tenth, but did fairly well.
 Coming home, the horses frightened by the
 massed bands. Escaped with a shaking.

Tuesday.—Very agreeable morning! At-
 tended Durbar of Native Princes. Didn't
 understand speeches clearly, but complimen-
 tary. Returning to tiffin, slipped down a
 precipice. Fell on my feet.

Wednesday.—Quite nice! Joined a game
 of Polo. Lot of swarthy chieftains deeply
 interested in our proceedings. Illuminations.
 Horse shied at fireworks. Dismounted un-
 expectedly. Flustered, but up again.

Thursday.—A real good time. Went out
 tiger-shooting. Found myself under man-
 eater. Equerry shot him. So nothing more
 serious than a tumble.

Friday.—Jolly fun! Opened new bridge
 across river (forget name, but something
 ending, I think, in "pore"), and called it
 Albert Victor. Just before dinner, slipped
 into the water. Fished up all right.

Saturday.—Went to see some elephants
 tied up. One fierce old Jumbo charged me,
 and I had to jump about as if I were dancing
 the polka! Hot work, but all right in the
 end. Looking forward to next week's
 "novelties" with pleased curiosity. One
 consolation—lots of good subjects for the
 illustrated papers!

A FIRST LORD'S SONG.

"Lord GEORGE HAMILTON certainly knows how
 to blow his own trumpet."—*Pith of Admiral
 Hornby's Letter to the Times.*

Yeho! my boys. Avast! Yeho!

I think when all is said and done
 That I my trumpet p'traps can blow
 As forcibly as anyone.

For what is the good of a Naval Lord

Who can't play a trump for himself and
 the Board?

So when I want to boast of our speed,

Of what's elsewhere done I take no heed,

But quietly quote, without a smile,

Our sixteen knots on the measured mile.

I want our ironclads ready to fight,

And so they are, if they meet a foe,

Of British pluck one can't make light!

No matter, my boys; far away they go!

But show me the subject a First Lord shuns!

Why, would you believe it, my boys, avast!

I'm ready to point with pride to our guns,

And vow they're the best that ever were
 cast!

And if now and then they happen to burst?

When they do, well, I look out for a squall.

I shan't be the last, I am not the first

To hear that old story told at Whitehall!

So here while I'm in my present place,

I pretty well know what the public heeds:

I meet every charge with confident face,

And loyally back up the Navy's deeds!

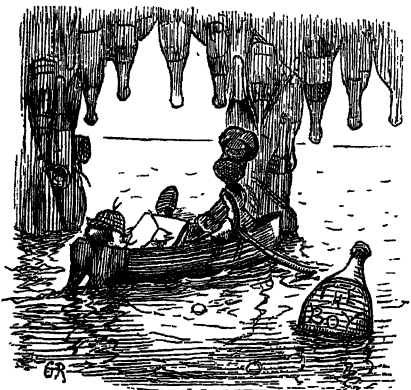


A "FINANCIAL CRISIS."

*Visitor (to her friend, a Transatlantic Cousin, who was trying on new Costume). "A
 PERFECT FIT, DEAR!"—Cousin. "Ah!—NOTHING TO THE 'FIT' MY HUSBAND WILL
 HAVE WHEN THE BILL COMES IN, DEAR—YOU BET!"*

IN TWO PIECES.—Seldom has the Stage boasted two pieces of such equal merit as *The
 Gold Craze*, at the Princess's Theatre, and *Madcap Midge*, at the Opéra Comique. They have
 the same motive—an innocent man accepting the onus of the crime of a guilty one. The
 heroine at the Oxford Street house is that charming actress, Miss AMY ROSELE; and in
 the Strand appears another charming actress, Miss LOUISE LITTA. Mr. J. H. BARNES, in
 the North, is balanced by Mr. ARTHUR WATTS (as "The Living Skeleton") in the South.
 Both pieces, too, on their first night, were received with the same public recognition, and
 they are both likely to secure an equal amount of success. Again, there is a quaint sun
 in the *Craze*, and a mirth-compelling moon in the *Midge*. The heroine of the first obligingly
 sings a song, and the heroine of the second as obligingly dances a dance, and plays upon
 the banjo. What further attraction can be needed? Well, on these occasions, wouldn't
 it be pleasant if we could have our cigars and coffee, or other beverage, Music-hall fashion?
 If Mr. PINNEO will permit.

LETT'S Diaries of all sorts and sizes. Book-Letts for general use. Domestic Diaries,
 useful for cooks and housekeepers, may be remembered as the 'Ouse-and-the-'Ome-Letts.



Our Special Artist, Rip Van Drinkle, inspired by the example of another Special on the *I. L. N.*, visits Les Caves de Pomméry.



Rip Van Drinkle, O.S.A., is received by the Emperor Rheo Boam, Empress Jerri Boam, Crown Princess Quart, and H.R.H. the Imperial Pint Prince.



View of Rip Van Drinkle's Quarters (Camping out) "the morning after."

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

SECOND ENTRY.

GOVERNOR still curiously anxious that I should "do something practical, at least as a stop-gap." Feel inclined to be disrespectful, and to say—but don't—that I should quite enjoy getting some kind of work "as a stop-gabble."

"Your old Cambridge friend BLOGGINS," he proceeds, "has adopted the scholastic profession—become a schoolmaster at Wantchester, he told me. *Why should not you do the same?*"

Just to pacify the Governor, who is so impervious to reason, I go and call on FLEECHEM and JINKS, the great Scholastic Agency firm, and ask if they have any good berth now vacant at a Public School.

FLEECHEM (or is it JINKS?), who has an oily manner, but a roving eye (an eye that seems to dwell on anybody he is talking to as if he, the stranger, were quite an unimportant feature in the general landscape) begins to read out from a ponderous tome some of his "places."

"Ah!" he says—"I've got something here that I think will suit you. It's a first-class place—a sort of prize of the profession—and I shouldn't mention it to everybody."

I express suitable gratitude, and he goes on—"Wanted—by the commencement of the Summer Term, in a capital school on the salubrious Lincolnshire Coast, a Master of high character and good attainments. The Master will be required to live with the Principal, to take the boys to Church on Sundays, and to play the usual games on week-days." FLEECHEM looks up, fixes his eye for a moment on the leg of an adjoining chair, and asks "what I think of it?" I don't think much of it.

"Lincolnshire?"—I ask. "I don't know of any celebrated school on that coast. Are you sure it's a *Public School*?"

"Oh, yes," replies FLEECHEM, cheerfully, "quite public. Any boy can go to it. Never knew the Principal refuse any boy yet"—and he grins.

"And such a wife!" he adds. "Between ourselves, Principal manages school, wife manages Principal. I would back that woman"—says FLEECHEM in a burst of confidence—"to sail as near to the wind in victualling her kids as anybody in England. I mean," he goes on hastily, feeling apparently that he has been a trifle over-candid—"she is economical. That's all."

Ask, chiefly as matter of form, because I feel sure that this sort of thing won't do for me—

"What is the—em—salary?"

FLEECHEM rubs his hands together greasily, and replies, "Forty pounds per annum, and all found."

"Thanks!" I say, rising.

"Not taken by the place?" asks FLEECHEM, in genuine surprise.

"Not a bit. Taken in by it, rather," I answer.

FLEECHEM seems huffed, and asks politely but firmly for the usual fee for registering my requirements—which I find is five shillings. Query—Didn't the poet (uncertain which) refer to FLEECHEM when he remarked that "Something accomplished, somebody done," had earned his night's repose?



"Mr. GLADSTONE was evidently deeply touched by this spontaneous outburst of almost personal affection. He stood with hands folded, head bent down, and legs quivering."—*Extract from Picturesque Report in "Daily News" of Mr. Gladstone at Manchester, December 3.*

[The italics are ours, and the attempt to illustrate the situation, our Artist's.—Ed.]

LUXURY FOR PAUPERS.

"At the Chester Board of Guardians yesterday, a discussion took place as to whether, in view of the Christmas dinner, it would be advisable to allow the inmates to have knives to cut their meat. It was explained, that at present the paupers had to tear the meat to pieces with their fingers and teeth. . . . The Rev. O. RAWSON proposed, that they should buy knives and forks. . . . Mr. CHARMLEY, farmer, opposed the proposal. . . . The motion to hire knives and forks on Christmas Day only was put, and carried by thirteen votes to TEN."—*Standard, December, 5.*

Of the Chester Board of Guardians we are the Upper Ten,

The fair noblesse of Chester, and the cult of VERE DE VERE;
And we're conscious of our lavishness—we're deeply conscious—when

The paupers get their dinner at the closing of the year.

With open hospitality we give those beggars meat—

Real meat and genuine gravy—but our noble souls are vexed
When a democratic party votes them forks with which to eat, [next!
As if the brutes were duchesses. They'll give them tooth-picks

Why can't they live like dogs? It's that which keeps the numbers down,

Makes starving women drown themselves before they'll ask our

And serve them right for sinful pride—yes, let the beggars drown,

Or let them take their food [like dogs, and tear, and scratch, and yelp.

In the blessed Christmas season we give them actual meat,

What they can want with knives and forks is more than we can see.

We are the Upper Ten, and they're the dirt beneath our feet,

And the dirtier we make them the prouder we shall be.

"LA TOSCA."—The Ecclesiastical Scene in the First Act ought to delight all artistic members of the Church and Stage Guild, if this confraternity still exists. It is the perfection of scenic art. Of the play and its performance I must postpone sending in my little account (such a seasonable phrase!) until I have quite recovered from the effect of supping full of dramatic horrors, and having such a lot of BEER the last thing at night. *The Man's Shadow* is at the Haymarket, but the Man shudders at the Garrick. A weird success, and the *mise-en-scène* simply perfection. More, anon.

YOUR CRITIC ON THE EARTH.

RAPHAEL TUCK gives us a feast of Christmas Cards, a regular good Tuck-in. The newest thing in SOCKL AND NATHAN's store are the autograph cards. The autographists have not been very happy in their quotations.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, AKEDEN, AND WELSH, form a quartet of publishers who have produced "*Sing me* (it should have been 'us') *a Song!*" Music by SCOTT GATTY. Too good for ordinary nursery use.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

MR. PUNCH need hardly remind his readers of his zealous and unremitting efforts in these pages to raise the tone of Music-hall entertainments, and render them the powerful instruments for good which they are so eminently capable of becoming. It is with some humiliation that he confesses that those efforts have up to the present produced no particular results; the ballads and ditties compiled by him for Music-hall *artistes* of every grade of talent have not hitherto been thought worthy of their consideration; no composer has set them to undying harmonies,—and, as a necessary consequence, no vocalist has tried their effect upon a public which in truth is anything but exacting.

Why this has not been done is not for *Mr. Punch* to say, though he may be permitted to hazard some solutions. The "lion comiques" and the "lady series" doubtless felt that the songs were too long to be committed to memory without a mental strain to which they were not justified in subjecting themselves; they may have felt, too, with much reason, that these so-called "model" ditties were not essentially superior either in literary merit or attractiveness to those by the aid of which they have conquered the popular ear. Or they may even have suspected—how unjustly those who know *Mr. Punch* will decide for themselves—that beneath these innocent ballads lurked some treacherous design to invest the Muse of the Music-Halls with irreverent ridicule. Lastly—though this is almost too wild a supposition to be seriously entertained—it is just possible that they may not have read *Mr. Punch's* poems.

Whatever the true cause of this apathy may be, *Mr. Punch* does not intend to abandon his efforts just yet, and he purposes still from time to time—though possibly at somewhat longer intervals—to offer his little ballads in the hope of eventually finding a sympathetic and appreciative interpreter. But a larger, a more ambitious scheme has lately been engaging *Mr. Punch's* energies—a scheme of which the possibilities are too immense to be gauged at present. The origin of the idea was simple, as are the origins of all great ideas. It so happened that one evening recently, *Mr. Punch* witnessed at a certain Music-Hall that celebrated realistic Sensation Sketch, *The Little Stowaway*. Praise of this grand regenerative production is superfluous; has it not received the sanction and warm approval of the London County Council—to say nothing of less qualified judges of Art, Literature, and Morals? Let it suffice to say that, when *Mr. Punch* saw the little Stowaway settling the stern Captain of the New Zealand liner comfortably in a deck-chair, fortifying him with sherry and cigarettes, and then singing for his edification a marvellous description of the various characters to be encountered in a London "doss-house"—he felt the deep impression made upon the most careless in that audience by the simple truth, the vivid realism of this single incident; he realised, as he had never realised before, that it is dramas such as these for which the democracy have so long been pining. Music-hall audiences are not really frivolous—they are fully as earnest, as fond of seeing virtue rewarded, and vice punished, as their brethren in the Pit and Gallery of the Adelphi—only they like to see it all done well under the half hour, and they prefer their drama veiled in the idealising mists of tobacco-smoke. The tyranny of the law has baffled this yearning of theirs in all but a very few Music-Halls; but these arbitrary distinctions will soon be swept away, and then upon the variety stage will dawn the sun of a new and yet more glorious Elizabethan era!

Who will be the Marlowe of the Music-Halls, the Beaumont and Fletcher of the "Vital Spark," the Shakspeare of the Sensation Sketch?

It has been borne in upon *Mr. Punch* that he is the person destined to accomplish this lofty mission. He is moral, instructive, and entertaining; he believes heart and soul in the Music-Hall as an instrument of social reform; he is conscious of a fund of latent dramatic talent which has hitherto been denied an outlet. And, with such endowments, he has not thought himself entitled to shrink from the task, however arduous he may find it, of providing the audiences of the Music-Halls of the near future with dramatic fare suitable to their intellectual and moral requirements.

He has accordingly great pleasure in announcing that he is already engaged in preparing a series of Moral Musical Interludes and Improving Sensation Sketches, which will shortly make their appearance in the pages of *Punch*, and which, it is fondly hoped, will find an abiding home upon the Music-hall boards.

In his first attempt he has been content to follow the lines of the brilliant original to which he has already referred, but, as constant reproductions even of the noblest model end by becoming monotonous, he will in future essay a less ambitious flight, though he ventures to assure his readers that morality and instruction will ever be found the guiding principle of all his pieces. The chief difficulties of course, are—first, that the dramatist is limited to time, and cannot, therefore, observe the unities as strictly as he would wish; next, that the male or female comedian for whom, of course, each sketch must be principally designed will insist upon having the

lion's share of the business, and also upon introducing a song and dance somewhere in the dialogue. This is natural enough, but it does hamper the action. However, these obstacles have all been satisfactorily met and overcome, in *Mr. Punch's* first Moral Sketch, the title of which will be:

THE LITTLE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

A GRAND SENSATIONAL MUSICAL REALISTIC SKETCH IN TWO SCENES. Ask for it, and see that you get it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Now that everyone is thinking of the adventures of STANLEY, Mr. HOLT HALLETT's "*A Thousand Miles on an Elephant*," is particularly *à propos*. This feat beats the record, and both the author and his bearer are to be congratulated on having performed a journey that has yet to be rivalled. Mr. HALLETT in a pleasant manner treats of a subject of the greatest national importance. Another work without which no gentleman's library can be considered complete (to quote a hack phrase, which, however, on this occasion, is entirely appropriate), is Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER's *Alumni Oxoniensis*, 1715—1886. In four handsome volumes the author gives the Matriculation Register of the University, alphabetically arranged, revised, and annotated. It is worthy to rank with the other books of reference from the same pen, and this is praise indeed.

Boys and girls home for the Christmas vacation will have plenty to read. Mr. FRASER RAE has produced *Maygrove*, which as it is described as a family history, should be welcome in the home circle. Mr. FREDERICK J. CROWEST gives his *Advice to Singers*, that can but add to the harmony of the evening's entertainments. Miss ALICE WEBER tells "a Nineteenth Century story" in a book, which as it is entitled *For Auld Lang Syne*, is rather suggestive of the past than the present. That shade may be mixed with sunshine, the talented author of *Molly Bawn*, sadly recounts *A Life's Remorse* in the regulation three volumes of the circulating library. Mrs. BURNETT SMITH (*née* ANNIE SWAN), tells a Scotch story, which she appropriately "lays at the feet" (see Dedication), of the "Duchess-Dowager of ARTHOLE." It is to be hoped that her Grace will pick it up, and use her hands to turn over the pages, which, as the authoress observes, she (the D.-D. of A.) "knows was writ amongst the silent hills." Perhaps we may have a companion novel some day, from the same pen, composed amongst the noisy valleys, consequently more valuable. Mrs. A. C. DICKER has compiled "*A Romance of the Isle of Wight*," under the title of "*A Cavalier's Ladye*," with a final "e," which carries us back to the quaint spelling of those ignorant folks the Roundheads. The heroine, *Mistress Judith Dyllington*, (with the "y") has many pleasant little chats with CHARLES THE FIRST, which will be full of interest to the general reader. Mr. HENRY FRITH (a good literary and artistic name) tells two tales of adventure called *The Opal Mountain* and *The Captain of Cadets*, which should delight, not only Master TOM, but also Messrs. JACK and HARRY. That friend of early manhood, Mr. G. MANVILLE FENN, under the modest title of *Three Boys*, immortalises those talented individuals "the Chiefs of the Clan Mackai." The illustrations to this stirring history are full of spirit, and one, representing the effect of "stepping upon a loose stone," must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Another book, that will be loved by the same class of readers, is *The Fortune of Quittentuns* (a name that is perhaps not familiar to everyone), as its author has already bestowed upon an admiring world two popular works, called respectively, *Shadowed by Guilt*, and *The Dead Alive*.

Yet another record of adventure is *The Diamond Hunters of South Africa*, which conjures up a vision of a chase of the most brilliant description. *Eric; or, Little by Little*, is "a tale of Roslyn School" that suggests that "the pleasantest time of our lives" is not always entirely *couleur de rose*. Mr. WALFORD, by calling his novel, *A Sage of Sixteen*, does not disappoint expectation. His story concerns "a little duck" and some rather vulgar seasoning. In *Her Own Way* the talented authoress of *Unclaimed* proves that she can write a worthy companion sketch to that exquisite idyl of hers, *The Red Herring*. Although there is so much of *Ryle* in Mrs. BURTON's *Annabel*, there is nothing to make one seriously angry. That the heroine, a child, does not die in the final chapter, need not cause lasting regret, if it be clearly understood that she is not to survive in the pages of another volume. Finally, there are the Christmas extra numbers of the *Illustrated*, the *Graphic*, *Truth*, the *World*, the *Queen*, the *Sporting and Dramatic*, the *Ladies' Pictorial*, *cum multis aliis*, which must bring delight to mankind in general, and the British Public in particular. To *Mr. Punch's* own popular *Almanack* it is, of course, not necessary to allude, as everyone possesses it.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.



HINT FOR THE SKATING SEASON.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A DUTCH NURSERY-MAID.

RESCUED!

"I am in perfect health, and feel like a labourer of a Saturday evening, returning home, with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath."—*Mr. H. M. Stanley's Letter to the Editor of "The New York Herald."*

WELL through, and welcome, old friend! Such a labourer seldom returns

To tell us the tale of his toil, and to look for his wage and his rest. But little we know of it yet, but the heart of the chilliest burns, And the pulse of sympathy beats in the timidest stay-at-home breast.

The voyage of *Maeldune*, in the Laureate's mellowest song, Is as nought to the terror and toil of the voyage that you have achieved.

O traveller stout and sagacious, O leader, lusty and strong, Who twice the Dark Continent's dangers have braved and its captive relieved.

When you "gathered your fellows together," like *Maeldune*, three years ago,

Did you dream of the ills and the horrors that waited for you on the way?

The woes of that Congo forest, the fever that laid you low, And all those terrible throes in the wastes around Wadelai? Did you dream—but what if you did? There is nothing in dreaming to daunt

A spirit that's set upon duty, a heart that is bold to dare. Not the flight of the poison-tipped arrow, the fever's feculent haunt, Or the slow insidious taint of that dreadful Yambuyan lair.

But we who await you at home, we dream, with a shuddering dread, Of the clustering cannibal dwarfs, of the sufferers bloated and scarred,

Of the men who as skeletons strode, of their comrades who sank down dead,

In hundreds out of the hosts who so bravely wandered and warred; Of the gallant murdered BARTHELOT, of JEPHSON menaced with death,

Of the last surviving officer of the brave Banalya band,

And the terrible story he told that could make even *you* catch your breath;

Of BONNY snatched from death, and of EMIN saved—by your hand. We dream of the waded swamps, of the sun that scorched like a flame, Of the maddening throes of fever, the palsy pangs of thirst; And through all the perils you fought, and through all the horrors you came,

And now like the sun from shadows, again on our view you have burst

With your burden patiently borne, though it fretted a spirit like yours,

With the end of your efforts achieved, and good store of knowledge beside;

The reward of the pluck that dares, of the patience that calmly endures;

And we welcome you back with joy, and will hail you at home with pride!

Rescued! You well may be glad of the peaceful Sabbath of rest That lies before you at last, that no labourer ever yet earned More manfully, patiently, well. Brave EMIN, the goal of your quest,

Will lend his tribute, be sure, to the courage that never turned Before the trials of danger, or those of a long delay,

More wearying yet, perchance, to a resolute soul like you. But here you front us, at last, fit, gallant, and even gay,

With your head that's erect, though white, and your story so strange, but true!

You have quenched your thirst with blackberries under the burning line;

The Mountains of the Moon of the poets you've seen and know; You bring the last flower of knowledge from the region strange, yet fine,

Where Ruwenzori, the Cloud King, sits robed in eternal snow. Hail and bravo, brave STANLEY! Your *Punch*, who knows you of

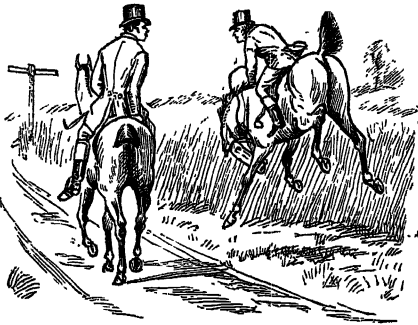
Welcomes you now and thus, back from that terrible land; [old, And when your foot next touches our shores *he* will not be slow

To follow these welcoming words with the clasp of a welcoming hand!



RESCUED !

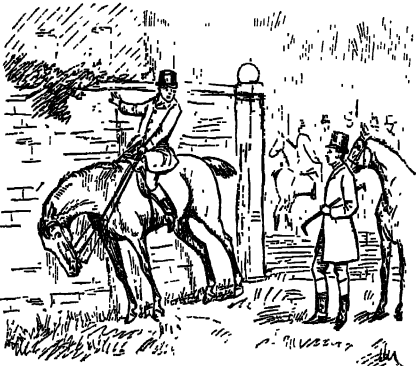
I GIVE LITTLE TITTUP A MOUNT.



"Don't mind her; it's only her play,—she's really perfectly quiet."



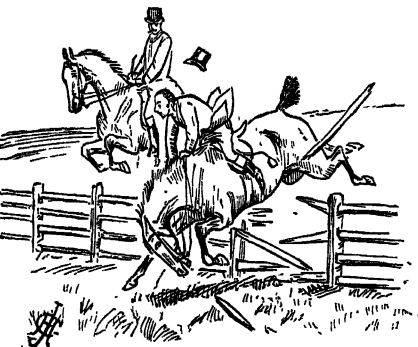
"Yes, she always did hate wheelbarrows."



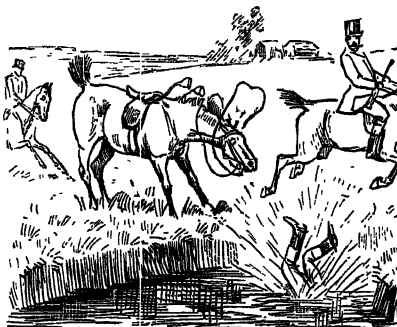
"Ah! I expect she's got a fly on her."



"Don't pull at her,—let her make her own pace."



"She's a wonderful performer,—nothing standing can stop her."



"No,—she never did like water."

THE PLAYGROUND IN THE AVENUE.—(BY OUR LITTLE BIT OF A CRITIC.)

HOME for the Holidays? Yes! But no Pantomimes yet. So Uncle BULGER said he would take us to the "Playground in the Avenue," which turned out to be a theatre, after all. It was full of children. And there were children on the stage performing a merry piece called *The Belles of the Village*. And, strange to say, they seemed to enjoy doing it, as much as we enjoyed looking at them. How we laughed, and how they looked as if they would like to join in the laughter too. Only the Conductor tapped on his desk, and shook his white wand at them sometimes, to keep them in order. How we revelled in Mr. FITZGERALD's music to Mr. FOSTER's happy rhymes, and how we nodded our heads and tapped our feet to the rollicking old English melodies which Grandmamma is so fond of playing sometimes. Didn't FRANK METROP look just like Old Nurse's grandfather, as *Gideon*? Didn't we admire LIZZIE PRUMMER as *Phoebe Bumpus*, and BESSIE GRAVES as *Ruth Ashton*? How we delighted in FRED ALLWOOD as *William Green*, and vociferously encored his horn-pipe! Were we not charmed with LIZZIE DUNGATE, ANNIE FIEBER, and BESSIE COLMAN, who pretended to be *Squire Fairfield*, *Captain Plume*, and *Sergeant Pike*? And did we not laugh loudly at ALFRED BOVILL, who looked a real crusty old man as *Beadle Bumpus*? Something like Papa when he cannot find his gloves before he is going out in the morning. Besides all this were the Two ROSES. ROSE BEGARNIE—"a ROSE by any other name," said Uncle B., "could not dance as well, unless it were ROSE KILNER, and she was certainly marvellous in her grace, finish, and dexterity." Besides this, there were watchmen, gipsies, villagers, haymakers, fairies, bright dresses, pretty ballets, and merry choruses. We were sorry when it was over, and felt inclined to ask M. MARIUS "for more," only Uncle BULGER promised to take us somewhere to dine, and however good the Play may be, it never does to be late for dinner.

TOMMY ON MUSEUMS.

As a Mausoleum
To a palace of chasten'd fun,
Is the British Museum
To charming South Kensington.
You go to the former
With people you rather bar,
Who wax no warmer,
However agreeable you are;
Whose venom'd wonder,
If you lightly open your lips,
Like fossil thunder,
Shivers your fine-spun quips.
And even more so
If you honestly venture to say
That a batter'd torso
Would look much better away.
When you have gulp'd your
Comfortless coffee or soup,
You scan the sculpture,
Single, or posed in a group;
And dust of mummy
Has got such a hold on your brain,
That you think your tummy
Will never be cheerful again,
And you wonder however
The lauded sculptors of old,
Undoubtedly clever,
Such soulless studies could mould.
But, thank goodness,
The insects no longer recline
In their camphor'd woodness
And creepy spirits of wine.
For rusty antiquities
Are joyous as April's gales
To the crawling Iniquities,
Horrid with nippers and scales.
But at Kensington straightway
A delicate charm is spread,
From the entrance gateway
Till you dream of it all in bed.
The people you go with
Are so conducive and fair,
That you'd like to show with
Them always, and everywhere.
With their happy chatter,
Their fancies pretty and keen,
And laughs that flatter
The happy silence between;
Their sun-bright faces,
And girlhood's dignity sweet,
Like Grecian Graces
Out for a godlike treat.
The dainty grill-room
With culture and comfort shines,
And you find you've still room
For further viands and wines.
And your waist grows tighter
In a bountiful moonled way,
And eyes are brighter,
And brighter the things we say.
O musty mummies,
O classical dignity cold,
O soulless dummies
Of Orient empires old!
Here gem and statue,
Panel and carven shrine,
Are looking at you
With sympathy all divine.
No cardboard, nor camphor,
No moth-fretted ghosts of beasts,
And the long-dry ampor
Is gay with remember'd feasts.
And I give my graces
Their pick of jewel and gem,
Of priceless laces
And picture and diadem;
And their sunny faces
Are dearer than all of them.

WE can recommend KATE GREENAWAY'S
Book of Games—not yet played out.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 11.

A FORECAST—SAY, FOR THIS TIME NEXT YEAR.

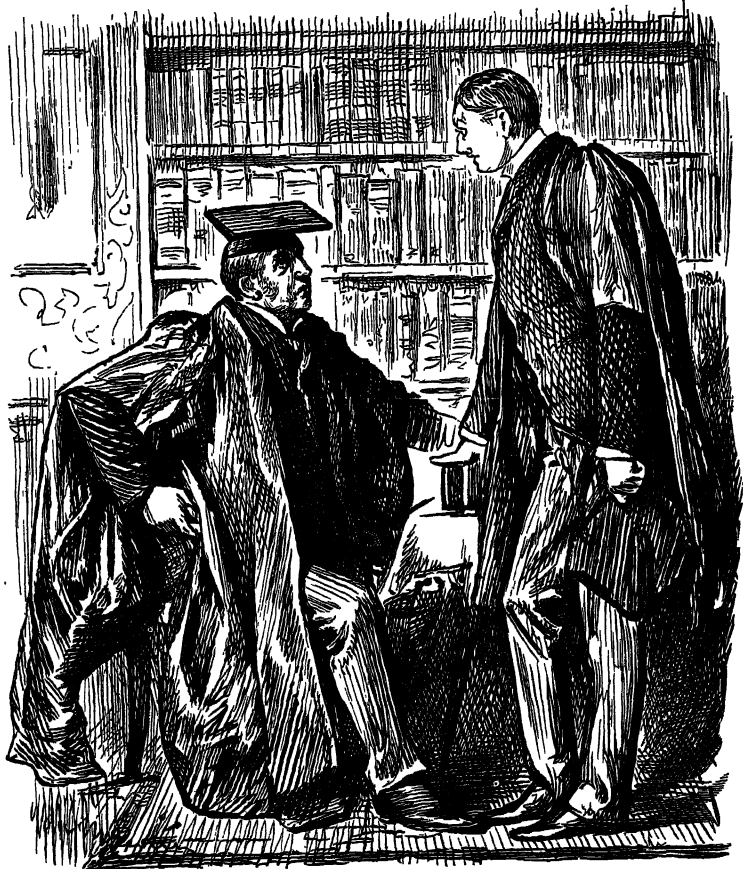
THE agitation of the Curates for an annual stipend of not less than £300, has culminated in their determination, arrived at yesterday afternoon, to abstain from visiting their respective Churches and doing duty on Sunday next. It is said that 7000 Vicars and Rectors who are in sympathy with the movement have intimated their intention of manifesting it by also joining the lock-out. There are other matters under dispute beyond the mere question of pay. "One Service a week, one Sermon a month!" has now become a party cry. It is calculated that 15,000 churches of the Establishment will therefore not open their doors to their congregations next Sunday.

The Legal Profession, following in the footsteps of the Church, has struck for higher fees; and the Judges, forced by the pressure put on them by leading Queen's Counsel, have joined the "Amalgamated Lawyers' Union." A Solicitor, who was caught yesterday seeing a client who had managed to evade the notice of the local pickets, was denounced as a black-leg, and hooted by a mob of yelling Attorneys, who followed him with threatening gestures till he eventually made his escape into Chancery Lane.

The Medical Profession has not been slow to be influenced by the general strife of the Church and Bar; and yesterday, at a mass-meeting, held outside Guy's Hospital, it was unanimously decided that the three-guinea fee should be the minimum, and that all medical men should join in a general lock-out forthwith, declining to see any patient at a lower rate. It was further agreed that these terms be presented in the form of an ultimatum to the Committee of Invalids, who have hitherto conducted negotiations on the part of the general public, and represented them in the matter.

There was some talk last night of the probability of a strike in both the Houses of Lords and Commons. This will probably startle Society into an endeavour to find some means of adjusting the disputes between Capital and Labour other than that supplied by an immediate recourse to obstructive combination.

BLACKIE AND SON give us, among other publications, *The Hermit Hunter of the Wilds*. Beautiful title! Fancy a "Hermit Hunter" and fancy "the Wilds,"—OSCAR included. It is by GORDON STABLES, which sounds horsey. It is full of novel adventures, and STABLES has not been fore-stalled.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MAY I HAVE AN EXEAT FROM MONDAY TILL WEDNESDAY—TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL OF MY GREAT AUNT?"

"OH—A—OF COURSE YOU MUST GO; BUT, I CONFESS, I WISH IT HAD BEEN A NEARER RELATIVE!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVIII. MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT HIGHBURY, MOOR GREEN, BIRMINGHAM.

THE limpid waters of the River Trent, finest trout-stream in the Midlands, rush impetuously through peaty meadows to fertilise the land where, twenty years ago, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN set up his ancestral home. Except, perhaps, on Sunday afternoons, when the turgid tide of Birmingham pours its thousands along the broad highway, or when crowds assemble to witness Marquises and Dukes repairing in gilt carriages to dwell for awhile with your host, there are few more tranquil spots in England than the broad expanse of low-lying pasture-land which girdles Highbury, bounded in the distant North by the Derbyshire Hills, and on the South by the thickets of the great Metropolis of the Midlands.

In the busy world, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is known as a great Parliament man, a trusted guide in political campaign, a Statesman towering among his peers. At home, in the quiet glades of Highbury, he puts aside the garb and the habits of thought of the man of the world, and lives the sweet and simple life of the English country gentleman. As he saunters down the walk, eager to meet you, you notice his stalwart form clad in a close-fitting velvet coat with a low-crowned serviceable hat, the tanned gaiters well-rubbed on the saddle-side, bearing evidence of many a well-ridden field. In his hands he carries a riding-crook, with which he lightly beats off the yearning leaves of the lingering maple, which, blushing red at the memories of wanton Autumn, still linger in the lap of Winter.

Highbury has been in the CHAMBERLAIN family for more than three centuries. The mansion bears in its many-sidedness evidence of the strong individuality of successive sires. As your host with a shrill "view Halloo!" lightly jumps across the grassy moat, he points to a beetling barbican, on which to this day in the strong sunlight may be discerned the motto of RICHARD DE CHAMBERLAYNE, who lived in the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH, and oddly enough

formed a close connection with the CECIL family, renewed in these later times by a still more illustrious scion of the Warwickshire race. The noble avenue of elms that faces the back portico was planted in a single day by JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, who came over with WILLIAM and MARY, and who took such a bold stand against his Royal master and friend when WILLIAM of Orange hesitated to yield to the popular demand that he should disband his Dutch Guards, and disperse the regiments of French fugitives who hustled British citizens in the precincts of the Court of St. James's.

The scent of many flowers comes in from the old-time garden as your host, ascending the rustic staircase, takes you past his study-window into the parlour, separated from the dining-room only by heavy tapestry curtains, on which is inwrought by hands long chill the story of the taking of Namur. Seated in this boudoir-like room, with its walls distempered in pale fawn colour, a frieze of faded green running below the corniced ceiling, and the floor coyly covered with blue-green felt, you have time to notice the portraits which lend grace and dignity to the walls. They are all family portraits.

"The party in the parlour, I call them," says your host, pleasantly, looking round; "all silent, and all—framed."

There is MR. KENRICK, M.P., one of JAN STRIN's finest works; POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P., in VANDYCK's earlier manner. (Notice the delicacy with which the back of the hand is limned.) Perhaps the most interesting picture in the collection is the portrait of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. This is a pastoral piece, the graceful figure of the Hon. Member being discovered softened by the misty perspective of three acres. He is wrapped in purple, with a garland of mingled corn and poppy hanging pendulous from his neck. His right hand rests gently on the neck of a cow—the cow by PETER PAUL RUBENS.

"I always feel at home here," your host says, standing with his legs astride on a handsome Persian rug, by the marvellous marble mantle-piece. "There is no one to contradict me. I am a person of few prejudices and of no strong likes or dislikes; but I must admit to a desire to have things go exactly as I fix them. You can

do anything you like with me if you only let me have my own way. But if you come to set up your notions in contradiction of mine, I will not answer for the consequences. How sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Here," he continued, glancing round at the portraits of the party, "we are all one; and that one is Me."

Alderman JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., throws himself on to the low-seated ottoman, quaintly and conveniently fitted with three-century-old Dutch tiles, and, lighting an eighteenpenny cigar, whose blue smoke curls quaintly upwards through the chill November sunlight that falls indiscriminately on Welsh dower-chests, corner cupboards blackened with age, Persian rugs, and Lisle posset-pots, tells you the story of his life. Retiring from the sordid cares of business whilst still a comparatively young man, your host, firmly fixing his eyeglass, resolved to devote himself to public affairs. Entering the Town Council, he rapidly rose to the dizzy heights of the Aldermanic grade, and thence stepped lightly into the Mayor's chair. His boundless ambition, not satiated even with this, led him still onward, till he reached the House of Commons, and so passed by leaps and bounds into the position of a Cabinet Minister. Your host passes lightly over his triumphs in the Senate, and only modestly touches on his admission to the charmed circle of the Gentlemen of England, and to intimate acquaintance with Marquises, Dukes, &c. His heart, untravelling, fondly turns to home, and he prefers to talk of his daily life in these quiet glades. He is evidently prouder of the magnificent field of mangel-wurzels that skirts the carriage-drive than of "The Unauthorised Programme," and cares more for the flock of Hampshire sheep browsing on his green pastures than he does for all the clauses of the Bankruptcy Bill.

"Sometimes, TOBY," your host says, "I think of leaving London to itself, and letting the world rattle round without me. I am sick of the turmoil, and sorry to see great people going wrong because they have declined my advice. When the buzz of the applauding multitude rings loudest in my ears, I turn with fondest regard to this quiet spot. TEMPLE, still in the prime of life, retired to Sheen to cultivate roses. Why should I not withdraw to Highbury to look after my mangel-wurzels, and dwell untroubled and uncontradicted among my own party?"

There is a far-away look in the eyes of your host, which, perhaps unconsciously, rests upon the doorway, and, taking the hint, you make your adieu, leaving the Squire of Highbury brooding over his half-formed resolutions.

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. I.—ANTICIPATION.

SCENE—The Smoking-room of a Country House. Month, November.

Time of day, 11.30 P.M. The usual furniture and fittings—easy chairs, sofas, light and sporting literature. A large table, loaded with drinkables, stands in a convenient place; a cheerful fire blazes in the grate; the air is scented with tobacco-smoke. Round the fire are seated four guests—Lord SURBITON, the host, Captain



HARDRUP, a sporting soldier, Mr. H. T. PENFOLD, a sporting literary man, Mr. DIGBY MASON, a man of the world, and BILLY WINTHROP, a newly-fledged Barrister, who finds that the cares of his profession permit him occasionally to indulge in a little shooting. In a remote corner four other guests, Amateur Actors, particular friends of Lady SURBITON's, herself a "distinguished Amateur," are discussing, with many gestures, a subject of apparently the gravest import. Two of them, The Hon. BUCKSTONE BOLDERO, and Mr. TIFFINGTON SPINKS, elderly and experienced Amateurs; the other two, CHARLIE GUSHBY, and HARRY HALL (usually known

as "Music" HALL, from his devotion to Comic Songs), are still comparatively young.

Captain H. (laying down the "Sportsman" with a yawn). I see Aristocrat's gone back to 20 to 1. Never can make out what the fellows in that stable are after. It's a poor business, backing horses. (Drinks.) Where do you shoot to-morrow, SURBITON?

Lord S. The Warren to-morrow. We may get a stray pheasant, too. You held pretty straight to-day, HARDRUP.

Captain H. Yes, pretty fair. But, dash it! you know we ought to have had two more guns to cover the ground. Why didn't GUSHBY and BOLDERO turn out? They were rigged out to the nines in patent Norfolk jackets, and boots and gaiters that would have made your keeper green with envy. What have they been up to all day?

Mr. Digby Mason. My dear HARDRUP, do you mean to say you really don't know? Why, they told us last night they hadn't got their great scene in the Second Act of *Heads or Tails* quite perfect.

As soon 'as I heard that, I knew they wouldn't come out to-day. My wife told me they were at it in the drawing-room the greater part of the morning. But just look at them now.

[At this moment SPINKS and GUSHBY, who are supposed to be rivals for fame in refined comedy, have quarrelled, and turned their backs on one another. The other two are endeavouring to make peace.]

Penfold. Good heavens! did you ever see anything so ridiculous? But they're like that all day long. First, BOLDERO bores you to death with his confounded imitations of TOOLE; then that idiot HALL sings you out of your senses with ARTHUR ROBERTS and water—precious poor water, too; next, when you're trying to get off a letter or two, that confounded young GUSHBY tells you he wants to consult you about a matter of life and death, which turns out to be merely the question whether he or SPINKS ought to take the leading part in the comedy they're going to play at Windbury, and, last of all, old SPINKS, who ought to know better, comes and tells you that dramatic criticism is a lost art, and that if everybody had his deserts he would be making £100 a week at the Haymarket at this moment. You can't get away from an amateur. I've been trying to do it for ten years, and I've failed miserably. They haunt you worse than any ghost I ever read about.

Lord S. Come, come, they're not quite so bad as all that. And after all, they're very obliging.

Billy W. Oh! dashed obliging. The other day HALL wanted me to sing a comic duet with him, and it turned out that I was to be kicked twice in each verse, and in the last to be chucked off the stage. No thank you. I'd rather go before old FIELD in Chambers any day of the week. [They drink, and puff cigars. Conversation continuing in remote corner.]

Tiffington Spinks. Well, I've only one thing to say. I've played that kind of part for the last twenty years. Now, honestly, BOLDERO, how is it possible that anyone can know the business better than I do? The idea's absurd. KENDAL's all very well, and perhaps WYNDHAM might manage it; but even they are both machine-made—that's what they are.

Gushby. Well, BOLDY, you heard what Mrs. DASHWOOD said last week? Why, there wasn't a dry eye in the house when I played it. The housemaid cried so much she couldn't see to dust the furniture for two days, and the butler was carried out of the room in convulsions. However, I don't mind. Do what you like. I only thought you ought to know.

Boldero (perplexed). Quite right, and I'm much obliged to you, of course. Still (with a wink to GUSHBY), I think SPINKS ought to play it. You must take Tom Tibury; there are some first-class lines in that, and you'll do it better than any amateur of the day. As for the Pros, there isn't one of them could get near you.

Gushby (soothed). Very well; I'll do what I can. What's HALL to do?

Hall. Oh, I've written up that scene in the Third Act, and brought in a song, which must fetch 'em. This is how it goes:—

(Sings). "The Boy in Buttons he said to me,
'What is the meaning of O.D.V.?'
If O.D.V. isn't all my I,
Why, blow me tight, but I'd like to try,
What would happen if I was to make so free
As to ask for a tumbler of O.D.V.?"

"Says I to the Boy in Buttons, 'Lor,
Whatever on earth do you take me for?
You'd better be careful and stick to swipes,
Or you'll see some stars and suffer some stripes.
For I know it's a case of U.B.D.—
—d if you ask for a tumbler of O.D.V.'"

Boldero } (ecstatic). That's simply splendid; HALL, you're a
Spinks } genius.
Gushby }

Captain H. (with more candour than politeness). Well, I'm blessed if I can listen to all that tommy-rot any longer. I'm off. Good-night, SURBITON. [Lights candle.]

Billy W. (shortly). Wait a bit, I'm with you. [Lights candle.]

Penfold. } So am I. Good night, SURBITON. [Both light candles.]

Mason. }
Lord S. (As the host, sotto voce). I call it mean of you chaps to desert me. However, good-night.

[Exeunt WINTHROP, PENFOLD, MASON, and HARDRUP to bed. Lord SURBITON sinks to sleep on a sofa. The Four Amateurs continue their discussion until, owing to the drowsiness of three of the party, the fourth begins to talk about himself exclusively, when they rise, 2 A.M., awake their host and retire.]

The Demon Cat, by C. W. COLE and W. RALSTON, and let out of the publishing-bag by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., is an account of the awful misdoings of a cat on board a man-of-war. Messrs. COLE and RALSTON forget that the cat has been banished from Her Majesty's Service.

UNTILED; OR. THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIV.

(PART SECOND.)

"AMUSEMENT," said the Shadow, "is a lure
 'That subtly snares and saps the sage and pure.'
 The tag sounds Puritanic.
 The sort of saw, devoid of worldly wit,
 Shaped by morality in a cold fit,
 Or virtue in a panic.
 "Perhaps. The preacher perched above the throng,
 Like the bland singer of ideal song,
 Is vacuously moral,
 Vapidly virtuous, knowing little more
 Of facts that round him like a maelstrom roar
 Than childhood with its coral.



"But so Amusement's eager devotees
 Miss half its meaning; zealots on their knees
 Before the common Dagon,
 Have little care to glance behind the shrine.
 Who thinks to test the dregs of the bright wine
 Which flames in Pleasure's flagon?"
 "But you, you wish to see beneath the mask.
 The inner world of those who seem to bask
 In sunny public favour
 Is a strange spectacle. Behold yon churl
 Scolding, yet leering, at that trembling girl,
 The scene hath an ill savour.
 "Beringed, broad-neck'd like a puff-adder, he,
 A bullying satyr; scarcely nymph-like she;
 Unas are not too numerous,
 Nor lion guardians, here. Poor and yet pure?
 Lone, yet too proud to be a pander's lure?
 The notion is too humorous.
 "So she would think, that other prosperous dame,
 Whom fame and wealth make callous now to shame.
 Soft rugs, and the loud rattle
 Of hands applausive make amends for much.
 It is so hard to shun the smirching touch
 In life's thick-fuming battle.
 "Poverty that would keep untarnished plumes
 But cannot; swaggering wealth, drunken with fumes
 Of flattery, that cares not
 For pinions soiled, both meet us here. No more!
 This region charity loves not to explore,
 And cynic malice dares not.
 "But pretty faces flushing o'er the wine
 That wanton wealth pours out at beauty's shrine,
 With readiness so sinister,
 Or wearied limbs in garrets lone disspread,
 Or wandering spectres flushed unholy red,
 These are strange things to minister
 "To sleek Respectability. Youth's frank joys,
 The honest mirth of blameless girls and boys,
 The ease of cultured leisure,
 And recreation of tired sons of toil,
 All good! But *must* Amusement's trade make spoil
 Of souls, the wrecks of Pleasure?
 "Yon smooth-faced boy is dying, drugged to death
 By dissipation's pestilential breath.
 The girl who bends above him,

Red-lipped and ashen-cheeked, to-night must fling
 Tired limbs in dances lewd, and smirk, and sing.
 Her misery is—to love him.
 "And she, the siren with the face as soft
 As her heart's hard, and her eyes cold, how oft
 Her victim lying yonder [fooled!
 Blent blandishment and mockery have be-
 Poor dupe, to dream such harpies could be schooled
 By service to grow fonder!
 "Light-footed as light-hearted steps she forth,
 Silk-shrouded, jewelled, wrapped in furs of
 Into a crested carriage. [taph,
 'Dead,—oh, poor donkey!' That's her epi-
 Set 'twixt a shallow sigh and crackling laugh.
 She hopes for a 'swell' marriage.
 "That—or, if foiled by fate or some odd fluke,
 Ducats sometimes are better than a duke,
 'Yes, when the duke's a duffer!'
 You hear her hissing *not* to her home slave,
 The pale-faced mother who her wrath must brave,
 And her coarse chidings suffer!
 "Amusement is—amusing, is it not?
 Its world-ward face is bright, with scarce a blot
 To prove the foul infection
 That lurks within. The world might show disgust,
 Were all its tyranny, its greed, its lust,
 Bared to minute inspection.
 "There's a poor, mangled, maimed boy-acrobat.
 Little conceived the careless crowds who sat
 With half-voluptuous thrillings
 Of terror, as mid-air he twirled and tost,
 What, when the tale was summed, it really cost
 To gather in their shillings."
 And I saw beaten boxers, bruised and sore,
 A weary waiter, bullied by a boor,
 Eyeing the clock-face eagerly;
 Trim-vestured girls, with trembling limbs,
 Who stood [food
 Tending proud dames; pale lads on zestless
 Feeding at midnight meagrely.
 And wan-faced waifs, ill-clad and furtive-eyed,
 Writhing through scented throngs where
 Wait upon wealth and beauty,

Scuttling swift-footed like wild forest things,
 In search of the scant prey such prowling
 To lowly jackal-duty. [brings
 I followed painted faces writhed with mirth,
 To homes compared with which the fox's earth
 Is refuge sweet and cleanly.
 I watched the way of sin, and saw the wage
 Wherewith the sordid spectre of the age
 Rewards its dupes so leanly.
 Closed doors and lights extinct hid not from me
 The horrors of the garish haunts of glee,
 Where Pleasure plumes and prances
 Like a masked Mors amidst a festal throng,
 And Mammon grabs the price of Suffering's
 And Folly's frenzied dances. [song,
 "Enough!" I cried. The Shadow strangely smiled:
 "The raiser of Life's curtain is reviled
 By Pleasure; even Pity [due:
 Reproves, and doubts. Amusement is man's
 Ay,—purged from the foul taint whose
 wrecks bestrew
 The purlieus of the City!"

CHRISTMAS AS IT IS TO BE IN
CHESTER WORKHOUSE.

(Dedicated, without Respect, to the Magistrates of
 a County of Cheeseparers.)

THE hungry paupers were assembled ready
 to tear their food to pieces in the good old
 fashion sanctioned by precedent. There had
 been a rumour that a clerical innovator had
 suggested that the Guardians of the Poor
 should purchase knives and forks for the use
 of the inmates of the Union: but the story
 had been accepted as a *canard*. It was well
 known that the love of economy amongst the
 Members of the Board outweighed sentimental
 considerations. Possibly this report had been
 spread by the appearance of a paragraph in
 the *Macclesfield Courier*, headed, "A Dis-
 graceful Arrangement in Chester Work-
 house," in which a meeting of the Chester
 Board of Guardians had been chronicled. In
 the pages of the popular provincial print in
 question it had been related how the paupers
 had to tear the meat to pieces with their
 fingers and teeth; how the Clerk had said
 that, after witnessing the spectacle last year,
 he had gone away disgusted; and, lastly, how
 a farmer had declared that he often enjoyed
 his meals without any knife and fork—with
 the apparent result that a compromise was
 accepted. But that was only what a news-
 paper had printed, and who shall estimate
 the accuracy of the Press?

So the expectant paupers waited for their
 food as beasts wait for *theirs* at the Zoological
 Gardens! There was a pause, and then came
 the succulent fare that has made the Unions
 of Old England the admiration of the civilised
 world. The hungry inmates prepared to dig
 their fingers into the meat as per usual, when
 an authoritative voice bade them restrain
 their impatience until knives and forks had
 been passed to every inmate! Astonishment
 reigned supreme. So a distinction was at
 length to be drawn (on Christmas Day)
 between human beings and beasts of prey!
 Who would have thought it?

"No," replied an official, when the banquet
 was over, in answer to a question that had
 been put to him, "this is the exception to
 the rule. These knives and forks are *not* to
 be retained, but are to be returned immedi-
 ately. By a vote of thirteen to ten it was
 decided by the Chester Board of Guardians to
 hire them for the occasion!"

SHAKESPEARE ON GAS STRIKE.

"Put out the light—and then—" ?—*Othello*.

EXCELSIOR —THE LATEST SCHOOL-BOARD "STANDARD."



Taxes and Rates were rising fast,
As through a burdened City passed
A man who bore, with clenched thumb,
A Standard, with the legend rum,
Excelsior!

His brows were black; his eyes beneath
Through "gig-lamps" flashed, like sword
from sheath,
And like a fearsome fog-horn rung
The sound of that too well-known tongue,
Excelsior!

(The true significance of that sound
Was simply "Ten Pence in the Pound!"
And all too well the listeners knew
It meant fresh turn of the Rate-screw:
Excelsior!)

In ill-built Schools he saw the blight
Of sewer-gas slaying left and right,
The Jerry-Builder spectral shone,
But still he yelled in strident tone—
Excelsior!

"Try not *that* path," the Old Sage said,
"Dark lowers the tempest o'er your head
Of public anger far and wide,"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay!" the Maiden said; "do rest!
London is weary of your quest.
You've raised that Standard far too
high!"
He answered, with a winking eye,
Excelsior!

"Beware the Public's awful wrath,
At what lies crushed in your mad path!"
This, the Rate-payer's last appeal,
A voice replied, with brazen squeal,
Excelsior!

(His finish doth not yet appear,
But when that cry the Public hear,
Punch fancies it will soon be found,
They kick at "Ten Pence in the Pound."
Excelsior!)

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.—The approach
of "Russian Influenza" is dreaded, but Lon-
doners are still more apprehensive as to the
effects of the Gas-strike Fever.

THE DUKE'S LESSON.

Little Economic Tragi-Comedy (with a moral) now in process of active Rehearsal.

ACT I.

Interior of a Study in a West-end Ducal Mansion after breakfast during the progress of a recent noted struggle between Capital and Labour. Enter a Philanthropic Duke and his Private Secretary.

Philanthropic Duke (after giving directions for the disposal of his daily correspondence). And now there remains only this application for these labourers on strike.

Private Secretary. Your Grace would surely scarcely like to see your name figuring on a list where it might be supposed to countenance the insubordination of the masses?

Philanthropic Duke. Ah, no; there you mistake the whole subject. My exalted position does not blind me to the necessities and rights of my fellow men. Capital can be a great tyrant, and Labour can only contend against it with the weapon of combination.

Private Secretary. But is your Grace sure, in the present instance, Labour has a practical grievance to complain of?

Philanthropic Duke. No, I confess I have not gone into the rights and wrongs of this particular question; but, looking at the matter as a whole, I have a firm conviction that the movement of the masses to protect their interests by combined action merits the support, practical as well as moral, of all reasonable men. Send them a cheque for fifty pounds.

Private Secretary. With your Grace's name?

Philanthropic Duke. Certainly. They are welcome to any influence in may bring them.

Private Secretary. Very well, your Grace.

[Writes cheque, and leaves Philanthropic Duke in a state of complacent satisfaction that he at least is "marching with the times" as the Curtain falls.]

ACT II.

Interior of the Drawing-room of a West-end Ducal Mansion during the arrival of guests to dinner. A couple of night-lights on the mantel-piece supply the sole illumination to the room. Philanthropic Duke discovered standing on the rug with his back to a feeble fire of kitchen chairs.

Philanthropic Duke (addressing guests). I am sorry to give you such a dim and cold reception, but the last ounce of petroleum has been used, and though we have given three-and-sixpence a-piece for kerosene candles, the Duchess tells me we have had at last to fall back upon these night-lights, as you see, and I think we have arrived at our last box. When that is finished, we shall have nothing before us but impenetrable darkness.

[Falls into a gloomy reverie.]

The Duchess (brightly). I am afraid I must ask you all to put up with such a cold dinner as we have been able to secure from the ham-and-beef shop round the corner—(murmurs)—owing to our inability to secure any further fuel for the kitchen fire.

[Enter Servant, with a coal-scuttle of broken bedroom furniture, with which he replenishes the feeble flame in the grate.]

Philanthropic Duke. The kitchen fuel exhausted? Surely it cannot be! *(Addressing the Servant.)* Have you used up all the balusters?

Servant. We have, your Grace.

Philanthropic Duke. And pulled up, and surreptitiously purloined the wood pavement, as I directed, in front of the house, both ways, for twenty yards?

Servant. Yes, your Grace; until the police objected. We then utilised the dustbin, all the basement doors, and managed to keep in up to luncheon with the nursery toys, and a few of your Grace's old walking-sticks, but we are now breaking up the spare-guest bed-chamber furniture, and when that is done, we shall have to commence on the dining-room chairs, or the empty drawers in the private bureau in your Grace's study.

[A few revolver shots heard without.]

Philanthropic Duke. Ha! The Postman, in the unlighted streets, again set upon by gangs of marauding tramps. *(Enter Secretary with a letter. Duke addressing him.)* Well. Let us hear what it is?



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

(He has kindly painted in the Sky of an Amateur Friend's Sea-piece.)

Distinguished Critic. "THE SEA'S CAPITAL, MY DEAR FELLOW; BUT THE SKY'S—WELL—AMATEURISH, YOU KNOW!"

Secretary (referring to contents). Only an application for a subscription in support of the present Strike.

Philanthropic Duke (hysterically). What? Have they had the impudence—?

Secretary. You see your Grace lent the influence of your name to support the last movement, and as your Grace also expressed your conviction that the combination of labourers to protect their interests, "merited the support, practical, as well as moral, of all reasonable men," I thought, perhaps, that another cheque—

Philanthropic Duke (seizing it, and tearing it into a thousand bits). You did? Well—that is how I subscribe to the struggle of Labour against Capital this time (scatters the fragments), at any rate. It may be that months of this are before us, and that I am, even now, entertaining my guests with the illumination of my two last night-lights. Be it so. If I have had my lesson, and it has been a sharp one, I am determined that it shall not have been entirely in vain! You will find me no more "marching with the times."

[Left facing the solution of the "economic situation," with a smile of gloomy triumph on his countenance, as Curtain descends.]

A HINT TO REEDERS.—The GERMAN REED's Entertainment is now "with Verger clad." The Verger has plenty of pretty music, and is well put on the stage, but The Verger scarcely verges on the brilliant successes associated with the Gallery of Illustration, St. George's Hall. In the principal part Mr. ALFRED REED is amusing, although the rôle is not quite in his line. Miss TULLY and Mrs. ARTHUR LAW again are pleasing. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, who gives an account of how he took a house, is as genial and entertaining as ever, and takes the House every night. As his fund of humour is limitless, it is safe to predict that the new song he announces for Boxing Day will be quite as welcome as any of its predecessors, at least, so thinks
YOUR GALLERY REPORTER.

EPIGRAM ON THE EPIDEMIC.

Strictly Confidential.—To H.I.M. The Emperor of RUSSIA. "All Europe dreads your Russian Influence, CZAR."
(Signed) RUSS IN URBE.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL 'DRAMAS.

No. I.—THE LITTLE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Little Crossing-sweeper. By the unrivalled } Miss JENNY JINKS.
Variety Artist
The Duke of Dilkwater } Mr. HENRY IRVING.
(Specially engaged; Mr. Punch is sure that he will cheerfully
make some slight sacrifice for so good a cause, and he can easily
slip out and get back again between the Acts of the "Dead
Heart.")
A Policeman } Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
(Engaged, at enormous expense, during the entire run of this piece.)
A Butler (his original part) } Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.
Foot-passengers, Flunkeys, Burglars.—By the celebrated Knockabout
Quick-change Troupe.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of the Duke's Mansion in Euston Square by night. On the right, a realistic Moon (by kind permission of Professor HERKOMER) is rising slowly behind a lamp-post. On left centre, a practicable pillar-box, and crossing, with real mud. Slow Music, as Miss JENNY JINKS enters, in rags, with broom. Various Characters cross the street, post letters, &c.; Miss JINKS follows them, begging piteously for a copper, which is invariably refused, whereupon she assails them with choice specimens of street sarcasm—which the Lady may be safely trusted to improvise for herself.*



Miss Jenny Jinks (leaning despondently against pillar-box, on which a ray of lime-light falls in the opposite direction to the Moon).

Ah, this cruel London, so marble-'arted and vast,
Where all who try to act honest are condemned to fast!

Enter two Burglars, cautiously.

First B. (to Miss J. J.). We can put you up to a fake as will be worth your while,

For you seem a sharp, 'andy lad, and just our style!

[They proceed to unfold a scheme to break into the Ducal abode, and offer Miss J. a share of the spoil, if she will allow herself to be put through the pantry window.]

Miss J. J. (proudly). I tell yer I won't 'ave nothink to do with it, fur I ain't been used

To sneak into the house of a Dook to whom I 'aven't been introduced!
Second Burglar (coarsely). Stow that snivel, yer young himp, we don't want none of that bosh!

Miss J. J. (with spirit). You 'old your jaw—for, when you opens yer mouth, there ain't much o' yer face left to wash!

[The Burglars retire, baffled, and muttering. Miss J. leans against pillar-box again—but more irresolutely.]

I've arf a mind to run after 'em, I 'ave, and tell 'em I'm game to stand in! . . .

But, ah—didn't my poor mother say as Burglary was a Sin!

[Duke crosses stage in a hurry; as he pulls out his latch-key, a threepenny-bit falls unregarded, except by the little Sweeper, who pounces eagerly upon it.]

What's this? A bit o' good luck at last for a starvin' orfin boy!
What shall I buy? I know—I'll have a cup of cawfy, and a prime saveloy!

Ah,—but it ain't mine—and 'ark . . . that music up in the air!

[A harp is heard in the flies. Can it be mother a-playin' on the 'arp, to warn her boy to beware? (Awestruck). There's a angel voice that is sayin' plain (solemnly)]

"Him as prigs what isn't his'n,
Is sure to be copped some day—and then—his time he will do in prison!"

[Goes resolutely to the door, and knocks—The Duke throws open the portals.]

Miss J. If yer please, Sir, was you aware as you've dropped a thruppenny-bit?

The Duke (after examining the coin). 'Tis the very piece I have searched for everywhere! You rascal, you 've stolen it!

Miss J. (bitterly). And that's 'ow a Dook rewards honesty in this world! *[This line is sure of a round of applause.]*

The Duke (calling off). Policeman, I give this lad in charge for a shameless attempt to rob, *[Enter Policeman.]*

Unless he confesses instantly who put him up to the job!

Miss J. (earnestly). I've told yer the bloomin' truth, I 'ave—or send I may die!

I'm on'y a Crossing-sweeper, Sir, but I'd scorn to tell yer a lie!
Give me a quarter of a hour—no more—just time to kneel down and pray, *[me away.]*

As I used to at mother's knee long ago—then the Copper kin lead *[Kneels in lime-light. The Policeman turns away, and uses his handkerchief violently; the Duke rubs his eyes.]*

The Duke. No, blow me if I can do it, for I feel my eyes are all twitching!

(With conviction). If he's good enough to kneel by his mother's side, he's good enough to be in my kitching!

[Duke dismisses Constable, and, after disappearing into the Mansion for a moment, returns with a neat Page's livery, which he presents to the little Crossing-sweeper.]

Miss J. J. (naïvely). 'Ow much shall I ask for on this, Sir? What! Yer don't mean to say they're for me!

Am I really to be a Page to one of England's proud aristocra-cee? *[Does some steps.]*

Mechanical change to SCENE II.—State Apartment at the Duke's. Magnificent furniture, gilding, chandeliers. Suits of genuine old armour. Statuary (lent by British and Kensington Museums). Enter Miss J., with her face washed, and looking particularly plump in her Page's livery. She wanders about stage, making any humorous comments that may occur to her on the armour and statuary. She might also play tricks on the Butler, and kiss the maids—all of which will serve to relieve the piece by delicate touches of comedy, and delight a discriminating audience.

Enter the Duke.

I hope, my lad, that we are making you comfortable here? *[Kindly.]*

Miss J. J. Never was in such slap-up quarters in my life, Sir, I'll stick to yer, no fear!

[In the course of conversation the Duke learns with aristocratic surprise, that the Page's Mother was a Singer at the Music-Halls.]

Miss J. J. What, don't know what a Music-'all's like? and you a Dook! Well, you are a jolly old juggins! 'Ere, you sit down on this gilded cheer—that's the ticket—I'll bring you your champagne and your cigars—want a light? *(Strikes match on her pantaloons.)* Now you're all comfortable!

[The Duke sits down, smiling indulgently, out of her way, while she introduces her popular Vocal Character Sketch, of which space only permits us to give a few specimen verses.]

First the Champion Comic Steps upon the stage;

With his latest "Grand Success." Sure to be the rage!

Sixty Pounds a week he Easily can earn;

Round the Music-Halls he goes, And does at each a "turn."

Illustration.

Undah the stors in a sweet shady dairl,

I strolled with me awm round a deah little gairl,

And whethaw I kissed har yaw'd like me to tairl—

Well, I'd rawthaw you didn't inquia! All golden her hair is, She's Queen of the Fairies, And known by the name of the lovely MARIAH,

She's a regular Venus, But what passed between us, I'd very much rawthaw you didn't inquia!

Next the Lady Serio, Minceing as she walks;

If a note's too high for her, She doesn't sing—she talks,

What she thinks about the men You're pretty sure to learn,
She always has a hit at them, Before she's done her "turn!"

Illustration.

You notty young men, ow! you notty young men!

You tell us you're toffs, and the real Upper Ten,

But behind all your ears is the mark of a pen!

So don't you deceive us, you notty young men!

Miss J. J. (concluding). And such, Sir, are these entertainments In which Mirth and Refinement go 'and-in'-and! *[grand.]*

[As the Duke is expressing his appreciation of the elevating effect of such performances, the Butler rushes in, followed by two hurried Footmen.]

Butler. Pardon this interruption, my Lord, but I come to announce the fact

That by armed house-breakers the pantry has just been attacked!

Duke. Then we'll repel them—each to his weapons look!
I know how to defend my property, although I am a Dook!

Miss J. (snatching sword from one of the men in armour).

With such a weapon I their hash will settle!

You'll lend it, won't yer, old Britannia Metal?

[Shouts and firing without; the Footmen hide under sofa.

Let flunkies flee—though danger may encircle us,

A British Buttons ain't afraid of Burglars!

[Tremendous firing, during which the Burglars are supposed to be repulsed with heavy loss by the Duke, Butler, and Page.

Miss J. 'Ere—I say, Dook, I saved yer life, didn't yer know?

(A parting shot, upon which she staggers back with a ringing scream.)

The Brutes! they've been and shot me! . . . Mother! . . . Oh!

[Dies in lime-light and great agony; the Footmen come out from under sofa and regard with sorrowing admiration the lifeless form of the Little Crossing-sweeper, which the Duke, as Curtain falls, covers reverently with the best table-cloth.

A NIGHT AT THE GARRICK.

I've scarcely recovered from the effects. It's thrilling. I speak of *La Tosca*. The *mise-en-scène*, as I have already said, from first



Two Sorts of Beere—Draught Porter, and a little Stout.

to last is perfect. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON has never done anything better, or half as well. Of course, he has been in training for it for some months past, and it was quite natural that the *Profligate* should at last develop into that awful scoundrel, *Scarpia Scarpia*.

There was once upon a time a Music-hall song, whereof the burden was, "If ever there was a d—d Scamp," and if ever there was, then *Scarpia* is the man. His manner is perhaps a little too hard; the make-up is rather too much of the undisguised-villain-style of melo-dramatic colouring, and he is not sufficiently soapy and shiny. Still he is quite bad enough, and bad is his best.

It is mighty difficult for those who have seen SARA to forget her, and to judge Mrs. BEERE's performance fairly and "without prejudice." She lacks the magnetising, purring, and feline caressing tone and action of SARA; but, on the other hand, Mrs. BEERE's passion is irresistible, and her scene with *Scarpia* will probably draw all London. Perhaps her height and build tell somewhat against her in the tender love passages, though as she is in love with a painter in oils—or in aisles, as he works in church—"size" would present no difficulty. She rivets the attention of the audience, and no one "breathes again" until the play is done, and Mrs. LA TOSCA BERNHARDT-BEERE is well over the ramparts.

Mr. WALLER, as the painter *Cavaradosi*, is very good, but not sufficiently appreciative of *La Tosca*'s spooniness. Perhaps what appeared to me as a defect in Mrs. BEERE's performance may be partially owing to *Cavaradosi*'s comparative frigidity.

Mr. HERBERT WARINE, as the fugitive *Angelotti* (all good names), is excellent. He has a short life and a merry one, disappearing

early in Act III. down a well; well in it, and well out of it. Miss LESCLERQ is majestic as the Queen,—quite a Christmas number of *The Queen*, she is so fine and large,—and Mr. GILLIE FARQUHAR would look the very beau idéal of an Italian nobleman, if he didn't happen to bear a strong resemblance to a state coachman. But looks are not everything, and, being a nobleman, he acts as such, and his performance affords the only relief to the piece.

Miss BESSIE HATTON is a sprightly *Gennarino*. But, of all the minor characters, the one that struck me most was Mr. CHARLES HUDSON as *Schiarrone*, the Police Agent. He is always after *Scarpia*; and after *Scarpia* he is the most remarkable personage in the play. He has only about twelve lines to say, but a lot to think, and enough to do. How he does it is something to see.

To my mind, the adapters, Messrs. GROVE and HAMILTON, have strengthened the motive and heightened *Scarpia*'s villainy by uniting *Cavaradosi* and *La Tosca* in the bonds of wedlock. The secret marriage may be a concession to the English public, but the device seems to me to give a pathetic touch to the sufferings of the unhappy pair which is absent from SARDOU's drama. The HARE of Garrick is to be, and has been, congratulated!

(Signed) JACK-IN-THE-BOX.



A Painter in Aisles (with a little Church-and-Stage Guilding).

Robert Browning.

BORN, MAY 7, 1812. DIED, DECEMBER 12, 1889.

In mid-winter, in the silent songless snow-time,

Your last song, all gallant glee,
Flashed upon us—and while yet we gladly listened,
Low you lay in sunny Venice that you loved so,
Singer free!

England loved you, though your song was oft mistaken,
For your Muse, scarce trim, was true.
Nothing hopeless, nothing maudlin or unmanly,
Nought of sick erotic hot hysteric drivell
Came from you.

One who never wooed the night, but loved the daytime,
Never doubted dawn would break,
Never dreamed delirious dim narcotic visions,
Never culled pale flowers of sin in Stygian meadows.
Sleep—to wake!

You at noonday, in the struggle of men's toil-time,
Gave us song to strengthen, cheer:
Now you sleep, but not your fame; the world you wakened
Will not let your memory die, but hold it ever
Sweet and dear!

THE NEWEST GALLERY.—Sir EDWARD LEE must have the credit of having discovered this Gallery at 207, Regent Street, and, though the newest as a picture exhibition, it is really one of the oldest in London. It was at one time, if we mistake not, the Cosmorama Rooms, and diligent students of *Ackermann's Repository* may possibly find a graphic picture of its interior, with the usual number of elegant ladies in short waists, and exquisite gentlemen in high stocks, and deep-collared blue swallow-tailed coats. This Gallery, which is now called the Victoria, was probably originally built by NASH, and ought to have been known as The Nashional Gallery, if the title had not already existed. The exhibition of humorous and grotesque works of Art here assembled is a very good one.

Sir Frederick's Latest.

BRAVO, bravissimo! Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON,
Your speech on Spanish Art's a very great 'un.
You spoke of Moorish influence in Spain.
Well as 'twould all of us delight again
To hear a speech like this, and spoken thus,
It has a "More-ish influence" on us.



SOCIAL INSINCERITIES.

His Lordship (vociferously, with the rest). "BRAVA! ENCORE! BEAUTIFUL! GO ON! I COULD LISTEN ALL NIGHT!"
(Aside to Footman.) "JUST SEE IF MY CARRIAGE IS COME. LOOK SHARP!"

A PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

"A PLAGUE o' both your Houses!" So
 The Public's tempted to exclaim,
 With victimised *Mercutio*,
 Scarce pausing to apportion blame
 Too nicely.
 When the heart's hot 'tis hard to reason
 wisely.

But Justice must, perforce, make pause,
 Not leaning to this side or that,
 But weighing with clear glance the Cause.
 Hot temper never yet begat
 Cool fairness.

Punch would adjust the public scale with
 squareness.

A plague of darkness o'er the land
 Seems hovering in these dismal days;
 Unwisdom, wrath, on either hand;
 And these who blame and those who praise
 Each party,

Can hit on no agreement just and hearty.

Passion is purblind, power is rash,
 And "banded Unions persecute;"
 When Capital and Labour clash
 If sober equity sits mute
 'Tis pity!

Cimmerian darkness soon may shroud our
 City.

Dimness within and dark without!
 A pretty-prospect for mankind!
 Must danger front us all, and doubt,
 Because the few are fierce or blind?

Impunity
 Cannot be theirs, these foes of the community.

Shrewd plans of Power 'gainst Labour's
 throng,

Reprisals fierce of banded Toil,
 The commonweal must not so wrong,
 Or make the commonwealth their spoil.

Here is the moral:—
 Not thus the squabblers must fight out their
 quarrel!

For round the lists, like birds of prey,
 Hover the gaol-birds of our streets;
 The ruffian-brood that dreads the day
 Dark's chances with effusion greets.

Lower its curtain,
 And hap what hap, their gain at least is
 certain.

When honest men—though fools—fall out,
 The rogues—though curs—will claim their
 own.

The Public must not dwell in doubt;
 The Plague of Dark must not be thrown
 O'er our Metropolis,

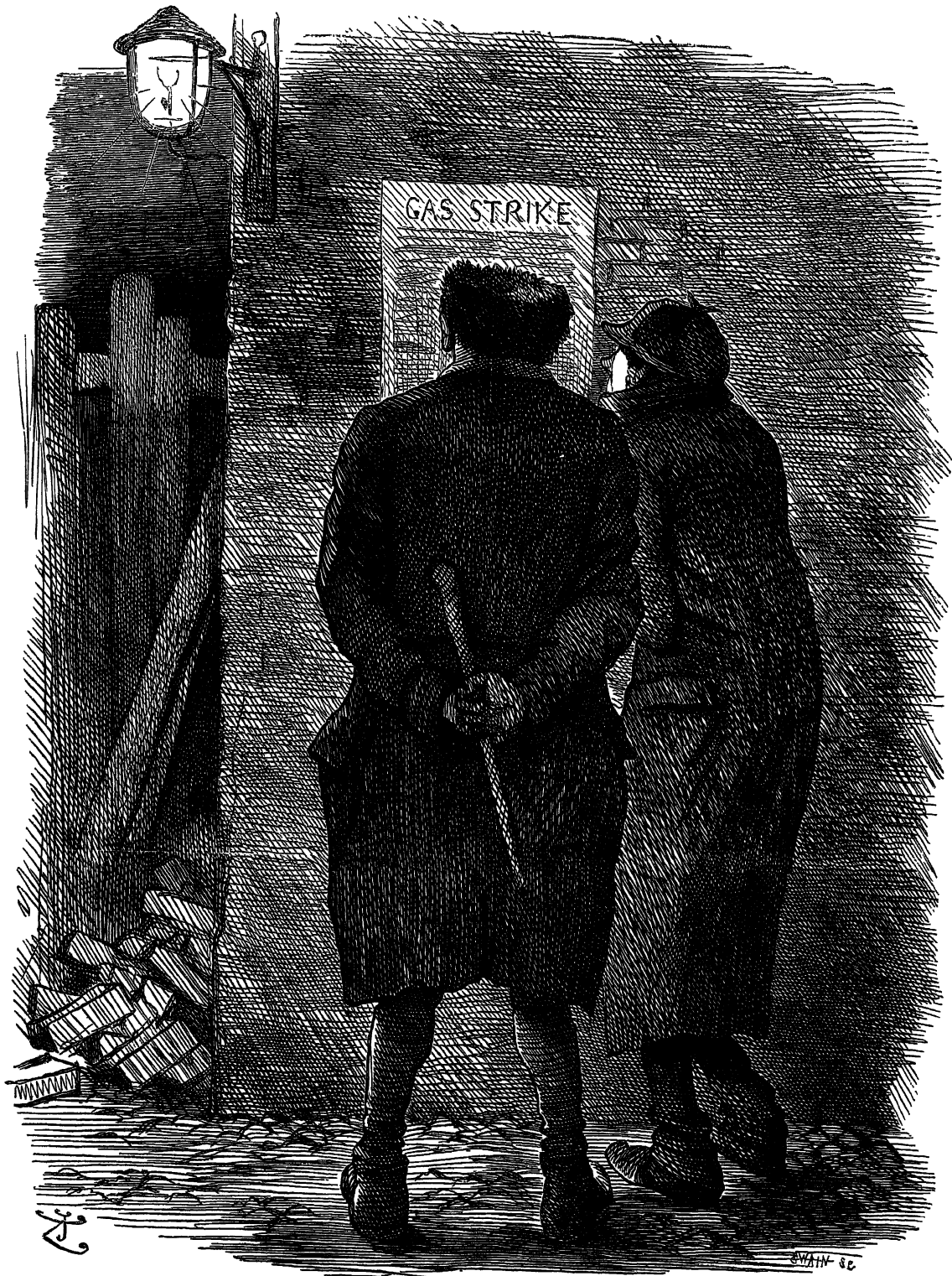
Whilst stubborn Unions fight with shrewd
 Monopolies!

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.—At the Munster
 Winter Assizes, before Mr. Justice MURPHY,
 as reported in the *Times*, last Friday, the
 Foreman of the Jury in one case told his
 Lordship that they couldn't agree, but that
 they were eleven to one, and that "with
 that one juror they had used every possible
 argument." *Audi alteram partem*: perhaps
 the twelfth jurymen declares that "he never
 saw eleven such obstinate pig-headed men in
 all his life." But what were the arguments?—
 shillelaghs?

ON THE WESTMINSTER PLAY-GROUND.

WE are glad to see that the Westminster
 Authorities have turned over a new leaf in
 their playbook, and, patronising Irish indus-
 try, have given us the *Andria* of TERENCE.
 It is a delightful work, admirable and im-
 mortal. TERENCE was a true Milesian, and
 flourished his shillelagh and pen at the time
 of the first institution of Donnybrook fair,
 where at that time shows of all sorts were
 highly popular. His *Andria*, first called
Merry Andria, was founded on his own novel
 of *Handy Andy*. TERENCE was a Nationalist
 at heart, but being a piece-loving subject, he
 never mixed himself up with any domestic
 plots, but borrowed them all from abroad.
 Under the name of MADDISONIOS MORTONOS,
 he wrote *Bófos naí Kófos*, which, strange to say,
 has never yet been produced on the classic
 boards of Westminster. Of course the *Andria*
 was played in the original Irish, and all the
 points were taken up and cheered to the echo.
 A more enjoyable evening than that spent at St.
 Peter's College, Westminster, last Thursday,
 it would be impossible to imagine. No false
 note, nothing to jar—not even the jar of whis-
 key. "Hold your jar," says I, "till I take a
 drink to the health of my ancestor, Mister
 TERENCE, and more power to his elbow!" O
 mince-pilot, 'twas a fearful night. And the
 next morning!—No matter. Bother the three
 R's, give me the three L's—"L.L.L." and
 plenty of it. That was the poetess for me, who
 signed herself L. L. L.* Next year, if you
 please, Sir, I'll do the Westminster play
 again.
 TERENCE MR.

* Some mistake. Probably L. E. L.—ED.



THE THREATENED PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

BILL SIKES (*to* ARTFUL DODGER). "I SAY, OLD PAL,—WHEN HONEST MEN FALLS OUT, ROGUES COMES BY WHAT AIN'T THEIR OWN. BLESS'D IF THEY AIN'T BEEN AND SETTLED IT!"

ARTFUL DODGER (*disgusted*). "SETTLED BE BLOWED! I DID THINK AS WE SHOULD HA' HAD A CHANCE!"



"HI, SIR! CONFOUND YOU, MIND MY HAT!"

A SEASONABLE DITTY.

By Stepmakney.

A MONTH ago I had a cold,
And when my family I told,
They all exclaimed, "Oh, rubbish!"
And all the solace that I got
Consisted in a treatment hot,
Hot-groggy, and hot-tubbish.

My symptoms met with jeer and scoff;
They heard unmoved my plaintive cough,
And told me, void of pity,
Instead of staying warm at home,
'Twould do me far more good to roam
As usual to the City.

The self-same symptoms—only slight—
Are radiant with the lurid light
Of the new epidemic,
And now that Turnham Green is "down,"
They swathe me in my dressing-gown,
And proffer potions chemick.

Obedient to affection's call,
To depths of huskiness I fall,
In tremulous cadenza;
What though a native cold they jeer,
They treat with mix'd respect and fear
A Russian Influenza.

A while ago, without remorse,
A slighter cold would mean divorce
A toro necnon mensā;
But the whole household now hangs round,
Conciliated by the sound
Of Russian Influenza.

'T would hurt their feelings, should I say
A word of going out to-day;
So, free from business trammels,

To peaceful eve from cosy morn,
I will the study-doors adorn
With ASPINALL'S enamels.

Though sweet these restful moments are,
In years to come the light catarrh
Will sigh "*Che faro senza*
Those tender cares that lent a charm
To all the sudden wild alarm
Of Russian Influenza?"

"UP TO DATE."—The title of Lord TEN-
NYSON'S new poem, *Demeter*, was, of course,
suggested by the Gas Strike.



IN THE LAW COURTS.
Draughting ought to be done in Chambers—not in
Court.

A BALLAD OF THE THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.

By Hans Sachsenspangler.

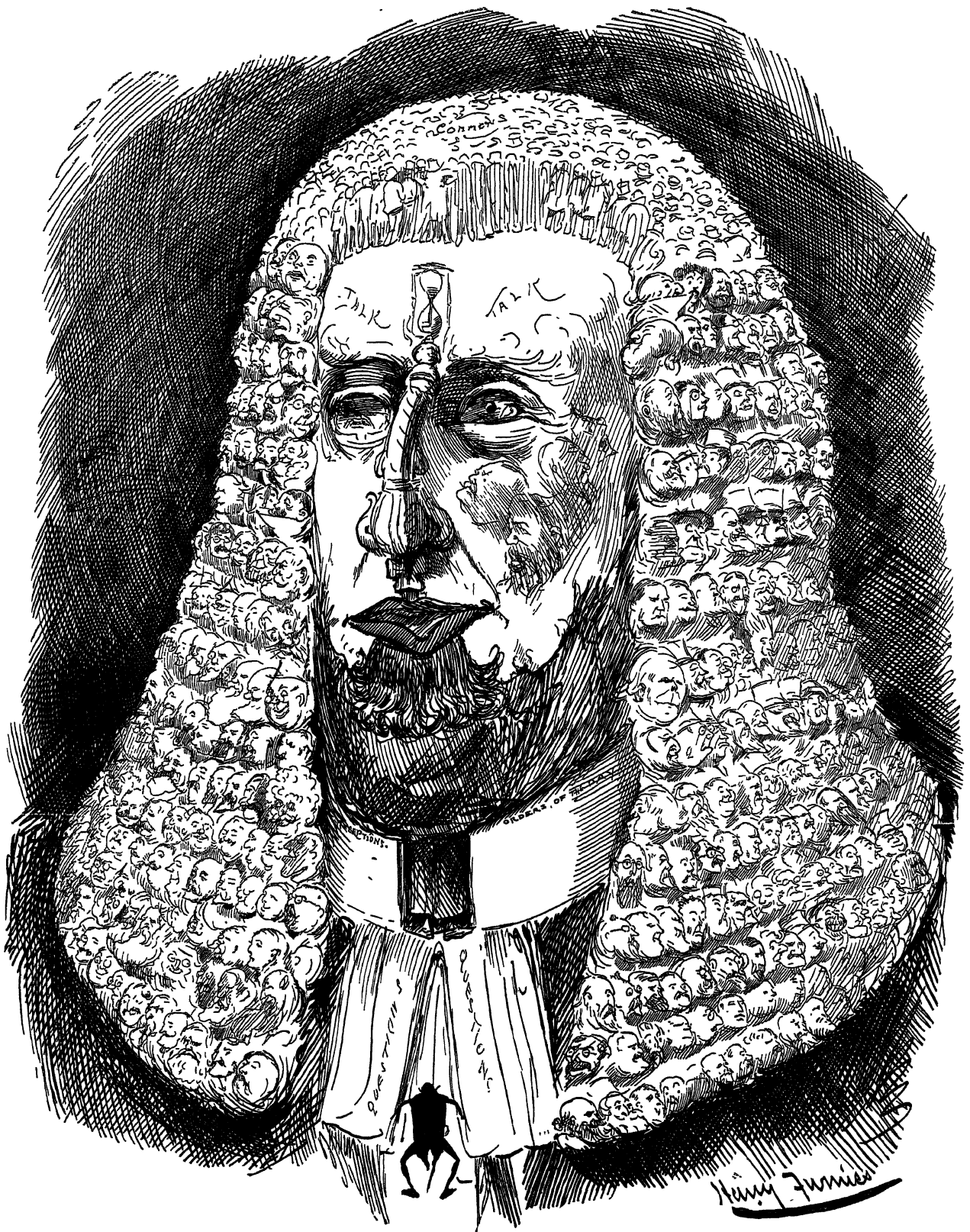
Look at the braw pianny
Stannin' agains' the wa':
See till the wee bit manny
There where our shadows fa';
The wood is as bright as a tallat-glass,
The keys are ebon and ivory,
The scoones shine like the beaten gowd;
Was never so braw a pianny.

Fifteen shullin' a month I paid,
Three times over the months cam' round;
Suns of summer have warmed ma hoosie,
Snaws of winter have hid the ground;
Leaves in the autumn-fog hang dripping,
Eaves wi' the chatter o' birds resound.
But, whether the day break late or airly,
Ilka month as the day cam' round,
The mairchant ca'd for his fifteen shullin',
Fifteen shullin'—nearly a pound!

And ilka month a sair doot vexed me,
An' rived ma heart wi' a dolefu' pain:
Would I play the worth of my fifteen shullin',
Or spare what some day would be my ain?
Weel, I compromised wi' ma braw pianny
And played it aiblins once in a moon,
An' oh, but the music was caller hearin'—
Fifteen shullin' a tune!

Now I look it close, and polish it daily,
An' I'll hand it down to posteritie,
An' I'll tie it up wi' a strict injunction
That nobody ever shall touch a key.
For I pinchit sair, and I savit dourly
To pay the siller as months cam' round,
An' now I hae earnit the whole pianny
Never again will I waste a sound.

APPROPRIATE SONG FOR THE CHRISTMAS
WAITS.—"Yule remember me!"



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 12.



“LITERA SCRIPTA.”

Wooser. “OH, MISS—OH, LAVINIA! MAY I NOT STILL HOPE?—OR IS YOUR CRUEL REJECTION OF MY SUIT FINAL AND IRREVOC—”

Spinster (firmly). “YES, MR. BROWN, I SERIOUSLY DESIRE YOU WILL REGARD IT SO.”

Wooser. “THEN, DEAREST, MAY I ASK YOU?”—(producing the materials from adjacent writing-table)—“TO—AH—PUT IT ON PA-PAR! I SHALL FEEL SAFER!”

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DOXXXIX. THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR WELLESLEY
PEEL, M.P., AT SPEAKER'S COURT.

AN equipage belonging to the commodious and well-appointed line of the London Road Car Co. lands you at the bottom of Parliament Street on your way to the Palace of Westminster, of which Speaker's Court occupies a favoured corner. The insular prejudice of the conductor declines to accept the French penny you casually offer him, and the little controversy that arises affords you opportunity of endeavouring to attract the attention of the courteous police stationed at this point. If the House were in Session and you looked like a Member of Parliament, they would stop the traffic, so that you might pass unhurt and unspashed across the road. In the recess you must needs make your way across as well as you can, and so pass through Palace Yard, deserted by all save a remnant of the flock of pigeons, who sadly walk round and round the stony pavement wondering where are the oats of yesteryear?

Passing under a low massive archway, you enter a quiet courtyard, at which, on this chill December day, the sun coldly stares. Facing you is the Speaker's house, the front door bearing in old English letters a mediæval legend requesting callers not to ring unless an answer is required. You boldly ring, and displaying your credentials are ushered into a long room with deeply embrasured windows looking forth on the stately Thames, with the ruddy frontage of St. Thomas's Hospital in the middle distance. The room in which you stand is comparatively modern, but a thrill passes through your slim well-proportioned figure as you reflect that it stands upon the site of the Palace inhabited by your ancient Sovereigns from early Anglo-Saxon times till HENRY THE EIGHTH moved up the street to Whitehall. Here EDWARD THE CONFESSOR entertained the Norman cousin who was to succeed him, and here he died on the 14th of January, 1066. WILLIAM RUFUS built the Hall, STEPHEN erected the Chapel, to which finishing touches were given by EDWARD THE THIRD. EDWARD THE FIRST was born and EDWARD THE FOURTH died almost

within arm's reach of the violet velvet mantelboard on which you lean, as these great thoughts fill your mind. In the yard fronting Westminster Hall, through which you lately passed, PERKIN WARBECK was set a whole day in the stocks. WILLIAM PRIN here stood in the pillory, branded on both cheeks, and lost his left ear. Here the Duke of HAMILTON, Lord CAPEL, and HENRY RICH, Earl of Holland, were beheaded by the Cromwellians; and not far from here stood the Painted Chamber, where the High Court of Justice sat for the trial of CHARLES THE FIRST, and where CROMWELL and HENRY MARTIN, signing the King's death-warrant, incidentally inked each other's faces.

There were several other things you were going to think of in connection with the historic pile, when the door is suddenly flung open, and an attendant, entering and standing just inside, with his back to the wall, roars at the top of his voice—

“MR. SPEAKER!”

Then you perceive your host advancing towards you in wig and gown, the train of the latter upborne by a respectable genial-faced young page, some fifty-five years of age. Before the SPEAKER marches the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the Mace on his shoulder. You are about to advance and greet your host, when the person in the doorway, uplifting once more his strident voice, bellows forth—

“Hats off, Strangers!”

You are growing a little bewildered, when Mr. ERSKINE drops the Mace with a heavy thud on the Chippendale table by the window, with its wealth of Lowestoft China, and its choice bits of Majolica and Sèvres. The SPEAKER lightly pirouetting, withdraws his skirt from the grip of the page, and motioning you to a seat somewhat abruptly (as you think) tells you the story of his life.

The Right Hon. ARTHUR WELLESLEY was born the younger son of Sir ROBERT PEEL, second baronet, the well-known minister, and father of the all-round statesman who recently contested a southern borough. Educated at Eton and at Balliol, your host was from his birth predestined to political life. Entering the House as Member for Warwick in 1865, he was speedily promoted to the Secretaryship of the Poor Law Board, and so passed, by easy and natural stages, to

the Chair he, in this Twelfth Parliament of QUEEN VICTORIA, fills with dignity and grace.

"And now, Mr. SPEAKER," you say, taking out your note-book—a choice volume bound in satin of dull gold, with red-edged leaves and electro-plated clasps, the gift of a gratified gentleman in the fancy stationery line whom you recently interviewed—"it is very rarely one gets the opportunity of a really quiet talk with you. If you permit it, I will utilise the present occasion, to ask you a few questions. Which Member of the House do you like most, and which is your particular abomination? Do you prefer Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT when he is on the humorous tack, or when he addresses himself seriously to business? How do you regard the probable permanent effects upon the moral conduct of the House of the little asides of Mr. W. H. SMITH? What is your private opinion of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR? Do you think Mr. GOSCHEN a graceful speaker? Which of the Clerks at the table do you like best? Do you take fuller delight in the way Mr. ERSKINE retires from the table when he has removed the Mace from the table, or do you prefer the jauntier style of Mr. GOSSET? Do you mean to retire, and if so, when? What title will you take when you go to the House of Lords? Do you ever steal forty winks whilst Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is expounding his policy at the Admiralty? What do you take to eat and drink when you retire for the customary ten minutes in a night's debate? Do you *really* only get a chop, or do you bring in stale buns and nibble them behind your three-cornered hat? Do you—"

"Order! order!"

Looking up, you observe that the SPEAKER is on his feet, the Sergeant-at-Arms, bowing three times, advances towards the table, removes the Mace, shoulders it, and marches forth. The SPEAKER abruptly turning from his chair stalks out at the other door, and you find yourself somewhat suddenly alone. Your reverie is broken in upon by another outburst from the strident voice, which calls at the open door,

"Who goes home?"

No names are mentioned, but you arrive at the conclusion that this remark is probably thrown at you, and accordingly you withdraw, and as you pace Palace Yard, disturbing the groups of meditative pigeons, you ponder upon the strange ways and customs in the household of the SPEAKER.

ROBERT ON PRESENT TIMES.

WE'RE a living in rayther run times we are, wen the soles of the grinning workman is almost a kicking the eels of the Hi and Mity, as some great Filosopher once said was a coming for to pass.



As a instance in pint: we has all the men—striking at their Masters, and a settling how long they will work, and how much they will kindly take; and now we're told as we ain't to have no coles all this winter, and no gas light at nites, unless the Stokers gits all as they wants!

Well, this is all werry startling to a respectabel and contented Hed Waiter, as hasn't no idear of striking, 'coz why? 'coz he ain't quite such a fool as to quarrel with his bred and butter and setterer in hopes of gitting it just a little bit thicker and a little bit butteryer, but with a chance of losing the lot.

But now cums the werry rummyest part of the hole matter. Jest at the werry time as I shoold think as the werry hiest of our publick gennelmen wood have been a showing by their xtra dignefide conduct how werry much they was shocked at the conduct of the lower

TWO PHASES OF GOLF.



"FORE!"



"HIND!"

horders, I finds 'em a condesending to do sitch things as was never done in the werry harrystocraticest times as ewen I remembers! The xampels is so numerus that I scarce know where to begin, but I will commense with the werry hiest as a thurrow staggerer.

Let anyboddy try his werry best to hunderstand the shock to my conservative feelins when I abslutely seed with my own astonished eyes, the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE leave his chair at a public dinner, and sit hisself down to a Pianny forty and sing and play a rayther lowish song about a Miss PEGGY on a humpbacked Kar. I never seed a Kar myself, but BROWN, who is partly a Irishman, as he's been wunce to Glassko, says it's the same as a nansum cab. So I makes out wun werse of his Lordship's song to run summut as follows:

"I'd rayther be in a nansum cab

With PEGGY by my side,
Than in my hone smart coach and four
With my Lady for my Bride!!"

What my LADY MARESS thinks of them sentiments it isn't for a pore Hed Waiter to say, but nothink can prewent me a thinking, and wat I thinks I wisely keeps to myself.

Then see what follers. Why I acshally hears a stately Alderman, who was wunce a stately Lord Mare, a starting off the wulger old chorus, "For he's a Jolly Good Feller!" and this too as the LORD MARE's reward for his singin! And so hinfekshus is bad xampel, that, at that werry same dinner, ewen a Crimminel Judge made 2 little jokes! and was werry properly well larfed at for his panes!

Time passes on for about a week, and then, at a rayther big dinner, a werry respectabel tho' jewvenile Common Councilman finishes a werry loud speech by asking all the grinning compny the follering striking question, and in poetry too:

"Where is the man with sole so dead
Who never to hisself has sed,
What a Fool I've been?"

And insted of simperthising with the poor consence stricken Gennelman, they all larfs and shouts out, Here! Here!

I passes over the sad spektakels of Aldermen in Penny Omnebusses, and Deputys in Penny Botes, and content myself with hobbserving in sorrow, and in conclusion, that if our great leaders will not set the people better xampels of dignerty and self respec, we shall sum on us live to see the day when mere Strike Leaders will be figgering as Lord Mares, and Stokers as Aldermen, and praps ewen Blacklegs as Hed Waiters!

ROBERT.

A Strong Entertainment.

SAMSON and SANDOW were pretty strong men,
But at the Empire, 'twixt eight and ten,
They are burlesque'd till with laughter you'll cry,
"O Brothers GRIFFITHS, how's that for high?"

A MYTHICAL PERSON: EMIN PASHA.—Why this fuss about a man who does not exist? There's no *M* in "Pasha."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

JUSTICE ABROAD AT HOME—AND AT HOME ABROAD!

AT HOME.

SCENE—Interior of a Coroner's Court. Languid audience. Proprietor-responsible-for-death accommodated with a chair.



Coroner (concluding speech). I am sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the accident was purely accidental is self-evident, and if the respected Proprietor might have made regulations causing that accident to be less likely to happen (as your rider would seem to suggest) why, no doubt that fact will have in the future due weight with him. Of course, we must all feel sympathy with the widows and orphans of the deceased, and it is gratifying to think that they will rest satisfied we have done what lays in our power to assist them. I have now much pleasure in declaring this inquiry at an end.

[Exeunt omnes. Proprietor-responsible-for-death, lolls in his brougham comfortably home to partake of a well-cooked dinner.

ABROAD.

SCENE—Interior of a Criminal Court. Excited Audience. Proprietor-responsible-for-death standing in the Dock.

Judge (concluding speech). I am quite sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the so-called accident could have been prevented is self-evident, and it is to be hoped that the lesson you have read to the disgraced and ruined Proprietor will have its due effect. We all sympathise with the widows and orphans for their great loss, but they will be consoled by the thought that, through your action, they have been avenged. The Court stands adjourned.

[Exeunt omnes. Proprietor-responsible-for-death being carted off to prison, there to undergo a long spell of penal servitude.

OLD PUNCHKIEL'S PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1890.

It is with no light heart that Old PUNCHKIEL enters upon his solemn duties of enlightenment and warning. The Stellar voices are less definite this year than he could wish, and he has had the greatest difficulty in making out what the dickens it is they do mean. However, a Prophet that respects himself would scorn to hedge, and Old PUNCHKIEL issues his predictions as usual, merely reminding searchers after truth that stars will play the fool occasionally.

January.—Mars retrograding before Taurus into the 1st House of Saturn will prove a subject for profound study, for it is certain to be followed by a public inquiry into the efficiency of our Army, which will be the subject of much discussion in the newspapers. Persons engaged in philosophical research or the sale of cat's meat whose birthday anniversary falls on or near the 14th, are warned to beware of over-indulgence in pastry.

February.—The Sun is with the Infortunes, and meets with opposition from Saturn, so that little warm or cheerful weather can be expected. The sign Pisces rules Putney, Peckham, Peebles, and Little Pedlington, and social upheavals of an alarming nature may therefore be expected at all these places, with earthquakes of varying degrees of violence. On or about the 14th, there will be a notable display of Coloured Satirical Portraiture. Persons born on the 29th, in either 1785, 1802, 1841, or 1869 (especially if the Moon was in the second decanate of the sign 83 at their birth) will have no particular reason for congratulating themselves.

March.—At the vernal ingress Mercury, progressing in the sign Gemini, will bring trouble on Moscow and Margate. At Teddington, the luminaries will be in the midheaven, and the London County Council will accordingly be the scene of intense excitement, personal remarks being freely interchanged. Single ladies, whose birthday anniversary falls on or about the 4th or 5th inst., will obtain heavy damages in any action for breach of promise of marriage, unless born in any year previous to 1842.

April.—Mars entering into his own lion will create considerable surprise in those unused to such phenomena, and may affect the funds unfavourably on more than one Continental Exchange. The sign Taurus rules Ireland, and a further development in Home Rule may be looked for. In the latter part of this month, Jupiter becomes stationary in Cancer, and afflicts the Beadle of a well-known and popular Arcade, who is warned to beware of shell-fish. The 1st is fortunate for practical jokers. The 21st is an evil day for hatters

born on or about the 8th of November, whose ascendant, or Moon, held the 14th degree of Aquarius; they should have a care of accidents by steam-circuses and tight-ropes.

May.—Saturn progressing in the meridional degree of West Brompton will render this month memorable in English History. At the new Moon Mercury is in the ascendant, accordingly we shall soon hear of an improvement in the weather, and the outbreak of German measles amongst the Ojibbeway Indians. Saturn retrograding in ♄ brings trouble on the Emperor of CHINA, who will suffer from a cold in the head. The trade and commerce of Bognor will be considerably augmented. There will be trouble in Tooley Street.

June.—Jupiter is now in benefic aspect with the Moon, and forming the trine aspect with the Sun, thereby benefitting Brentford and the Bahamas. In either Boulogne, Westward-Ho, Oban, Tenby, or Timbuctoo, there will be serious émeutes, the military having to be called out. Conspirators in Cyprus and the Isle of Wight will become daring. In Kamschatka, there will be trouble with the Dervishes. Towards the close of the month Saturn re-enters the sign Aries, and proceeds to disturb and afflict Huntingdonshire, and Westbourne Grove. The Akond of Swat will be in danger.

July.—The stationary position of Venus on Scorpio is of evil omen to all who are fond of sitting out of doors, and Venus making a hasty transit to the house of Virgo, occults the Moon and brings disaster upon many popular places of entertainment. Neptune also afflicts persons at the seaside who go out in sailing vessels immediately after lunch. Saturn is in quartile with Mars, which infortune is about to transit the place of the Moon at the birth of a celebrated Low Comedian, who will do well to accept the warning. About this time a new comedy will be produced at a *Matinée* at one of the principal London theatres.

August.—Mars and Saturn are now afflicting the horoscope of a well-known umbrella-manufacturer, causing great perplexity and trouble to certain Continental Powers, and some confusion in Camberwell and the vicinity. The warrior-angel of Mars may put in an appearance. Prussia feels the effects of the presence of Uranus in her ruling sign, but gains to some extent by the conjunction of Jupiter with Mercury; the funds will droop on the London Stock Exchange, and bad eggs will be hatched in great abundance. Foreign questions will be very difficult of solution.

September.—Saturn reaches the opposition of the place of the Lunar Eclipse of last May, and brings further trouble on the Shetland Islands. The Sea-Serpent will be heard of again, and several topics of great social interest will be discussed at some length in the correspondence-columns of the daily newspapers. Beyond this the voices of the Stars are silent for this month.

October.—As the benefic Jupiter is in the 1st decanate of the 7th house, and speeding through the sign of Pisces at the New Moon, we may anticipate earthquakes in Cappadocia, Paphlagonia and Primrose Hill. Persons who go out shooting during this month without previous experience of firearms, will bring home big bags, but are warned to act prudently and use a small size of shot.

November.—The numerous configurations of Venus in her conjunctions with Mars are the chief astrological features of this month, and fan the flame of fanaticism at Faversham, Freshwater, Folkestone, and Friesland. There will be street demonstrations on or about the 5th, to express abhorrence of an abominable act of treachery by a well-known public character. The ruling powers of several London Music-Halls will find it hard to weather the storm. There will be a serious strike among London Housebreakers, who will demand shorter hours of labour, freedom from police interference, and a larger share of the profits of their industry.

December.—The passage of Uranus from the sign Aries into Capricornus will, it is to be feared, keep the School Board very busy, and the total eclipse of the Sun at the moment of ruling the 10th House in quartile aspect with Uranus, Saturn being in the ascendant, may have an injurious effect upon many eminent pawnbrokers and ventriloquists. However, Old PUNCHKIEL does not wish to take too gloomy a view of the future, and trusts that he may have invested the message of the Stars with too serious a significance. This is really all he can possibly undertake to prophesy for the money.

THE BOND STREET ART-ERY.

"CHANGE of scene is as good as change of air!" Therefore going to DOWDNESSWELLS' is as good as a trip to Monte Carlo—for they are always changing the scene at this Gallery. The latest change is "*Some Places of Note in England*," by BIRKET FOSTER, which includes about fifty drawings by this artist, in his best manner. If we had space we would write on this subject at length, but we have not; so, although this notice is about BIRKET FOSTER, we're forced to burke it. Ha! ha! In addition to these, you will find a series of drawings in silver-point—full of grace and delicacy, by C. SAINTON, and a collection of clever pictures, by W. A. BREAKSPERE, illustrative of TENNYSON's poems. He must be a clever artist who would splinter a lance with BREAKSPERE. This artist should take for his motto, "*Breakspere-ventia does it.*" He! he!!



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

PUNCH'S PRIZES.

WHAT a Christmas Return! How the hall-lights burn upon juvenile faces expectant and jolly, Whilst Materfamilias, bland and unbilious, stands, arms akimbo, beneath the green holly. And Paterfamilias *Punch* comes *crunch, crunch*, up the snow-cumbered steps with his dog and his gingham; The herald of Prizes of all sorts and sizes,—it taxed a capacious four-wheeler to bring 'em. The "Growler," you know, is out there in the snow, where the many-caped Cabby is stamping and puffing, And trying with care to sum up his big "fare," which, with so many parcels and packages stuffing. The stuffy inside, very carefully tied up in every description of brown-paper polygon, Claims calculation. The bairns' jubilation will last e'en when Yule-Tide is over, and holly gone. For only consider, each valorous bidder for Christmassy purchasers' liberal patronage, Caters, in sooth, for all stages of youth, mature manhood's fancy, and likings of matron age. Oh, the wild joys of Books, Pictures, and Toys! MARCUS WARD's many marvels, TOM SMITH's bon-bon Crackers, Dollie Dimple's fine Dresses, which every girl blesses, the parcels, so cheap, and the prizes,—“such whackers!” Of the English Toy Manufacturing Co. That reminds one of *Truth's* mighty Toy Exhibition, With its vocal donkeys, and climbing monkeys, and dollies of every dress and description; O happy children of the new generation, to whom Toyland's wonders are familiar matters! What a world of pleasure when, o'er each rare treasure, the rich child triumphs or the poor child chatters! Now, Cabby, trundle up another bundle! Here be Games galore. Messrs. A. N. MYERS Send “Military Chess,” which you lads will confess might tax Lord WOLSELEY and such high-flyers, Were they only boys again, and turned hands to toys again. Then WRIGHT & Company, who are far from wrong in it, Send a game called “Rings, or Table Archery,” which you'll like, no doubt, when you find you're strong in it. But “Flitterhens” verily you will greet right merrily. It's a sort of a Drawing-Room Table Lawn Tennis, And though for children it is probably intended, it a capital game for grown women and men is. GOODALL's game, “Our Ship,” take your *Punchy's* tip, is well worth trying, whilst their stationery May be commended; and their “Savoy Calendar” with Gilbertian quotations is amusing, very. As to Books, there's a lot. Mr. DAVID STOTT sends the *Essays of Elia*, in compass tiny; But although compact, 'tis a pleasant fact that the type is clear, and the paper shiny. The *Grey River* (from SEELEY & Co.) is really an *édition de luxe*; therein many an etching By MORTIMER MENPES makes Old Father Thames e'en at dirty Deptford extremely “fetching.” DOUGHTY's *Friesland Meres* (SAMPSON LOW) appears an account of a Voyage in a Norfolk wherry

Through the Netherlands, and one understands from its pleasant pictures that the trip was merry. W. W. LLOYD, who has been employed *On Active Service*, has given an account of it. A Soldier's life suggests stir and strife, and the author seems to have seen “any amount of it.” CASSELL's *Magazine of Art* plays a leading part in artistic matters, and deserves its popularity, And—but there, friend Cabby, 'twould be almost shabby to keep you longer at this season of Charity

Whilst I tell the tale, for which time would fail, of all the Books and the Toys of the Season. Have a glass of toddy? Almost everybody will consider it harmless, if 'tis supped in reason. Now, boys and girls, as the white snow whirls, let us close the doors, and discuss at leisure Each Yule-Tide treasure that your *Punchy* brings you, with paternal pleasure it were hard to measure!

THE FICTION OF THE SEASON.

Ancient and Modern.

YESTERDAY'S GENIALITY. (1869.)

THE room was decorated with holly and mistletoe! The children danced, while their elders shouted with merriment! Neighbour greeted neighbour, and relative shook relative warmly by both hands! The spirit of the season was unlimited amiability! The portraits of the ancestors glowed in the ruddy flicker of the Yule log, and the ancient armour sparkled and shone in the soft light of scores of wax candles. Here was played a game of Blind Man's Buff, there a venerable dame told many a weird old legend to a throng of open-mouthed curly-headed listeners. Outside the Hall, the red-nosed carol-singers made night melodious with sweet songs of other days; while the bells in the church hard-by pealed out joyous strains in honour of the coming day. As midnight tolled away the last minutes of December 24, the master of the house, raising high a glass of steaming punch, drank the health of everyone, and wished them joy!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!

TO-DAY'S DYSPEPSIA. (1889.)

The room was empty, save where an unpaid bill marked the season of the year. The children had gone supperless to bed, and their elders were some weeping, others grinding their teeth with impotent rage. Neighbour cut neighbour, and relative struck relative out of their respective wills. The spirit of the season was unlimited discontent. The portraits of the ancestors long ago sent for sale to Wardour Street remained neglected under a pile of miscellaneous lumber, and the ancient armour was in their close vicinity. Here was played the game of distraint for rent, there an unpaid and venerable laundress told many an unpleasant story to a throng of idling, open-mouthed servants. Outside the house the blue-nosed roysterer fought it out with the policeman, making night hideous with his yells and imprecations; and the bells in the church hard-by appropriately tolled out the expiring moments of a day that had begun, continued, and ended in misery!

As midnight approached, and the 25th of December took the place of the 24th, the master of the house, who had been concocting a dose of subtle poison from the red and white berries of the holly and mistletoe, raised it to his lips, drank it, and expired!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!



'SCENES OF OUR CHILDHOOD.'

'Tis the voice of the Clown, who's of course HARRY PAYNE,
Who will come to the front with, "We're here once again!"



And welcome the Boxing Night crowd
in the Lane.
His services long may old Drury retain;
But, if the good old "Comic Scenes"
don't remain,
The public and PAYNE will have cause
to complain,
For Pantomime's certainly not on the wane.
The man who asserts it we'd reckon
insane,
Much madder by far than was Hamlet
the Dane.
We hope that in DRUBIOLANUS's reign
He'll give us much pleasure and still
much more PAYNE;

For we're not of those who think clowning inane,
Good clowning we mean, and so we would feign
See four "Comic Scenes" 'stead of two at the Lane.
To public and manager 'twould be a gain,
Tho' how, we are now at a loss to explain;
For details and facts are so dry in the main,
Like a pony that hasn't been out in the rain.
Perhaps, a sly hint from the Lord Chamberlain,
Or a wink or a nod from Sir PONSONBY-FANE,
And if the next Pantomime then should contain
The scenes of our childhood which dormant have lain,
We shall not have written this doggerel in vain.

UNLIMITED WATER-LOO.

Bogus Place, E.C.

SIR.—Having received a Circular from the Secretary of the "Waterloo Exhibition of Relics and Trophies" (a display which, taken with a Panorama, of the greatest possible interest to every True Briton, should form, as no doubt it will, a combination of unrivalled attractiveness) inviting contributions to the Collection, and with an eye to securing the Special Season Ticket promised to every Exhibitor, I have quickly rubbed up my historical associations, and have provided the Committee with the following "items," that, I think, you will admit ought to obtain ready acceptance.

1. An authentic likeness of the great Duke in the shape of a China Bed-room Candle Extinguisher, handsomely gilt, with eyebrows, whiskers, and cheeks picked out in appropriately striking and showy colouring.

2. Twenty pairs of Bluchers, in very fair condition (secured from an East-End Bootmaker), supposed, one of them, to have been worn by the great Prussian General, possibly at the battle itself, and the others during the succeeding occupation of Paris.

3. Plan Model of the disposition of the contending forces at the representation of the battle on the stage of Astley's Theatre in 1837, when the British Army (including WELLINGTON and his Staff) numbered eight and one Comic Irishwoman, and the last charge of the French Imperial Guard was conducted by seven supers, exclusive of NAPOLEON himself and a Low Comedy Drum-Major.

4. Authentic account furnished by the executors of General PICTON (*who heard it himself*), of the celebrated retort of NAPOLEON to MOLLY the Comic Irishwoman referred to above, when in reply to her styling his Imperial troops "a set of low Black-guards," he delivered himself of the memorable phrase, "Madame, the Guard never yields: it only retires."

5. Autographs and hitherto unpublished letters of both NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON. N.B. As (*this, of course, in strict confidence*) I furnish these entirely myself, it will be seen at once that they must prove quite an unprecedented novelty, and, therefore, an attraction, in any collection of the kind.

6. Relics of the great battle. Again N.B. (*in confidence*). I get these manufactured on the spot at Bruxelles, and as they are supplied to me by the dozen, you will see at once, what a valuable addition I can guarantee the Exhibition from this source alone.

7. Crumbs collected from the first Waterloo Banquet, preserved by the Grandson of a Waiter present on the occasion.

The above, Sir, are all the "items" that at the present moment occur to me, but I think you will confess that, if considered suitable attractions for their "Spacious Lounge" by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and his co-directors, they will not fail to afford additional gratification to the general public, and in so doing will fittingly have earned a Special Season Ticket for the Exhibition of the Relics and Trophies of that glorious and never-to-be-forgotten victory of the British Army, Waterloo, for yours enterprisingly, ONE WHO WASN'T THERE.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

THIRD ENTRY.

ON my homeward way reflect that if all trades fail, that of a Scholastic Agent might offer a modest competency. Has fate in store for me a partnership with FLEECHEM—also with JINKS? Wonder vaguely if JINKS is a second FLEECHEM, only more so. If FLEECHEM is the show man of the establishment, what *must* JINKS be like?

As I am making an educational day of it, decide after lunch to call on one or two old College chums who, I know, have "adopted the Scholastic Profession," as the Governor says. It being their holidays, I may find them in Town—BLOGGINS among the number.

Old BLOGGINS, a thoroughly good sort, but rather an ass, I used to think, tells me he is making a clear five hundred a year at Sherborough, "without counting private pups, which is extra."

"Then you get no end of jolly rides over the downs," he goes on. Nice of BLOGGINS to say "you." Makes me feel as if I were already in the educational swim, and not a rank outsider. Better to be an out-rider (or rider out on the Sherborough Downs) than an out-sider! Fancy old BLOGGINS riding! Begin rather to wish I were in old BLOGGINS's shoes—or rather old BLOGGINS's saddle.

So far he has not mentioned the actual work of the profession.

"Do you like the business?" I ask.

"Rather! Boys jolly little cubs. Only I can't see them very well, I'm so short-sighted. Kept in the wrong boy for two hours one day—didn't find out mistake till afterwards," BLOGGINS chuckles.

"Work hard?" I inquire.

"Oh, tolerably," he replies, as if this were an unimportant consideration. "And there are such jolly long holidays!"

I leave BLOGGINS in contented (and selfish?) enjoyment of his five hundred, and go on to another friend, who has already blossomed into a keeper of a hostel (why "hostel"? *Query*—affected?), and educational swell at the ancient academy at Rugbow.

I put the usual leading questions.

"Jolly place, Rugbow," he replies. "No end of rook-shooting near. And fishing. Damp and cold? Oh no. Hard work? Well, you can make it hard, you know, if you like." Here he winks knowingly. "And the best of the trade is, the holidays are so jolly long!" *Mem.*—Most popular feature about work of "Scholastic Profession" (Governor again) seems to be the unrivalled opportunities given for *not* working at it.

Tell the Governor in the evening that "there seems no opening in the scholastic line." He replies that "that is no news to him, because," he adds, with unnecessary sarcasm, "by my account, the present is a close time in all the professions."

And this after I have tramped about all day and got nothing!

THE LASS OF FASHION.

A LADY Correspondent who wishes to write for a Society journal is good enough to ask us what style she should adopt. We can only counsel our fair friend to make as free a use as possible of the favourite words in the Society journalist's vocabulary—such as "function," "frocks,"

"bravery," "bloom," and, above all, "smart." "Smart" was formerly employed only by servant-girls in reference to their finery. But now the mistress and all her surroundings are "smart"—the people she visits, the people who visit her, all that is worn at an entertainment, and the entertainment itself. Of whatever lunch, dinner, ball, or general reception, our amiable interrogator may have to speak, let her always call it a "function." It must be a "smart" function, moreover, and must be attended by "smart" people. The Ladies present must not wear dresses, but "frocks," and they may be effectively described as appearing in "all the bravery" of silks and satins. If any of them carry bouquets, the flowers of which these bouquets are composed must be called "blooms." Our charming questioner must never say, in a direct manner, that Mrs. SMITH (for example) wore a blue gown; she must remark that Mrs. SMITH "looked well in blue." But, above all, let her, too, be "smart."



AGENDA.—The *Athenæum* says, that a novel feature in the *Windsor Peerage* will be the omission of the ladies' ages. The book ought to be called the *Windsor Non-age*. A man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. Why does not some enterprising publisher bring out a volume illustrated with ladies' photographs, with particulars of their marriage portion, and call it the *Dot-age*. That would certainly come "as a boon and a blessing to men."

ODE.

On the Pleasure arising from Ginger-cake.

SKYLARK, that dost the morning wake
Up in the pearly heights of dawn,
Or when its dædal splendours break
In streaks of empyrean brawn,
Be not so proud, thou canst not make,
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O thou fleet-footed fawn,
That through the glade dost lightly take
Thy dappled way, and scarcely shake
The dewdrops from the lawn,
Be not so proud; thou canst not make,
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O befen herds of browsing steak,
That sweeten all the air around,
Rich milk you give, and many a pound
Of butter, fresh as primroses;
You cannot make a ginger-cake
As CHLOE can, with perfect ease.

O chanticleer, who flapp'st thy wings
Before the watchful lark upsprings
And sound'st thy clarion, ere the flakes
Of the on-rushing daylight's foam
Whiten the fields where the stars roam,
Thou ken'st of many mystic things
But not a whit of ginger-cakes,
Which golden-headed CHLOE makes.

O nightingale, that trill'st thy pearly note,
While yet the Easter breezes coldly blow,
Gargling with tender song thy strained throat
Melting the moonless night with raptured
woe,
And charming all the budded bower,
Though all around thee is in flower,
Yet cooking is, proud bird, beyond the
warbler's power;
And CHLOE makes delicious cakes,
Albeit, as yet, she hath not charmed a bower.

Not, Cake, from greedy love of thee,
The bard is fain thy praise to sing,
But that all Nature's minstrelsy,
All woodland craft of foot and wing
All magic of the budding spring,
All that most moves that inner love,
Which thrills to tokens from above,
Unite in this their praise to bring
To amber-headed CHLOE's feet—
Like her, they pretty are or sweet.
Like her, they make a world of joy
When winter stings, or wasps annoy,
In this on common ground they meet—
Yet, not transcending Nature's plan,
They cannot make a ginger-cake,
And CHLOE can.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, Mr. Rider HAGGARD brings together his old puppets, *Hunter Quatermain*, *Sir Henry Curtis*, and *Captain Goode*, and the result is *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, of which the first one, which gives the title to the book, is far and away the best, being full of sensational effects and scenes of the weirdest Riderest Haggardest imagination. Capital book.

Randolph Caldecott's Sketches—Published by SAMPPSON Low & Co. Highly recommended by the faculty. Those who are interested in the black-and-white art, will find any amount of material for study in this collection, which has been carefully and lovingly made by Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN, who has written a short but valuable introduction. Before CALDECOTT settled down to his own delightful style, he had imitated LEECH, DOYLE and GAVARNI. There is a scene before the Magistrate in a Police Court which might have been an early LEECH, when he was illustrating ALBERT SMITH's works; the DOYLE-like outline etchings are evident at once. The



AT SIR LOVELACE MASHINGTON'S, M.D., &c., &c.

First Patient (in the hat). "AND WHAT DID SIR LOVELACE SAY TO YOU, DEAR?"

Second Ditto (in the bonnet). "HE TOLD ME I REQUIRED VERY CAREFUL WATCHING, AND THAT HE MUST SEE ME THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS. AND YOU?"

First P. "OH, HE SAID THAT CHANGE OF CLIMATE WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, AND THAT I MUST START FOR NEW ZEALAND AT ONCE."

Scotchman in the sketch representing the types of the three nationalities might be from the pencil of GAVARNI, and even the influence of the comicalities of SEYMOUR and HOOD are recognisable. "Banking Days in Manchester" is distinctly LEECH. "My Show Day," might be the work of a French artist, and "Races on the High Road," reminds one forcibly of RICHARD DOYLE's sketches abroad. There are very few purely and simply CALDECOTT, and among them are "The Three Huntsmen," and the poetic etching on the last page of all, placed appropriately and with a touching reverence, on the last page of all that ends this gifted artist's short-lived history. Were the book four times its price, which is the modest sum of Two-and-Six, it would be worth the money. "Buy it," says the Baron.

A London Plane Tree. There is an indescribable sadness pervading this last volume of verses by the clever young author of *The Romance of a Shop* and *Reuben Sachs*. The author was evidently a Londoner, loving London as only a true Londoner can. On every page there is evidence of what admirable work AMY LEVY would have achieved; and in connection with her early death there is a touching realism about the very last line in the volume—"On me the cloud descends."

Anxiously do we wait for the appearance of MONTAGUE WILLIAMS's *Reminiscences*, which are to be ushered into the world by Messrs. MACMILLAN. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

P.S.—The Baron, who has to do a considerable amount of scribbling while journeying by road, by river, or by rail, has hitherto used the simple pencil, or a useful and invaluable patent one with long lasting lead. But lately he has been using the Fountain Pen, and, as long as it keeps itself in good order, there is no doubt of its superiority over any pencil, and general utility from the travelling scribe's point of view. The Baron doesn't feel justified in pronouncing the Fountain Pen absolutely perfect. But it is the best of its kind within his experience. What has to be invented is a small handy writing-pad, which can be firmly grasped in the left hand, and give sufficient margin for resting the right hand while writing in train or cab. "The Author's Paper-Pad" is near it, but not the thing. Something thicker is required, an inch or so less width, and with three times the quantity of sheets in each pad. At present, of this pad it may be said, "Pad's the best," and the Baron has found it remarkably useful.

THE CYNIC'S CHRISTMAS.—A holly mockery.



THE WORST OF 'A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!'

Laura. "OH, CHARLOTTE, HOW DREADFUL! THERE COMES YOUNG MR. MARSHALL, WALKING WITH YOUR HUSBAND! I'VE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM, ASKING ME TO BE HIS WIFE—AND I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO ACCEPT HIM OR NOT!"

"GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!"

(*At Sea in His Own Bowl.*)

Mr. Punch.

THE Wise Men of Gotham who sailed in a bowl,

Were boobies beyond all compare;
But, Good Father Christmas, you worthy old soul,

What do you, friend, *dans cette galère*?
The weather is stormy, the billows run high,
The horizon looks bodingly black;
Don't you think you had better, old bottle-nose, try

And see if you cannot put back?
That Bowl, for a jorum of Punch, is all right;
But viewed as a bark, its security's slight.

Father Christmas.

You do not suppose, my sagacious old friend,
That I'm tumbling out here from pure choice?

'Tisn't pleasant, and goodness knows how it will end,

But in it I'd hardly a voice.
What's come to humanity, hanged if I know!
They welcomed me warmly of old.

Though I came as a rule in the season of snow,
Faith, nought but the weather was cold.
The Yule log burned briskly, all doors were set wide;
Now—look at me, tossed up and down on this tide!

Mr. Punch.

Humph! Pride, Party Spirit, Political Strife,
Social Prejudice, Greed and Class Hate,

Are making a pretty nice mess of our life,
And playing the deuce with the State.
But I didn't expect to see *you* in this swim,
You popular, pleasant old boy!
The sea's precious choppy, the distance looks dim,
Your voyage you cannot enjoy.
If they treat you like this, set adrift in a squall,
It will serve them quite right if you don't come at all.

Father Christmas.

Oh, I shall be true to my task, and my time,
But the Season of Peace and Goodwill
To spoil in this way is a folly and crime.
(*Ste-a-a-dy, bowl! I begin to feel ill.*)
What with furious politics, scandals, and strikes,

There seem general ructions all round;
Whilst mortals are snarling like quarrelsome tykes,

What use for the Yule-bells to sound?
Though their meaning of course is the same now as then:

'Tis Peace upon Earth and Goodwill unto Men!

Mr. Punch.

Peace?—with all the nations and classes at war!

Goodwill?—in a world full of hate! [ear
Old friend, if your bowl were Bellona's own
You couldn't look more out of date.
Those long-billed white storm-birds that hover above

Are as friendly to you as mankind:
The raven men seem to prefer to the dove,—
O idiots angry and blind!

In spite of my wisdom, in spite of your cheer,
Their folly and wrath cloud the close of the year.

Father Christmas.

Well, well, it is something to greet *you* again!
I shan't give up hope, nor will you.
There are one or two things to alleviate pain,
Though the general outlook seems blue.
I hear Charity's voice o'er the roar of these waves,

Like the sound of the bell-buoy at night;
The Love that inspires and the Labour that saves

Are not yet quite dead,—no, *not* quite.
They *don't* treat me well, my dear *Punchy*,
but still [will!

My message to Man shall be Peace and Good-

FATHER CHRISTMAS SEEN FARTHER.

So the children of Stranraer, educated by the Local School Board, are not allowed to have a holiday on the 25th of December! At a meeting of six members of this learned body, the question was put to the test of a division, when three representatives voted one way and three the other. Then the Chairman gave his casting vote, with the result above recorded! Who would not like to know this genial person at home at this merry season of the fast expiring year? Fancy the holly and the mistletoe, and the mince-pies and the plum-pudding! Stay, though, as the social reformer is a Scotchman, he probably has an effectual substitute for the usual Yule-Tide characteristics (decorative and edible) in Thistles!



“GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!”

(AT SEA IN HIS OWN BOWL.)

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXL. THE LORD CHANCELLOR AT 4, ENNISMORE GARDENS, S.W.

As you walk eastward skirting Hyde Park, and are temporarily lost in admiration of that priceless canopied monument raised to the memory of the PRINCE CONSORT, you reflect upon the fitness of things that marks your mission. In undertaking the last chapter of the first series of *Statesmen At Home* (back numbers and complete volume to be had on application to the publisher), you congratulate yourself on the, you may perhaps say, skilful manner in which you have led up to the very pinnacle of human greatness. You have passed through various stages, and at length you reach the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. Beyond this, save you touch the skirt of Royalty, you can no further go. Your host of to-day is the First Judicial Officer of the Crown, the first Lay Person of the State after the Blood Royal. He is created neither by writ nor patent, but by the mere delivery of the Great Seal into his custody. In like manner the act of taking away the Seal by the Sovereign determines the office.

Presently, as you sit with your host on the miniature Woolsack cosily cornered by the over-hanging eaves of the baronial fireplace in the well-proportioned dining-room, he cites a well-known case which shows how convenient this peculiarity of his high office might on occasion be. In that manner so familiar in the Law Courts and in the High Court of Parliament—a medley of grace and humour with the lightest touch as of softest zephyr—he laughingly recalls an incident which befel on the very threshold of his parliamentary career. Returned Member for Launceston, after suffering from the strokes of envy at various other constituencies unsuccessfully wooed, he at last came up to the Table of the House of Commons to take the Oath. Asked in ordinary form to produce the return to the Writ, Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD (as your host then was), dived in the breast-pocket of his coat, expecting to find the document there. But he found it not, and the cynosure of the eyes of a crowded House, conscious of stopping its proceedings, he hunted in every pocket for the missing and necessary document. After a scene of growing hilarity on the part of a reckless Opposition, it was found under the Bench where the newly elected Solicitor-General had been seated before being called to the table. You have heard a shrewd judge of current events state his opinion that the incident, trivial as it might appear, had a marked influence upon the future career of the even then not youthful Solicitor-General. It was felt that a man with such infinite miscellaneous resources in and about his garments, such an armoury of pocket-knives, such a collection of bits of string, such numerous handkerchiefs, such an infinitude of scraps of paper, would never at any crisis be found lacking. You are glad to mention this favourable comment.

"Ah!" says your host, an ingenuous blush mantling his countenance, "you are always too good to me, TOBY, dear boy. Still I think it is just as well that neither writ nor patent is required in the matter of the creation of Lord Chancellor. It would not have done for me to come up and not be able to find my patent when demanded."

The LORD CHANCELLOR's table is littered with letters and telegrams, Flemish buffets are tenanted by a collection of Dutch pottery, and through the folding doors you catch a glimpse of the picture gallery with its unique collection of predecessors in office. There is a mezzotint in remarkable preservation of ARFASUS (sometimes called HEREPAST), Chaplain to WILLIAM the CONQUEROR, and Bishop of ELMHAM, who was the first Lord Chancellor, having received, in 1067, the Seal which at this moment dangles from the watch-fob of your host. There is JOHN MORETON, Archbishop of Canterbury, temp. 1487, first of a succession of prelates, who also held the office of Lord Chancellor. The dark face of THOMAS MORE, first Lay Lord Chancellor, looks with softened expression on his illustrious successor of to-day. There, too, is FRANCIS BACON, EDWARD HYDE, Earl of CLARENDON; SIR FRANCIS NORTH, LORD GUILDFORD; LORD JEFFRIES of sanguinary memory; SIMON, LORD HARCOURT, forbear of a greater man who shines in the Victorian Age; GORDON and THURLOW, and ELDON and ERSKINE, LYNCHURST and BROUGHAM, CHELMSFORD and CAMPBELL—they all stand in line in the far-reaching gallery. As your host leads you adown the list you almost fancy that they do obeisance to a greater than any.

The *svelte* figure of your host is most familiar in the public eye in the performance of his functions as procorator of the House of Lords and President of the Highest Court of Appeal. No happy stranger who has witnessed from the Gallery of the House of Lords the stately tread of your host as he marches in procession to the Woolsack can ever forget it, nor does there fade the memory of his gracious presence when, the Woolsack reached, he flings himself upon its broad bosom, and looks as if he were about to tell their Lordships the story of his life. But these ceremonial duties form only a portion of the mighty power wielded by HARDINGE STANLEY GIFFARD, first Baron HALSBURY, Lord High Chancellor of England. The office having, as mentioned, been in early times filled by ecclesiastics, the Lord Chancellor became keeper of his Sovereign's conscience, and, by an odd coincidence, he concurrently exercises a general superintendence as Guardian over infants, idiots, and lunatics. He has the appointment of all Justices of the Peace in the Kingdom, is Visitor in the Sovereign's right of all Royal Foundations, and is patron of all Crown livings under the value of twenty marks.

"A great responsibility for a family man, TOBY, is this unlimited patronage. One always tries to do his best, but there are bickerings within and contumely without which modify the satisfaction with which one hears that a Crown living has fallen in, or that a desirable place in connection with the Courts of Justice is vacant."

Your host is still talking of the drawbacks of his high position, when the sight of his carriage reminds him that he is already due at the House of Lords. You thread your way through the wealth of furniture—the Empire Candelabra

in old bronze and ormolu, the enormous Georgian dish in *repoussé* work, the row of venerable matchlocks from the Kremlin, the copies of *Songs before Sunrise* in hand-made paper, the Welsh dower-chests, the corner cupboards blackened with age, the Persian rugs now a little faded, and the Lisle posset pots—with difficulty avoiding contact.

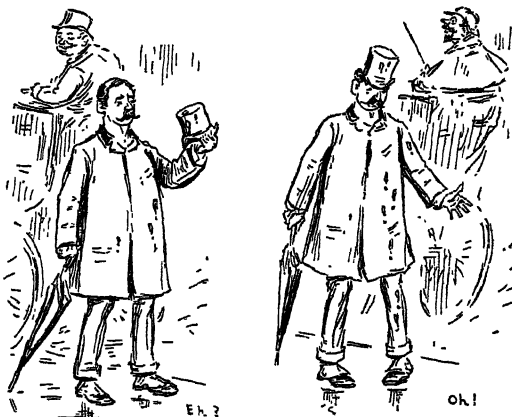
"Very pleasantly crowded here," you say, by way of adieu.

"Yes," says your host. "I am, above all things, a family man, and whenever a place is vacant, I lose no time in filling it up to the best advantage."

[END OF SERIES I.]

"HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES!"

Notes of Exclamation by Our Mud-larky Contributor.



MIND HOW YOU SHOOT!

(Mr. Punch's Friendly Tip to the Strikers.)

"ALL of a row, Bend the bow,

Shoot at the pigeon and kill—the crow!"

So goes the old doggerel. Labour take heed!

For a moral for you may be found in this screed.

All of a row, you may freely combine,

And bend Union's bow, and shoot all in a line.

But, bowmen, beware lest you shoot in the dark

Of impetuous passion, and hit the wrong mark.

Combination is good; and, to better your lot

A rational Strike may be called a "good shot."

But to blaze out all round, or to shoot the wrong bird

May prove to be something much worse than absurd.

Against the Monopoly pigeon arrayed,

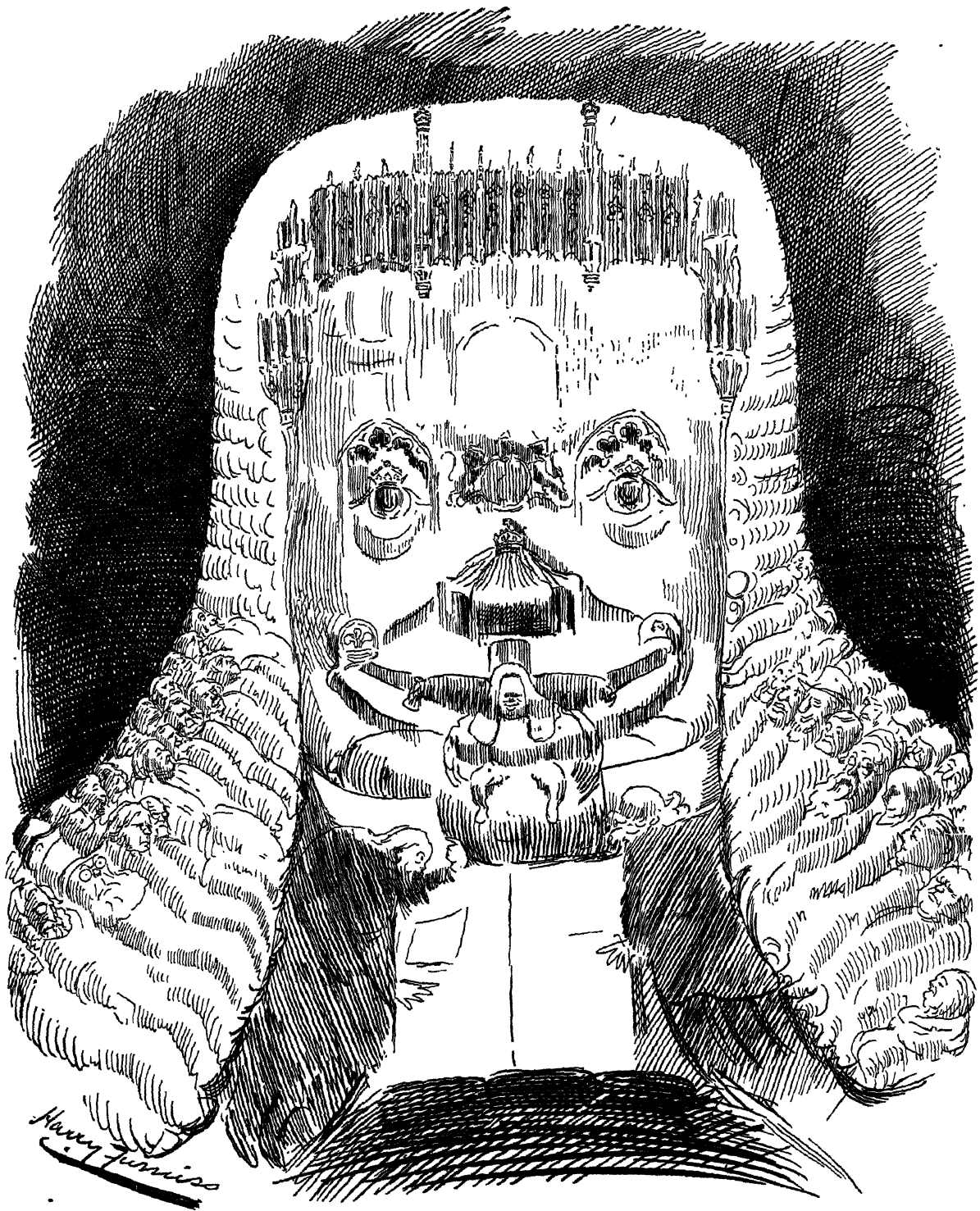
All of a row You may bend the bow,

But mind you don't wing t'other bird.—British Trade!

If to make wages high you sound Commerce bring low,

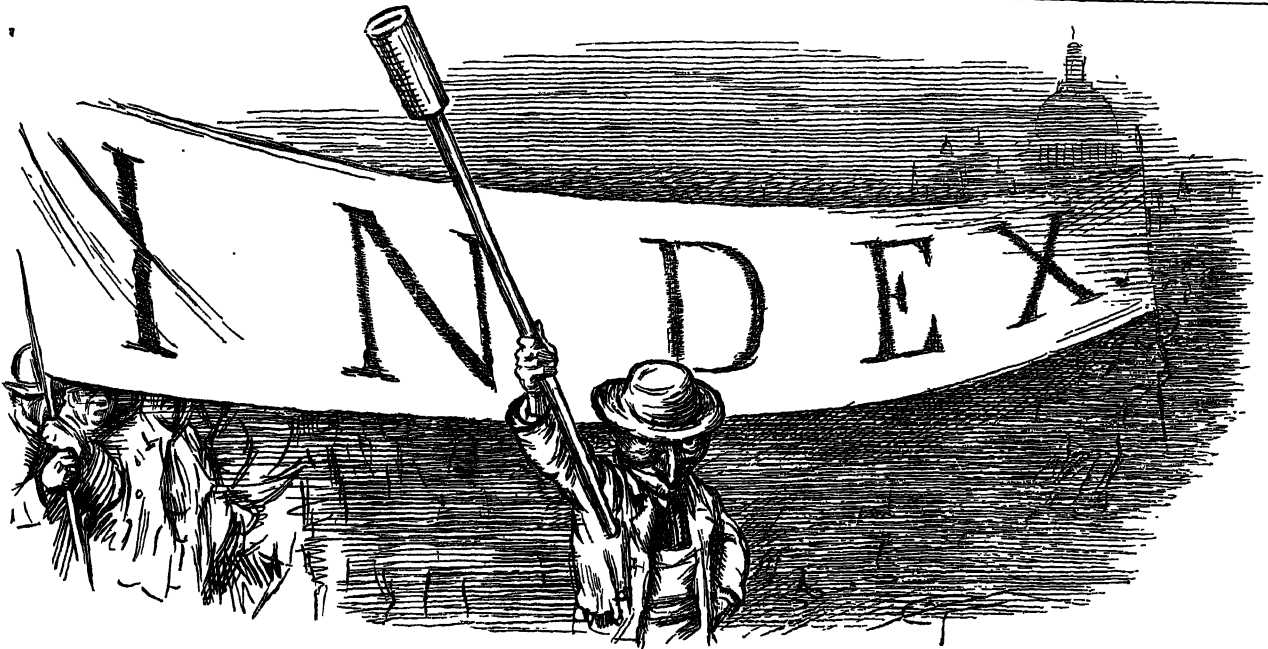
You'll have "shot at the pigeon and killed the crow!"

ARTIN PASHA, commissioned by the Palace party at Constantinople to get rid of the Foreign Postal Department, has found the whole affair a very disarting business.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 13.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



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